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THE LIFE OF  
JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

"Ideals, my dear Golightly, are the root of every evil. When a man forgets his ideals he may hope for happiness, but not till then."

"And if he has none to forget?"

"That he has none to forget," said the first speaker slowly, "simply means that he has not yet been disappointed."

"You think he cannot escape them?"

"I know he cannot. Of course I am thinking of the Thinking Man—not a human machine."

*First lines of opening chapter of "Some Emotions and a Moral,"  
John Oliver Hobbes' First Book, published London 1891.*

"For the rest you know my creed:

‘Poor vaunt of life indeed  
Were man but formed to feed  
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;  
Such feasting ended, then  
As sure an end to men.’

Suffering can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature; since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ—not as beasts of burden and as those who believe that all labour is vain."

*Concluding lines of last chapter of "The Dream and the Business,"  
John Oliver Hobbes' Last Book, published London August 1906.*







Photo H. L. Mendelssohn Ltd.

Yours very sincerely  
Paul Henry-Turner Copley



THE LIFE OF  
JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

TOLD IN HER CORRESPONDENCE  
WITH NUMEROUS FRIENDS

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY HER FATHER  
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP WELLDON  
DEAN OF MANCHESTER

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

44371



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## PREFATORY NOTE

I AM deeply indebted to a friend who wishes to remain unknown for the arrangement of the letters in this volume, but I am sure he is well aware of my appreciation and gratitude.

To Miss Zoë Procter, devoted friend and secretary to Mrs. Craigie, I am most grateful, not only for letters placed at my disposal, but for invaluable assistance in every part of the work. The published letters "To a Friend" were addressed to Miss Procter.

To the correspondents of my daughter, (too numerous to name individually in this note,) who have generously lent me her letters, I wish in this place to repeat the thanks I have privately expressed and acknowledged.

It is a great pleasure to mention my sincere obligation to Mr. Fisher Unwin for his willing and open-hearted answer to my request for letters, and data relating to the publication of Mrs. Craigie's various works.

The friends to whom application was made

for advice and information necessary to the accuracy and chronological order of the narrative responded with singular kindness and sympathy. I again earnestly thank them.

JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS.

STEEPHILL CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
*November 1910.*



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INTRODUCTION BY THE  
RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP WELLDON  
DEAN OF MANCHESTER

IN writing a brief notice of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), as prefatory to her father's sketch of her life and a selection from her own letters, I am performing a sad and sacred duty to the memory of a dear friend. Yet the task so laid upon me is no light one: it is easier to describe an acquaintance than an intimate friend. There is always in the personality of such a friend something spiritual, something ethereal which refuses to be touched by the chill hand of eulogy or criticism—something, like expression in a painting, which will not be caught or defined or embodied in language, however accurate may be the outlines of the picture. And this truth is eminently true of Mrs. Craigie. In a sense she was well known to the world. Her novels and her plays reveal a part at least of her nature. But behind and beyond her literary works lay her personality. It was that for which her friends valued and loved her; it was more interesting and fascinating than all her works.

A happy accident, if it may be so called, first gave me the privilege of her friendship. A good many years ago, when I was spending a

summer holiday at the Maloja, a lady asked me if I knew the novels of John Oliver Hobbes ; I confessed that I knew but little of them ; so she gave me “ Some Emotions and a Moral ” and begged me to write a few critical lines upon it, that she might send them to the author. My criticism was not wholly favourable ; but it led to a correspondence between Mrs. Craigie and myself ; and from that time I saw her frequently in London and elsewhere, she paid me several visits at Harrow, and I conceived for her a deeply admiring regard. There can be no impropriety in saying now that Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Teck, who always felt a peculiar interest in Mrs. Craigie, urged upon me more than once how great would be the pleasure and value of knowing her well. We became friends then, and remained friends—not without intervals of separation, as when first I and then she was in India—to her death. As I sat in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers in Farm Street at her Funeral Service, and the candles held by the mourners were suddenly extinguished, it seemed that a light had gone out of my own life.

I have often tried to analyse the charm of her personal magnetic influence. No doubt the secret of it was partly intellectual ; it was a pleasure to meet a mind so quick, so sensitive, so vivacious, so penetrating as hers. Her capacity for gaining knowledge was only equalled by her prodigality in using it. It is doubtful



whether her readers suspected how much thought and study were expended, as her father's Memoir shows, upon the composition of her books. But her knowledge sat lightly upon her, as learning, when it is most attractive, sits always on its votaries.

Her singular natural gifts had been enriched by education. She had spent some part of her early life on the Continent of Europe; she had received lessons from great Masters; she had come across people celebrated in politics, in literature, in art; she had reflected upon the characteristic features of modern society in various lands. Nor could any one who knew her forget that, as an American living in London, she united in herself some of the peculiar moral features belonging to the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is difficult indeed to think of any great human interest which did not appeal to her. She was, as her letters show, a politician, a social reformer, a student of literature and art, a philanthropist, a religious thinker. If the veil could ever be lifted from her many charities, the crown of pitiful and generous womanhood would be seen to be hers.

She did not perhaps live her whole life at its highest level. She was fond of saying that two personalities met in her; she would call them John Oliver Hobbes and Mrs. Craigie, and would laughingly insist that John Oliver Hobbes was the higher of the two. But here I think she misjudged herself. It was not John

Oliver Hobbes that was the higher being. It was Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie. Her personal history reflected itself in her relation to life. Her sorrow had made her familiar with the dark side of life, and it had wrought upon her character a twofold effect. It created in her a certain cynicism, a suspiciousness of virtue, an impotency, not indeed to discern, but to describe humanity on its higher and holier side, a half-unconscious desire to show herself less noble than she was, and to let the world know only one part, and that not perhaps the best part, of her own composite nature. In a striking passage of her letters she says :

“ I believe I am a lover of souls, but people scare me out of my wits : it is not that I am nervous—I have only a sensation of being, as it were, in ‘ the wrong Paradise.’ I am not at home ; I talk about things which I do not believe in, to people who do not believe me. I have become constrained, artificial.”

This is, if I mistake it not, the language of John Oliver Hobbes ; but Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie was another being. It was she who fled in her trouble to the refuge of the Roman Catholic Church. She longed for peace, for holiness, for isolation from the world. She sought and found the satisfaction of her soul’s need in the beautiful Services of her Church, in the example of the Saints, in reverence for the Blessed Virgin. Her friends knew that ever and

again she disappeared for a few days from the society which she adorned. They knew not, they scarcely dared to ask, where she was. She was living in retreat at the Convent of the Assumption or elsewhere. She was cultivating her own spiritual life.

No account of Mrs. Craigie would be complete without some reference to her genius for friendship. Nothing that she did or said, no change of religious or political creed, nor any difference of temper and disposition, was allowed to impair the sanctity or the permanency of her friendships. Among the men and women whom it has been my privilege to know there was none from whom it was possible to dissent so widely and yet with whom it was possible to converse so happily and so intimately as with her. In the number of her friends and their personal devotion to herself lies revealed, through the letters now published, the worth of her nature.

These letters will, I think, enable the readers of her books to understand and appreciate her more fully. They will see that her literary work was no *tour de force*, but the outcome of an abounding vitality. The brightness of her insight, her pictorial art, the epigrammatic precision which distinguished her books were never wanting to her familiar correspondence; yet the correspondence reveals a many-sided sympathy which might not have been guessed from her books.

I cannot but regret that it has not been

possible for me to allow some of her letters which she wrote me at various times to appear in this selection ; but they were of so intimate a kind in their relation to persons still living or lately dead that it would not be right to publish them now.

How can I take leave of her, as I bring my poor tribute to its close, without an inexpressible regret ? So much was crowded into the few short years of her life that the thought of all that might have been, had her life been prolonged to the full human span of years, can never be absent from the mind. Her writings perhaps would have become less pointed, less caustic, less surprising ; they might have been truer to nature, more spiritual, more Christian. If I may not claim for her a place among the immortals, yet none that knew her will fail to give her in their hearts a place among the unforgotten and the unforgettable. It is with a feeling akin to tears that I commend her biography and the letters which accompany it to the true and tender judgment of the world—not less tender than true, for the mind which imagined and the hand which executed so much that is clever and felicitous and beautiful are still, alas ! and cold for ever in the grave.

*Requiescat in Pace.*

J. E. C. WELLDON.

THE DEANERY, MANCHESTER.

December 16, 1910.



# PEARL RICHARDS CRAIGIE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY HER FATHER

## I

THROUGHOUT the childhood of my daughter Pearl there was little in her surroundings to develop a literary tendency. The impulse came from within, for she was certainly endowed with many excellent gifts. She possessed a strenuous mental activity far beyond her physical strength, an indomitable patience and perseverance, exalted by a creative faculty which enabled her to work with joyous success in after years. Many of her ideals were realized, but others there were which failed, in consequence of the difficulties and disappointments which they encountered in the "compromises of life."

A better insight, I think, is obtainable of her personality, and a truer appreciation acquired of her force and strength of character in every relation of life, from her letters than from her more ambitious published works.

In undertaking the task of preparing a brief

memoir and editing her correspondence, I am trying to fulfil a sacred obligation, and I therefore crave the indulgence of my readers for a narrative of facts derived from personal knowledge alone. She was my companion as well as my daughter, and circumstances happily rendered it possible for her to live nearly all her days in her father's house under loving observation and to enjoy his confidence and sympathy. I never anticipated that I should be her biographer—that she, my eldest child, on whose future I reposed with more certainty than I did on my own plans for life, should pass from our sight at the early age of thirty-eight years.

Pearl Richards was born on November 3, 1867, at the house of her maternal grandparents, at Chelsea, Mass., near Boston, in the United States. Her parents were John Morgan Richards, second son of the Rev. James Richards, D.D. (at that time settled at East Boston, Mass.), and grandson of the Rev. James Richards, D.D., late Professor of Theology at Auburn (New York, U.S.A.) Theological Seminary. Her mother, Laura Hortense Richards, was the fourth daughter of Seth Harris Arnold of Chelsea, Mass., and granddaughter of the Hon. and Reverend Peter Spearwater, a member of the Canadian Parliament and a Presbyterian preacher of repute.

At the time of her birth, I was engaged with

a large commercial firm in New York, and within a week of that event I received the following telegraphic message :

“NEW YORK, *November 10, 1867.*

“Kiss that baby girl of yours and her mother good-bye not later than 12th instant. The steamer on which our passage tickets are taken for Liverpool leaves Cunard Dock at 2 p.m. 13th inst.”

The summons was not altogether unexpected. I was to join a merchant in New York, with whom I had some time previously arranged to go to London to settle an important business proposal. I had, therefore, to take a hurried farewell of mother and child at a particularly trying moment, to face the Atlantic voyage in early winter and enter upon a turning point in my life. I was then in my twenty-sixth year. Feeling that I must fulfil this engagement, as my future prospects rested largely upon my action, I sailed from New York on the appointed day, arriving in London on November 23, 1867. Time passed rapidly : the business arrangements into which I entered necessitated my settlement in England, and in February 1868 Mrs. Richards with Pearl joined me in London. Henceforward England became our home. Being absolute strangers among strangers, we three formed a trio with exceptionally concentrated interest in each other. As

she grew older, the child was always considered in our plans for amusement or for the variation of the daily routine of business and home. In consequence Pearl became remarkably observant, and was interested in every passing event. "Old-fashioned" is, I think, what English mothers called her.

Outside business relations, we had no American friends to visit. An American colony had not then been founded in London, and there were but few social engagements to tempt us from home. The leisure thus enjoyed was largely devoted to Pearl, who was responsive to home training and discipline, growing strong and well and showing a merry contentedness from day to day. So the first stages of infancy glided almost imperceptibly into that of girlhood, and my earliest recollections go back to constant surprises as the child produced her play books and read to me little sentences with seeming understanding. Her eagerness to learn soon outstripped her mother's hours of leisure, and before she was five years of age she could read and write with sufficient ease to justify the addition of a governess to our little circle.

From that point her playmates were all English, and, insensibly, she began to establish standards of judgment which were thoroughly English : yet, throughout her life, as Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, once said of her, she was proud of her American origin, and always



manifested an absorbing interest in her native land.

Our first home in London was a furnished house near Kennington Gate, and here we lived until January 1869. In 1870 I took the lease of 24 Upper Woburn Place, Tavistock Square, and during our residence there three sons were born to me.

Pearl had a cheerful and joyous temperament, and was the moving spirit among her companions. She was the first to suggest games and amusements; and yet, at the same time, her fondness for reading was phenomenal, and her selection of books, in which she went far beyond her years, surprised me greatly. She was a very keen observer of those about her, and disposed to imitate any peculiarity of speech or manner; her mimicry was excellent but always good-natured. Her industry, patience, and perseverance, which, in later life, were to prove to her of such practical support, were most noticeable in her childhood. She was, without being restless, never idle, playing and working in a calm and perfectly controlled manner. She could amuse herself: she made no demands upon others for her entertainment. She quickly caught the spirit of any proposal for diversion—would improve upon the suggestion and carry all out in her own way. Her activities could not be confined to school-room and nursery; she would have the run of the whole house:

this, during the winter months, in a London house without central heating, meant chilly rooms, halls, and staircase, and the risk of catching cold, an ailment to which she seemed exceptionally sensitive. To overcome this danger I suggested that she should wear boy's clothing: the idea delighted her, and she accompanied me to a "Youths' Outfitting" establishment in great glee, returning home, to the amazement of her mother, clad in a complete suit of Scotch plaid, thick long woollen stockings, high buttoned boots, and a cap with the usual decorations. The experiment succeeded, and she wore boys' suits of this pattern for several years.

When we were living at 24 Upper Woburn Place, Tavistock Square, we had as a near neighbour Mrs. Weldon, who lived at Tavistock House, where she devoted herself to the training of orphan children, whom she adopted from a month old. The house in itself was interesting from the fact that it was the one in which Charles Dickens gave his celebrated theatricals. My wife took an interest in the Institution and was a great friend of Mrs. Weldon, whose method of teaching children was most successful. Visiting Tavistock House was a great delight to Pearl, who never allowed her mother, if she could help it, to send parcels of clothing, cakes, and sweets to the Orphanage, but insisted on taking them herself, when she would sit for hours



PEARL RICHARDS, AGED FIVE.



listening to the children exercising, either at music, or dancing, or playing dominoes, in which Pearl would join. Although Mrs. Weldon says she was a very serious, solemn, business-like child—then eight years old—she was, at the same time, most amusing and original. Pearl told her, after she grew up, how fond she had been of going to see her, because she did not talk to her or the other children as if they were silly infants, but as if they were grown-up persons. Mrs. Weldon kept a journal in which she recorded, in summarized style, the events of her daily life. November 25, 1875, is the day she first mentioned Pearl.

“ Pearl Richards came with a lovely parcel of old clothes for the children from her mother. She is such fun. A little dear.”

“ 1876. *January* 14.—Pearl Richards came and brought me more cuffs and two knit skirts for baby. She *is* amusing.”

“ 1877. *April* 10.—Pearl so impudent to her mother. I was not pleased—but laughed inside. She is such a clever monkey.”

Pearl showed a distinct gift for story-telling and story-writing at a very early age. Her imagination was alert and her sense of humour and powers of imitation unusual. She accompanied me in 1874 to Hastings after an attack of illness from which we had both



suffered, and I have now a pencil message, written on the back of the hotel menu card : " When I grow up I am going to write little toy-books for children." She filled pages of foolscap with stories, some quite good and natural, others rather incoherent, but the inclination to imagine and to compose was always strong in her.

In her ninth year she contributed two short stories entitled " Lost, a Dog," and " How Mark Selby won his Public House," to *The Fountain*, a newspaper edited by the late Dr. Parker. At a later period of his life he wrote of her :

" How did she begin the world of letters ? I will tell you. She had always been a devotee of the family ink-horn, and early she knew something of printers' ink. Probably I was the first editor who received and printed the writings of Pearl Richards. Do you wonder then that I feel upon my face a sheen of reflected glory ? "

Dr. Parker delighted to show his friends the copy of one of her earliest books, " A Study in Temptations," published in 1893, which she had inscribed :

" To my First Reviewer, Dr. Joseph Parker, the first also to encourage my childish attempts at literary composition, the first to prize work which was only remarkable for its gigantic intention,"

Dr. Parker has left the following interesting impression of his little contributor :

“ I knew her when she could hardly walk, yet even then her eyes, being rightly interpreted, were quietly and brightly looking round for epigrams, for faces that could be cut on cherry stones. Pearl Richards was a child of character, wise up to the height of silence : too innocent to be really guileless, for no sooner was a man's back turned than she took off his oddities with infinite accuracy, especially if that man happened to be a woman. She caught a giggle when people thought she was looking a mile away, and repeated a tone with the faultlessness of an echo, yet who could look more guileless ? She could turn you into an epigram in the act of asking you to have another lump of sugar in your tea, and in your answer she could see your character and forecast your doom. She could fit you into six words and do it so neatly that you could not get out again.”

Our acquaintance with Dr. Parker came about through our taking sittings at the City Temple very soon after we were settled in London. My grandfather and father were Presbyterian ministers ; my religious up-bringing had been in accordance with that creed—naturally, therefore, we attended a Nonconformist service. Pearl attracted the attention of Dr. Parker at once, and they began a correspondence in which he readily adapted himself to her juvenile method of expression.

She was very regular in her attendance, with

us, at the City Temple, until a year before her marriage; and she maintained her interest in Nonconformity after she became a Roman Catholic. She early developed a taste for serious discussions, with Dr. Parker and other ministers, upon religious questions. She never lost the impression that Dr. Parker was the finest pulpit orator she had ever heard. In "The Dream and the Business," she has much to say about Nonconformity in England; and in this latest volume she wrote with regard to preaching:

"Men forget what they read: some do not read at all. They do not, however, forget what they are told by a vigorous speaker, who means what he says. It has been proved ever since the first beginnings of politics, that no tyranny could stand for long against the warning Prophet, or the Preaching Friar, or the resolute Nonconformist. Of course, he must be in dead earnest. Newspapers, pamphlets, speeches in Parliament, and reassurances to constituents are as nothing compared with the actual influence of the persistent Sunday sermons of a great preacher. Gladstone had the preacher's quality—religious earnestness. Hence his fascination. It fascinated even the irreligious, because anything mysterious appeals to the wonder."

When she was capable of writing with ease, like other novelists, from the great Samuel Richardson downward, Pearl occasionally wrote letters for the maidservants to their sweethearts, and the unconventionality of these missives

often led to quarrels and misunderstandings between the lovers. It is possible that her ironic humour was scarcely soothing to the vanity of an adored police sergeant.

The first school she attended was at Newbury, Berkshire, in 1876-7. This was in charge of two sisters, the Misses Godwin. These ladies took a warm interest in their pupil and for many years remembered her birthday by sending her a little token. Her school experiences in London were not remarkable, yet her progress was such as to cause occasionally some surprise to her teachers. One lady gravely confided to her mother the fact that the girl knew "the whole of Thackeray," and read him in school hours, and she did not think Thackeray was an author any girl of thirteen ought to be allowed to read. As a matter of fact, no restriction was placed upon her reading, and although she read, no doubt, every work of fiction she could find, she also read a great deal of history, poetry, and philosophy. She had a love of picture galleries and museums, and went constantly to the National Gallery and the British Museum.

She made many friends, and, as a rule, one or two of her companions would have an early dinner with her on Saturday, going on afterward to a *matinée* performance at a theatre. By the time she was fourteen, she had seen every important theatrical production of the day, and was familiar with the names of all the

principal actors and actresses. That she had a natural taste for the theatre is beyond question, and the writing of little plays, which she herself produced on a toy theatre, was among her most cherished amusements. As she grew older, she took many parts in private theatricals, stage-managing some of these plays herself. Her skill in acting and her good judgment in managing were in great demand among those interested in amateur theatricals in the west of London.

Between the ages of ten and fifteen years, she sent off some dozens of stories to various London publishers, entirely on her own responsibility, without asking advice or counsel from her elders. They were invariably returned as not "suitable." This discipline was excellent for her, as she learned by it that editors require exceptionally bright and entertaining copy for the children's journals, and that she would have to work hard to produce something equal to their requirements.

Her school life—from 1876 to 1884—was passed in the conventional way. The year 1885 was spent in Paris, where she devoted her energies more particularly to the study of instrumental music and became an exceptionally good pianist. In May 1886 she was presented at Court. In November same year she journeyed to New York to visit relatives and to act as bridesmaid to Miss Julia Randall Drake, daughter of one of my oldest American friends.





PEARL RICHARDS, AGED EIGHTEEN.  
*From an Oil Painting by Miss L. Sturges 1885.*



Her marriage to Mr. R. W. Craigie took place in February 1887, when she was little more than nineteen years of age. For the two months immediately following the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Craigie were at Cannes, where she was taken seriously ill. On her return to England in May, she came direct to her old home at 7 Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, and remained there until her health was re-established some six months later, when she and her husband moved into a home of their own—a new flat in the Marble Arch Mansions in Oxford Street, nearly opposite Orchard Street.

She occupied her time in writing and studying, having fully decided to adopt literature as a profession, and it was there that she began her first journalistic work—a series of articles containing dramatic and art criticism written for a weekly publication called *Life*. To this journal she contributed regularly for over two years, receiving satisfactory fees. It was in *Life*, also, in 1888 and 1889, that the articles entitled “The Note-book of a Diner-Out” appeared, over the pseudonym “Diogenes Pessimus.” These sketches were mainly humorous and satirical, and were considered by the editor as unusually clever and witty: they were undoubtedly appreciated by the readers. At a later period, when she had made her reputation as a writer, she was asked to republish “The Diner-Out” as a volume and to attach her own

name as author. After careful consideration, she decided not to do so.

I never attempted to influence her judgment in any way with regard to her literary work, or to use such interest on her behalf as my business connections might have given me.

She insisted always on personally placing her work before editors, and would not accept any offers of introduction or the help of intermediaries. Her answer to such suggestions was: "I must make the effort myself: work accepted as a favour or by influence will possess no test of literary value. I must know by personal contact with the authority who is to decide if my writing is good and worth paying for."

Her dramatic and art criticisms were justly and conscientiously done. She was by no means a rapid writer; on the contrary, she was most deliberate, and would write, cancel, and re-write until she was satisfied that, whether the result were good or not, she had at least done her best. This was, perhaps, the toil that shortened her life. She was tolerant of criticism, if her reviewers understood her point of view, and would gladly acknowledge the justice of a thoughtful correction. But from questions of fact she would not withdraw, as she believed she had fully informed herself before making a statement. A slovenly method of dealing with dates, names, or places was not possible to her.

If she described a building as being on the north-west corner of a street, it was there that the house would be found. She took tiresome journeys to distant places merely to verify "the lie of the land," or the exact period or style of architecture of some unimportant building, which she had only mentioned incidentally in her story. But, having given the real location of an actual event, the local colour must be absolutely perfect. Taking pains was a condition she never shirked.

While contributing the "Diner-Out" articles to *Life*, Mrs. Craigie wrote a little sketch which I thought very amusing. The subject was "a man who could not be bored"—a counterblast to the "very tired and bored person" who could not be satisfied with anything. The subject required humorous and satirical treatment, and I thought that she succeeded admirably. No matter what kind of tiresome diversion was suggested to this amiable young man, he was "simply delighted." She sent the sketch to the Editor of *Punch*. In about a week she received a proof which she was asked to revise, although the article was not to be considered as finally accepted until its appearance in the pages of the paper, when payment would be sent. To her great disappointment, the sketch was never published. In after years she became well acquainted with Sir Francis Burnand, then Editor of *Punch*, but I doubt if she ever



referred to this incident. I found among her papers a letter from Sir Francis, dated November 16, 1900, in which he asked her to write a series on "Snobesses" for *Punch* in the Thackeray manner. I suppose that, through the press of other literary engagements, she was unable to undertake this work, nor do I know if the subject appealed to her imagination. Her only contribution to a comic paper that I can remember was a short sketch which appeared in *Fun* in 1888, and was written while she was living at Marble Arch Mansions. This was a skit on the American labour-saving inventions, which were somewhat in evidence in my own house. Her perception of the "funny side" of life was so exceptionally keen that she could be amusing about most things.

In July 1890 she and her husband joined her parents in the Isle of Wight, and at Rock Cottage, Ventnor, her son, John Churchill Craigie, was born on August 15, 1890. On their return to town in October, they found a pleasant house at High Barnet, where they lived for a time, but unhappily. She became very depressed, and often, while her husband was engaged in town, she would come, with her infant and the nurse, to spend the day with us in Porchester Terrace. Her relations with Mr. Craigie became strained, and in May 1891 she told me that she should not return to High Barnet or to her husband—and she never did. She

subsequently obtained a divorce, the decree afterwards being made absolute, and she was given exclusive custody of the child of the marriage.

This was a painful experience, but she applied herself with extraordinary energy to her literary work, and in that, in her religion and her devotion to her family, she found her greatest consolations. She took up, also, a course of serious study at University College, London, and became a fairly proficient Greek and Latin scholar, taking the keenest pleasure in her classical reading, rising early and working hard for many hours daily. Her manner in the lecture room astonished some of her fellow students. She took no notes, but sat absorbed in the pleasure of listening to the lecturer, and this original method produced the happiest results upon her own intellectual temperament.

Mr. Alfred Goodwin, the professor of Greek, and Professor W. P. Ker took the greatest interest in her progress, and sympathized with her plans and aspirations. They knew her ambition was to excel as a writer, and their criticism was keen and unsparing, helping her to the formation of her style.

Soon after her return home to her parents in 1891, she wrote and published her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral." When the manuscript was ready for publication, it was offered by her to Messrs. Macmillan, and in returning this with a kind note, they suggested

that the title of the book should be altered, and that the last chapter should be revised, when they would be glad to become the publishers. These things, however, she declined to do, and the MS. was given to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who accepted the work for his new "Pseudonym Library"—Pearl adopting the pen name of John Oliver Hobbes. At first, Mr. Unwin has since told me, he felt a little nervous as to the result; but a week after the publication he wrote to Mrs. Craigie, saying: "Your book is a success for both author and publisher."

The little volume was favourably and extensively reviewed by the newspaper press, and considerable interest was aroused as to the real name and sex of the author.

In 1892 Mrs. Craigie was received into the Roman Catholic Church. I was surprised at her decision, but we never had one word of discussion on the subject: she merely stated the fact. As Lord Curzon said of her, at the unveiling of her memorial in University College:

"She had the religious sense in a highly developed degree, and in a time of trouble she sought refuge in the Roman Catholic Faith. It supplied her with a philosophy of conduct and a rationale of existence. She found an inspiration in its ideals and a solace in its authority."

For some years she kept an apartment at

the Convent of the Assumption in Kensington Square, where she used to stay for a few days from time to time. She had many Catholic friends and attended the usual services, going, as a rule, either to the church in Farm Street, or to St. James’s, Spanish Place.

Mrs. Craigie’s second book, entitled “The Sinner’s Comedy,” was written 1891–2, while she was a student at University College, London, and was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in May 1892. The story was longer than “Some Emotions,” and it was decided to issue it independently of the “Pseudonym Library.” Professor Goodwin died in the year that it was published and the volume was dedicated to him.

Soon after the proofs of the book had been passed for press, in the month of March 1892, I had occasion to visit New York on business, and Pearl said she would like to accompany me, for the sake of the voyage and the rest; she also hoped, if possible, to find a publisher for an American edition of “The Sinner’s Comedy.”

Letters of introduction to Messrs. Scribner, Messrs. Putnam, and other publishers in New York were kindly given to her by Mr. Unwin. After a short delay, necessitated by the securing of copyright in Washington, she proceeded to call upon the publishers. I accompanied her upon most of these visits, but, by her particular request, I did not attempt any negotiation: she preferred to state the case herself. She had been

shown a selection of newspaper notices concerning "Some Emotions," and as these were exceptionally favourable reviews of her first volume, we anticipated that they would be of practical service in placing her new work. She did not, however, receive one proposal of a satisfactory character from any American publishing house in New York. One firm offered to publish under a "guarantee," but not one of them would risk the issue of the book. This seemed to us surprising in view of the reputation already gained in England by Pearl's first novel.

One morning we read the announcement of Messrs. Cassell & Co., in New York, a branch of the well-known firm of La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, and their list included several English works of fiction recently issued in London. Pearl said to me, "I shall go to Cassell; they will appreciate the British reviews, and estimate better the chances of success with a second book." To Cassell we went; they favourably considered the matter, and in a few days accepted the book upon her own terms: the publishing contract bears the date April 26, 1892. The matter being so speedily arranged, simultaneous publication of "The Sinner's Comedy" took place in London and in New York on May 16, 1892. The book had a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic.

The reasons given by the American publishers for declining to "speculate," as they called it,



were, firstly, that "John Oliver Hobbes" was practically unknown to the public in the United States, so that her English reputation would have no influence with their readers ; and, secondly, that it was too short a story to be sold as a \$1.50 volume ; the public demanded more "words" for their money. Nothing could exceed the civility of all the publishers who said "No," but they could not see any chance for a new author, with only a brief English reputation founded on one small work, issued in the cheap popular form of the "Pseudonym Library." Mrs. Craigie was more amused than discouraged by their outspoken views ; but she never wavered for one instant in her conviction that she would get the book published, and upon satisfactory terms. She was prepared to go to Boston for further efforts if Messrs. Cassell had not agreed to the contract. Upon all subsequent occasions she was able to obtain contracts for her books, with "all world" rights, before they were written ; but she often recalled, with interest and pleasure, the personal adventures which she experienced in her efforts to obtain publishers for her first two works.

There is a characteristic letter, dated January 23, 1893, addressed to Mr. Clement Shorter, which may well have place here :

"I find it so difficult to be at once a Christian, an author, and a woman of business !

"May I write a short story especially for

your Summer Number—something lighter in character and softer in speech than the ‘Duchess of Ferrara’? Of course, if you do not care for it when it is written, I should be the last to wish you to have it. But I think I can promise to please you—so far, that is to say, as any work of mine is able to afford pleasure.”

As to the title “Some Emotions and a Moral,” it will be within the knowledge of every newspaper reader in Great Britain how very largely it has been quoted, and adopted by editors and journalists desirous of using a sentence that will express a good deal in a few words. The same use has been made, for the same purpose, and almost to as large an extent, of the form of the title “The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham.” In these two instances she had certainly ample reason to be satisfied that she had chosen titles for her books which appealed to the public ear as implying something worth inquiring into!

In 1893 Pearl was ready with another volume, “A Study in Temptations,” which was secured by Mr. Unwin for his “Pseudonym Library,” then in the height of its popularity. “A Bundle of Life” followed in 1894. Both of these books were written at her own home with us, either in London or the Isle of Wight. The two stories were included in “The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes,” published in 1894, and reprinted in that same year.



WALTER  
SPINDLER  
'95

MRS. CRAIGIE.

*From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Walter Spindler, 1895.*



A departure was made in 1894 in her methods of publishing, owing to the fact that the serial rights in her new work had been secured by the editor of the *Pall Mall Budget*. This novel—“The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham”—was a much longer and, in a certain sense, a more important work than she had before attempted. The first instalment appeared on December 22, 1894. The story was elaborately illustrated by Edward J. Sullivan. The publication in book form did not take place until April 1895.

During the interval between the publication of “A Bundle of Life” and “The Gods,” Pearl had written a little one-act “proverb”—*Journeys End in Lovers’ Meeting*. It was founded on a French play, but the whole of the dialogue and the treatment were original. This play was produced at Daly’s Theatre, London, in June 1895, Miss Ellen Terry taking the character of Lady Soupire; the part of Sir Philip was acted by Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, and that of Captain Maramour by the late William Terriss. Miss Ellen Terry purchased all the acting rights in the comedy the week following its production, and played in it many times at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and on her tours in the United States with Sir Henry Irving.

Soon after the performance of *Journeys End* at Daly’s Theatre, Mr. Gladstone sent for Mrs. Craigie, and invited her to read the play

to him, which she did, while he lay back on his sofa, his eyes bound up after an operation for cataract he had lately undergone. Mr. Gladstone had been interested in the little play through a conversation with Miss Janotha, who went frequently to Mr. Gladstone's house to play upon the piano for his diversion, during this period of enforced rest after the eye operation. The text of the play is published in full in the volume entitled "Tales about Temperaments," 1901.

Continuing her literary work, Mrs. Craigie completed "The Herb Moon" in 1896, "The School for Saints" in 1897; *The Ambassador* (a comedy in four acts) was produced at the St. James's Theatre in June 1898, while in the same year she wrote a tragedy in verse, *Osbern and Ursyne*, and, in 1899, *A Repentance*.

Our summer home from 1872 was invariably in the Isle of Wight. Pearl was, from her first visit as a child of four years of age, very fond of Ventnor: a change was made upon three or four occasions, but we gladly returned to our "first love." Among our earliest friendships in the island was one with the family of the late William Spindler of Old Park, near Ventnor, and many pleasant days were spent at that most charming and delightful place. Their only son, Mr. Walter Spindler, was a favourite with us all. He developed remarkable talent as a painter, and his work has been exhibited at the Salon



in Paris and the Royal Academy in London. Pearl, who had known him since she was a child, took a natural interest in his work and career, and he appreciated her sympathy and valued her friendship. He painted several portraits of her at various times: the frontispiece of her book "The Sinner's Comedy" was drawn by him, and the black-and-white drawing facing page twenty-two was one of his earliest productions. "A Bundle of Life" was dedicated to "Walter Spindler," and the rondeau which follows bears reference to his art.

In 1900, desiring a house of her own in the Isle of Wight to which she could retire from time to time for absolute rest and quiet, Mrs. Craigie rented St. Lawrence Lodge, a small house on the Old Park estate. Mr. Spindler took a great personal interest in the decorations of the Lodge; he designed an Italian garden for the ground near the house; he painted some beautiful panels for the dining-room, and helped Pearl in the choice of those combinations of colour which made the beauty of the decoration of the house. Of the four sitting-rooms, one was used as a dining-room, one as a music-room, and two were fitted up as studies, in order that, with a change of work—or even of mood—there might be a change of room. The fitting and furnishing of the place in accordance with her artistic tastes was a real pleasure to Pearl, but she was never able to stay there for any

great length of time, and there were long intervals between her visits. Our own residence, Steephill Castle, being near, the urgency of her family that she should be with them as much as possible influenced her, no doubt, to make her real home with us. She would, however, when staying at Steephill, usually drive daily to the Lodge, to work and read there for one or two hours. Since her death I have purchased the property, and it is now known as "Craigie Lodge."

Early in 1900 she was invited by Mr. Edmund Gosse to join in a series of short critical monographs on the leading French novelists of the nineteenth century. She entered with great pleasure upon this project, in which she was associated with Mr. Henry James, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Lord Crewe, Mr. Henry Harland, Dr. Garnett, and other eminent writers. It amused Mrs. Craigie that, as George Sand was the only female novelist included, she herself was the only woman critic in the symposium. She was extremely anxious to do justice to her subject, and for this reason, perhaps, she was very slow in satisfying her own judgment. It was not until late in 1902 that she completed the essay on "George Sand," which remains the most extended of her purely critical writings.

The first edition of "Robert Orange" was published in July 1900; a second and revised edition was issued in September of the same



ST. LAWRENCE LODGE AND GARDENS (NOW KNOWN AS CRAIGIE LODGE),  
ST. LAWRENCE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



year: this work was “a continuation of the history of Robert Orange, M.P.,” and a sequel to “The School for Saints.”

Having finished a three-act comedy, *The Wisdom of the Wise*, upon which she had been working for some time, Mrs. Craigie read the play to Mr. George Alexander, by whom it was at once accepted and produced at the St. James’s Theatre on the evening of November 22, 1900. The piece was not altogether well received; there was “booing” mixed with the applause, and this circumstance led to a lively controversy in the newspapers on the subject. It is only candour on my part to admit that there was, at this time, considerable divergence of opinion as to her dramatic writings.

Early in the following January, there appeared numerous favourable comments on the notice that she was to write a *Life of Disraeli*, whereupon she remarked to a friend:

“What a fuss they are making over my writing of *Disraeli’s Life*, which I have not done—while the things I have done they hoot!”

About this time she commended a play to the notice of Mr. Harrison at the Haymarket Theatre in these words:

“As the critics abuse *The Wisdom of the Wise* beyond grammar and the common courtesy of the pavement, they may like something unlike it!”

She herself considered *The Wisdom of the Wise* of higher dramatic value than *The Ambassador*.

The next two years, 1901 and 1902, saw the publication of "The Serious Wooing" and "Love and the Soul Hunters," and the production of *The Bishop's Move* at the Garrick Theatre.

In the autumn of 1902, Mrs. Craigie was happily able to accept the invitation of Lord and Lady Curzon to visit them at Government House, Calcutta, and to attend the Great Durbar at Delhi. This visit proved to be one of the most delightful experiences of her whole life. She left London for Bombay *viâ* Paris on December 10, and two days later joined the P. & O. s.s. *Arabia* at Marseilles. Nearly all the guests of the Viceroy were travelling by this ship—a very interesting company.

That she enjoyed the voyage is evident from her letters to me. While in India she wrote an account of her experiences, in the form of letters, to the London *Daily Graphic*, which, by arrangement, shared the articles with *Collier's Weekly*, a New York journal. The whole of these "Letters" were subsequently published by Mr. Unwin in 1903, under the title "Imperial India."

Mrs. Craigie arrived home from India on March 10, 1903, and immediately set about the completion of her novel "The Vineyard." She arranged with the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for the British serial publication, which began in June 1903: its production in



book form took place in London and New York in 1904.

*The Flute of Pan*, a drama in four acts (published as a novel in 1905), which had been in Mrs. Craigie's mind for four years, was successfully produced by Miss Olga Nethersole on April 21, 1904, at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. On November 12 of the same year, Miss Nethersole gave the first London performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and the play was unfavourably received. The majority of the newspapers were hostile; but although numbers of Mrs. Craigie's literary friends expressed their appreciation of the play and of the acting, as may be seen from her correspondence, in the face of the determined opposition there was nothing to be done but to withdraw the play after the twelfth performance. Meanwhile a remarkable theatrical experiment was made by Miss Nethersole and Mrs. Craigie. Anxious to obtain a fair public opinion of the piece, apart from the newspaper critics, they arranged a free performance for November 23. The details were kindly managed by the *Daily Express*, and the applications for tickets numbered 235,000. The audience received voting papers, and the result was as follows: against the condemnation on the first night, with many expressions of strong approval of the play and its actors, 1,200; qualified disapproval, 8.

On March 30, 1905, Mrs. Craigie was present

at a dinner of the Hardwicke Society in London, when there was a debate on "Women as Jury Members." Mrs. Craigie was opposed to the participation of her own sex in the administration of justice: she declared that their nature did not contain a proper element of justice, that they were by nature unfair, though their unfairness, in some instances, was a source of fascination. Where would men get sympathy, she asked, if women were impartial? Experience showed that women were not intended to govern; and art rightly represented the woman impersonating Justice as being blindfolded, because a woman could not be trusted to see straight. Justices Darling and Kekewich and other lawyers shared in the debate, and the resolution in favour of "Women as Jury Members" was rejected by a large majority.

It was early in the year 1905 that Pearl signed a contract with the J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau of New York to deliver a series of lectures in the United States. She left London with me on November 4, and was accompanied by her friend Miss Blanche Eliot. We sailed from Liverpool by the Cunard s.s. *Campania*, arriving in New York on November 11. Reporters came on board off Staten Island: she willingly answered most of their questions and endured the "Kodak snapshot" ordeal with composure. The New York papers of the following day contained quite twenty columns of

interviewers' copy ; but much of what she was supposed to have said would require careful " editing " before it represented what she really said to the pressmen. All comment, however, was of a most friendly character, and expressed interest in her proposed Lecture Tour. We stayed at the Hotel Netherland. Day after day she was inundated with calls, cards, and invitations. Her agents arranged, in accordance with a special request, that her first lecture should be delivered on November 16, at Morristown, N.J. (about thirty miles from New York), because of the early association of her family with that town.

Mrs. Craigie delivered three lectures during the course of her visit—" The Science of Life," illustrated by the lives of St. Ignatius, Wesley, and Tolstoy ; " The Artist's Life " ; and " Dante and Botticelli." She gave one of these three in some of the principal cities of the United States.

Her first lecture in New York City was delivered on December 6, at Columbia University, before the students of Barnard College, on the subject " Dante and Botticelli." The Hon. Joseph H. Choate, formerly Ambassador to Great Britain, was in the chair. In introducing Mrs. Craigie he humorously remarked :

" I myself am personally under great obligations to Mrs. Craigie, for it was from her play *The Ambassador* that I acquired most of my knowledge of the duties of that office.

At the beginning of her stay in New York she undertook—as an interesting experience—to report for the *New York American* the trial, in the New York Law Courts, of the editor of *Town Topics*. She also wrote for *The American* her impressions concerning the New York Horse Show, a very fashionable function held annually in November. This article caused a good deal of entertaining comment, chiefly because she described it more as a show of the beautiful clothing and jewels worn by the lady patrons than as an exhibition of superb beasts and extremely skilful horsemanship. She contributed a long article to the *New York World* on the same subject. In writing about this social event she said :

“The women in the boxes are the chief attraction: there they sit, awed by their responsibilities, their costumes, and the sense of competition, to be stared at (kindly enough) by a slow-moving stream of prosperous, well-dressed, critical, and certainly amusing fellow citizens and citizenesses. There is evidently nothing comparable with this social phenomenon in any other city of the world. One is reminded a little of the Agricultural Shows at Islington, when splendid fat stock animals are exhibited at great cost for prizes. I have seen many a cow at a cattle show look uncomfortable under the auctioneer’s loud appraisalment of her qualities. But American women conscious of their civilization are not so easily embarrassed.”

Making use of the word “blimming” in one

of her letters to the newspapers, this expression was immediately taken up as a new “coinage,” and, on being asked the meaning, she replied :

“It’s just talking and talking pleasant things and saying nothing. That’s what all clever English women do in public. It’s a good thing, hurts no one, amuses people, and keeps the world off—no one ever finds out that the ‘blimming’ woman is cleverer than her husband—that’s one of the greatest conservers of married bliss.”

A New York journal wrote a leader on the subject of “blimming,” and said Mrs. Craigie should be presented with the thanks of Congress and a gold-headed parasol the moment that body convened, for she had brought to their shores what was more precious than gold and precious stones—a new word, and the best new word that had made its appearance for many moons.

Although railway travelling in the United States is made as comfortable as possible, Mrs. Craigie found that, during the bitter cold weather of November, December, and January, the inevitable exposure and fatigue of long journeys and the unavoidable social functions were too exhausting for her to attempt to finish her lecture tour. Therefore, early in February 1906, she sailed for England, leaving many lecture engagements unfulfilled.

While Mrs. Craigie was in America, her last novel, “The Dream and the Business,” was appearing serially. She had not completed the



story before leaving England, consequently she had to work upon the MS. whenever she had a spare moment, and on her return to London she had to resume writing immediately to keep pace with the publication in the pages of the magazine. The pressure of this strain, no doubt, tried her greatly, but she kept her usual engagements. She landed in England on February 10, 1906, and on the 14th she made an after-dinner speech at the banquet of the Imperial Industries Club, giving a little sketch of her visit to America. On March 5 she gave a lecture at the National Liberal Club, and in this address she described very fully her American impressions, particularly in relation to her last visit to the United States.

She went to Manchester on May 4, and gave her lecture on St. Ignatius, Wesley, and Tolstoy at Manchester University, returning the next day in order to attend the Roman Catholic demonstration against the Education Bill at the Albert Hall. She was present at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner on May 10, and spoke at a meeting of the National Vigilance Association on the 15th at Grosvenor House. A search for "local colour" took her to Carlisle for three days on May 19: this was required for the new novel "A Time to Love," which was founded on the play of the same name which she had written in collaboration with the late Mr. Edward Rose. On May 30 she spoke at a meeting of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, held



at Lord Stratheden's house in Bruton Street. Sir Frederick Treves was in the chair and the Bishop of London was one of the speakers. I have heard from those who were present of the emotion she showed in speaking of these children, although she seemed unconscious of her tears. It was in support of the work of this excellent society that Pearl made her first public speech.

She attended the banquet to Miss Ellen Terry on June 17, and made the Presentation Speech: this was the last occasion on which she spoke in public, but she was present at the Dante Dinner at the Hotel Cecil on June 27. On July 4 she was at the reception at the American Embassy, dining the same evening with Mr. W. Waldorf Astor in Carlton House Terrace. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Macveagh of Chicago were her guests at Steephill on July 7, but she had to return to London on the 9th to keep various engagements. On July 16 I see this entry in her engagement book—"Heard of Mary's death," meaning Lady Curzon. This was not an altogether unexpected event, but the shock to Pearl was very great and her grief intense.

In addition to all her other work and engagements, during these last months of her life, Mrs. Craigie had constant interviews with theatrical agents and managers, with a view to the production of her two unacted plays, *The Three Lovers*, written in collaboration with Mr. George Moore, and *A Time to Love*. These transactions

involved a certain amount of re-writing and revising scenes and portions of the dialogue to meet the views of the various actors and actresses. She had practically arranged that both plays should be under contract for performance before the end of the year.

On August 3, Pearl came down to us at Steephill : having to attend to some business matters, she motored from Portsmouth to London on the 7th, returning to Ventnor on the 8th. August 9, 10, 11, and part of the 12th were all spent with her family at Steephill : she seemed in every way well and in bright spirits. On Sunday afternoon she decided to go to London. I tried to persuade her to wait till the next morning, but she felt the importance of keeping an early business engagement she had made for Monday. She was anxious, also, to complete the arrangements for a motor journey to Scotland, on which she was to start with her son, on his sixteenth birthday, August 15, an expedition to which both were looking forward with the keenest anticipation.

She came into my study at Steephill a few moments before starting for the train and took from one of the book-shelves a copy of Anne Brontë's "Wildfell Hall." A few days afterwards a gentleman wrote to tell me that he had noticed her reading this book most attentively on the boat during the crossing from Ryde to Portsmouth. Throughout the whole

of these last days she spent at Steephill she gave no indication of illness or any unusual fatigue. She drove daily, walked in the grounds, and also wrote a chapter or more of her adaptation from *A Time to Love*. The last entry she ever made in her engagement book runs "St. Wilfrid's — 8.30," and refers to her attendance at the early Mass.

On Monday morning, at breakfast time, I received a telegram—"Excellent journey—crowded train—reached here by nine—fondest love—Pearl." This I noticed had been handed in at the Lancaster Place Post Office early that morning. She had written it out on reaching home, and, when retiring, had told the servant to send it off the first thing the next day. It was her habit to telegraph her arrival: she never failed to do so, and I felt sure all was well. About 11.30 a.m. a telephone message came through to me from the housekeeper at Lancaster Gate to say that our beloved Pearl had seemingly passed away in her sleep. We hurried to town and found the terrible news wholly confirmed.

She made no complaint to the servants on her arrival, merely said she was rather tired, and, after taking some refreshment, went at once to bed. On entering her room the next morning, the housekeeper found her lying "as if quietly asleep," but she had in truth passed away. Her face was perfectly peaceful and her

rosary was still between her fingers, showing that she had fallen asleep while she prayed.

As death had thus taken place without any witness or medical attendant, there was no escape from a coroner's inquest, which was accordingly held, and the verdict, in accordance with the doctor's evidence—given after an examination—was that death was due to cardiac failure, from natural causes. This state of her heart, as described at the inquest, was a complete surprise to me. In some of the letters published in this volume she speaks of premonitions that she will not live long, but I never heard her say anything of the kind in my presence. She had no dread of death, I knew: she would say so, and even express surprise at the remarks of others, who, quite naturally, held a contrary view. Speaking one day in July, after the death of our old friend Mrs. Spindler of Old Park, who had directed that her body should be cremated, Pearl remarked: "How sensible that is. I intend to leave such instructions in my own will." The subject was not further discussed, but she had already made her will at that date and the instructions for cremation were given: they were not, however, carried out, as she had rendered them void by the clause regarding her burial "according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church," and the Roman Church forbids cremation. Personally, I was most thankful that this was so.

On Friday, August 17, the Requiem Mass was sung at the church at Farm Street. Many of those who attended the service must have recalled her own description of that church :

“Like a dream imprisoned in a rock—the dark stone cavernous building, where shadowy forms were kneeling in prayer and praise, seemed a hollow not made with hands, and the light on the high altar shone through the mist of incense as something wholly supernatural yet living and sacred. It seemed to breathe and vibrate, and was, now a still blessing, and now a note of music too delicate to be told on instruments or uttered by the human voice. It fell not upon the senses but the heart, and the faint sound that reached the ear was no more than the infinite soft murmur of many small candle flames.”

By a strange coincidence, such a storm as that described in the chapter of “The School for Saints” from which I have quoted took place on the morning of the funeral. After the Mass her body was laid to rest in St. Mary’s Cemetery, Kensal Green. Her friend Monsignor Brown gave the address in the church, choosing as his text some verses from the Book of Wisdom :

“For who among men is he that can know the counsel of God, or who can think what the will of God is? For the thoughts of mortal men are fearful, and our counsels uncertain. For the corruptible body is a load upon



the soul, and the earthly habitation presseth down the mind that museth upon many things"—

the last words seeming so peculiarly applicable to the mind and soul just passed away.

The granite monument erected to her memory bears the following inscription :

TO THE  
 Dear Memory  
 OF  
 PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE  
 (JOHN OLIVER HOBBS)  
 NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST  
 BORN CHELSEA, MASS., U.S.A.  
 3RD NOVEMBER 1867  
 DIED LONDON 13TH AUGUST 1906  
 AGED 38 YEARS

WORK . . . "WHILE IT IS DAY: THE NIGHT  
 COMETH, WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK."

JOHN IX. IV.

R.I.P.

"COLD IN THE DUST THIS PERISHED HEART MAY LIE,  
 BUT THAT WHICH WARMED IT ONCE SHALL NEVER DIE!  
 THAT SPARK UNBURIED IN ITS MORTAL FRAME,  
 WITH LIVING LIGHT, ETERNAL, AND THE SAME,  
 SHALL BEAM ON JOY'S INTERMINABLE YEARS  
 UNVEILED BY DARENESS—UNASSUAGED BY TEARS."

THOMAS CAMPBELL 1798.



## II

### CHARACTERISTICS AND TEMPERAMENT

IN describing Mrs. Craigie's characteristics and temperament, I speak from a parent's standpoint, but I have wished to be wholly candid.

I cannot say that Pearl had any fixed method of work. She wrote when in the mood, but could not be made to hurry and disliked writing "to order" upon any subject at short notice. Having, however, given her word to produce an article or an essay within a certain time, she would never disappoint an editor if her strength allowed her to fulfil the task. She was not able to write anywhere; she must choose the place to sit and work. Writing materials and a table alone were not sufficient for her; she required the comfort of congenial surroundings. She was exceedingly sensitive to any kind of street noise, and would move from room to room to find the quiet that she needed. For this reason she took rooms in the Albany in 1904, and had them fitted up for work, but, although she retained them for over two years, she never wrote a line there—some fancy,

probably, preventing her from working in the place.

During the last two years of her life she had our town house at Lancaster Gate very much to herself; the rest of the family living in the Isle of Wight, and my eldest son and myself only sleeping in London from Tuesday to Friday. Here she took a liking to our large dining-room as her study, and would write for hours at the side of the dining-table. When her meals were served she would only allow one end of the table to be used, so that her letters and papers were left undisturbed. In the evening she never touched her manuscript, but attended to her correspondence. I cannot remember ever seeing her idle at any time. If not engaged in conversation, she would write or read. Reading was restful to her, and she would read everywhere—in a railway carriage as readily as on board ship. She accustomed herself to writing in bed, where she was forced to spend much of her time on account of her health.

She had the faculty of detaching herself completely from her surroundings, and would write quite calmly with conversation going on all round her, hearing nothing of what was said and answering with a start if directly addressed. Often she preferred to have others sitting in the room with her, and never pledged them to silence.

My belief is that, although she often felt the

pressure of the active and strenuous life about her in her own home, she could nevertheless do more and better work in the midst of it, and with a more contented mind, than when she attempted isolation. She returned to her own rooms at Lancaster Gate and Steephill after such experiments, satisfied that she was, after all, in the best environment. She had grown accustomed to seeing people about her, and was interested in the small excitements of a large and active family. She was relieved from all domestic frets; and there was always a desire on the part of the household to assist her plans and to save her from all possible worries.

Her reply to one inquiry as to why she had adopted the *nom de guerre* of John Oliver Hobbes was :

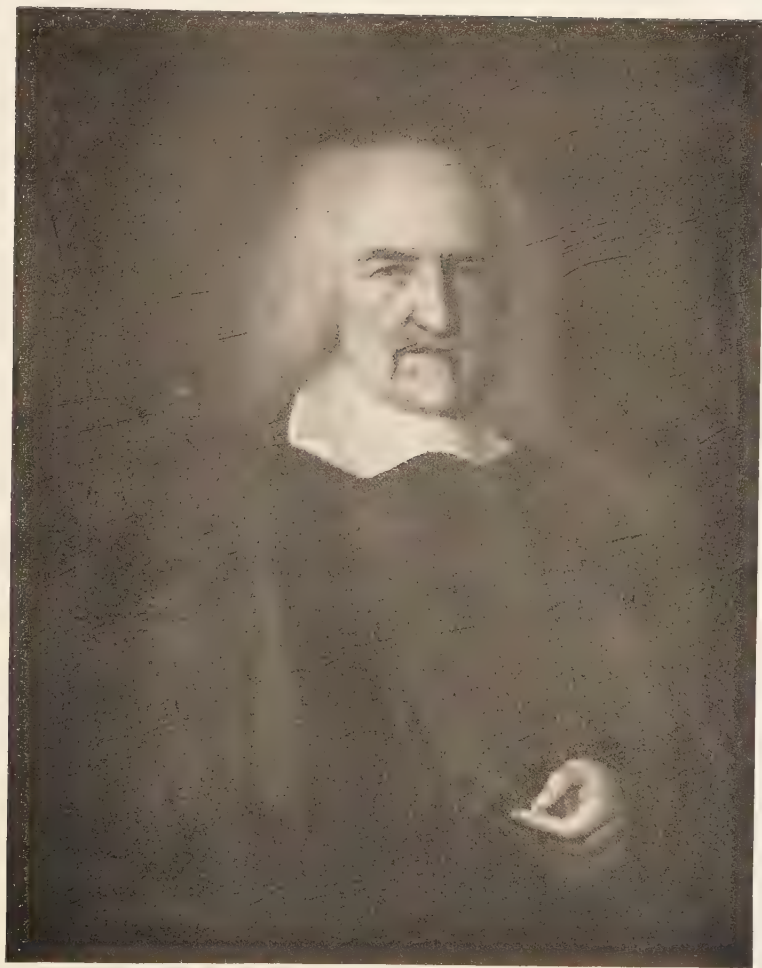
“I chose the name of John because it is my father’s and my son’s; Oliver because of the warring Cromwell; and Hobbes because it is homely.”

Other reasons also influenced her in the choice of Hobbes. She had a great admiration for the old philosopher of that name: a woman of impulse, she felt the need of constant restraint—the recollection of Hobbes, she admitted, saved her as a writer from maudlin sentiment. In the early years of her career not many people outside her own circle associated “John

Oliver Hobbes" with a feminine personality. When, upon the first night of the production of *The Ambassador*, in response to the calls for "Author," a young lady dressed in white satin appeared, many of those present did not understand and kept up the cries for "Author." Mrs. Craigie reappeared, and members of the audience called "Where is John?" When they realized the truth the cheers were redoubled, amid shouts from the gallery of "Pretty John!"

Mr. W. L. Courtney, writing of an incident which occurred at a Literary Fund Dinner in 1904, when she had to respond to the toast of "Literature, said :

"She was at once genuinely pleased, and alarmed, at a discrimination between the formal and real aspects of her personality ingeniously devised by Mr. J. Comyns Carr. Mr. Carr remarked that it would be an ungracious and discourteous act to discuss in her presence the manifold gifts of Mrs. Craigie, but that there was a totally different personage with whom he should not hesitate to deal roundly—a certain Mr. John Oliver Hobbes, who had given many hostages to fortune, and who must therefore expect criticism. The proposer of the toast, in Emerson's phrase, 'builded better than he knew.' Mrs. Craigie was essentially different from John Oliver Hobbes, because the second name was an invented, elaborately conceived, and diligently executed puppet, thrown forward into the public arena to conceal the lineaments of the first. A sensitive, emotional, almost shy



THOMAS HOBBS.

*From a Portrait in the National Gallery.*





human being, if it be her fate to enter the lists, will naturally accept a convenient disguise. Mrs. Craigie chose to be known as a mundane philosopher, with rationalistic instincts—at heart she was a pietist, who felt acutely with every nerve and fibre of her being.”

When last in New York, speaking at the “Lotus” Club, she said :

“Early in life I decided to give my ‘better self’ a definite name and thus place a limit on its responsibilities. I called it John Oliver Hobbes. My jealousy now of that creature is not to be expressed. However much I enjoy this party, I know perfectly well it is not for me—but for Hobbes. But for him I never should have been here. I will not say I dislike Hobbes,—but even a woman is human. I have come in on my ‘better self ticket’: I suppose we all mean to enter Paradise by means of the same deception.”

For one so constantly occupied with serious work and work done from choice, she certainly kept up many social activities, and greatly enjoyed them. Her nature was distinctly social, and she was herself hospitable and a good hostess. Our own family being a large one, she could not entertain her friends as often as she would have liked in our own houses, either in town or country, but she frequently asked a few friends for week-ends at Steephill. She particularly enjoyed small parties at luncheon,

supper, or at dinner, when there could be general conversation. She did not like late hours, and would leave every function early if she could possibly do so. On looking at her engagement books from August 1904 to August 1906, I am surprised to find how many week-end visits, dinner, luncheon, supper, and evening parties she attended. I mention this because she was often criticized for failing (though always for a good reason) to keep engagements which she had, in good faith, accepted. I have heard her remark that it was a mistake for hostesses to issue invitations, for private functions, "to meet So-and-So," especially on their own account, because of the inevitable anxiety lest that particular guest should "regret, etc." at the last moment. She did not usually send such invitations herself, and for that reason. The week-end visits she so frequently made were thoroughly appreciated by her, and she always returned home refreshed and cheered, delighting to tell the "home circle" any interesting circumstances and experiences.

In many interviews with "John Oliver Hobbes," attention was drawn to her feminine love of beautiful clothes. She never spent very much time or thought upon her dress, but it had to be perfect in cut and style, and she showed her artistic taste as much in what she chose to wear as in the planning of her own home at St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight. She followed, as

a rule, the ordinary fashion of the day, but she had certain house gowns especially designed for wear when working. Owing to the long hours she was forced to spend upon a bed or couch, these gowns were always flowing and loose; but during the time immediately preceding the writing of "The School for Saints," these garments were made of brown and other dark shades, bore a certain rough resemblance to a monastic habit, and were bound across the waist by a cord. Later, for the last six years, she always wore loose gowns, made in the "Liberty" style and of the most beautiful "Liberty" satins and shades of colouring. Those who met her in society seldom realized that she had risen from her bed to keep the social engagement, and would return there immediately on reaching her home. It was only by this means that she was able to accomplish all she did and conquer the exhaustion from which she constantly suffered.

One of her chief characteristics was the immediate and striking effect she had upon strangers. Few people who had met her even once ever forgot her, and she had a marvellous power of attracting confidences: men who had only known her some hours would confide in her, not only their love affairs, but their religious difficulties, the whole history of their lives, with a touching assurance of her ready sympathy. It was, I suppose, to this fact that

she owed her extraordinary knowledge of human nature. Men told her the truth about themselves, a confidence rarely bestowed upon any woman. The letters I received after her death, from total strangers, testified to the effect of her personality even upon those to whom she had not directly spoken. I must frankly add (because she was aware of it herself) that some people disliked her violently at first sight. Her repellent effect upon certain people was remarkable. The vigour of her individuality was shown by the fact that no one could overlook or be indifferent to her; she either instantly attracted or strongly repelled.

Mrs. Craigie thoroughly enjoyed travelling, and her varied experiences form an interesting portion of her brief life. She could never "rough it" or put up with much discomfort, but under favourable circumstances she was an ideal traveller, appreciative of everything she saw. She once joined in a Roman Catholic Pilgrimage to Rome, and took her tourist ticket with the rest. When she arrived at Rome she was worn out, and fainted on the floor of St. Peter's. She returned home by a less exhausting route, but soon after revisited the city, that she might enjoy quietly all that she had failed to see with the Catholic pilgrims,

My daughter's greatest enjoyment, perhaps, was in hearing music, both vocal and instrumental, and she attended as many concerts as her

engagements would allow. She was not fond of sacred hymns or listening to sacred music, unless rendered at their best by professional vocalists or in churches or cathedrals. She would not join in any domestic hymn-singing, even as a child, nor would she play accompaniments for others if she could avoid it. Her mother often remarked as a singular trial, "Pearl will not sing or listen to Watts's hymns, of which I am so fond." When we were living one summer at Norris Castle, near Cowes, Isle of Wight, we were informed that, on the opposite shore—across the Solent from where the Castle stood—Watts had written his beautiful hymn in which the lines occur :

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green,"

and that the "sweet fields" referred especially to the Isle of Wight. She remarked that the thought and idea were very beautiful, but it would spoil all her enjoyment if we insisted that she should chant the hymn to any callers, or allow any one else to do so !

For some years Pearl was a persistent "first nighter," and attended every important production if it were possible for her to be present, being interested in the success of a dramatic venture, whether she had or had not any personal concern in it. In this connection she enjoyed what is called "professional talk," or



any news about the production and representation of plays.

She never took strenuous physical exercise, though at one time she was never satisfied with less than an hour's walk—in Hyde Park when in London, or over the Downs at Ventnor. She did not care to walk alone, and her aunt was her constant companion.

At lawn-tennis or croquet she was always a spectator: she could not watch cricket or football matches except under mild protest, and had no enthusiasm for race meetings, yachting, or tournaments of any kind. This is, perhaps, unusual and un-English at the present day, when most women indulge in some out-of-door healthy sport, but she simply had no taste for such things. At one time she played chess as a recreation, but latterly even that was given up. She took riding lessons when a young girl, and rode well, but was not enthusiastic about the exercise. When the bicycle craze was current, she thought it might be amusing, but never got beyond a hundred yards from our door, and soon handed the machine over to her younger sister. She disliked all games of chance, and would never play a game of cards if she could possibly escape. I do not think she ever got beyond simple whist: I am certain she never learned the popular and insistent bridge. Her mind was preoccupied with other things that interested her more, and



she could not pretend to take an interest in sports for their own sake. In later years she gave up walking and became devoted to motor-ing, taking long motor drives into the country, as well as carrying out all social calls and business engagements by motor. I do not believe she ever liked any outdoor recreation so much as motoring: it captured her imagination and delighted her more and more. She described the sensation of driving by motor-car as most restful. Having to be on the alert, all other subjects were dismissed from her mind: it was like being asleep with her eyes open. The swift motion of the car forced a strong current of oxygen into her system, and she was always refreshed after a long drive. She never had the slightest fear: several minor mishaps did not deter her or reduce her unstinted praise of the automobile. She was one of a party who started from Paris in 1903 to be present at the finish of the Paris and Madrid Motor Race of that year.

Her knowledge of business surprised many of her friends, for she certainly had a masculine grasp of business matters, and was extremely resourceful, tactful, and firm in any negotiation respecting her books and plays. But she had neither taste for "speculation" nor desire to risk money on "events."

She was an ardent adherent of the Roman Catholic Church and Faith, though never in

any sense bigoted. As her books and letters show, she was extremely impatient of local or national spirit, which could tend, in any way, to limit the scope of the Church. She used to give as a reason for her conversion the reading of Rabelais—an assertion likely to produce a sad bewilderment in too literal minds. Among modern writers, there is no doubt that Newman, for whom she had a profound admiration, influenced her to a great degree. She never wearied of reading his works, partly, perhaps, for the purity of his style.

Her spiritual director was the Rev. M. Gavin, S.J., of Farm Street. During the last two years of her life she made friends and had a close correspondence with another Jesuit, the Rev. R. J. Seddon; but by far her most intimate Catholic friend was the Right Reverend Monsignor Brown, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic diocese of Southwark. Their friendship had a curious beginning. In the spring of 1898 Pearl received a letter from an unknown correspondent, criticizing and expressing admiration for "The School for Saints." This was not an unusual event, but when her secretary asked her if she would dictate an answer or send a formal acknowledgment, Pearl said: No, she found the letter unusual and interesting, and she would answer it herself. She did so, and there the matter might have ended, but, later in the same year, obeying a sudden im-

pulse, Mrs. Craigie sent her critic an invitation to join a small luncheon party. Father Brown accepted, and in the autumn of 1898 was our guest at Norris Castle, Isle of Wight. From these meetings arose that friendship which was, perhaps, one of the greatest interests of her life. She watched with the deepest sympathy the building of the beautiful church in the poor neighbourhood of Vauxhall—quite near the railway station of that name—of which Monsignor Brown is in charge, and assisted so far as she was able in the work. Besides material help she gave what was even more helpful—her unfailing encouragement all through the long and anxious time when the money for the building was being collected.

She greatly valued the kindness shown her on various occasions by Archbishop Bourne, notably with regard to the introductions to eminent ecclesiastics in the United States which he gave her on the occasion of her last visit. She was accustomed to write to him with her extraordinary frankness on political and other questions as they affected the Roman communion, but, for obvious reasons, some of these letters cannot yet be published. She had not the physical strength to undertake any active Church work, but her sympathy was genuine and constant: any case of distress brought to her notice was certain to receive her generous support. She often received letters

from entire strangers asking her counsel in religious difficulties, and her replies were, I believe, eminently practical and helpful. Some of these letters, however, required and received no answer: such was one from a young man, who confessed himself a recent convert, needing only "a noble woman to pilot him!"

In bringing these notes to a close, and reviewing the scenes that have passed before me, I cannot but trust that I have put events together in proper relation and perspective, and that they assume their intended meaning.

No genuine record of a soul's history, or any segment of it, is unimportant.

Praise cannot, indeed, reach the dull cold ear of the dead, when the silver cord of life is loosed, nor will its expression subdue the pangs of the stricken heart. Yet it is well for the bereaved to recall the virtues and to garner up tender memories of those who, having fulfilled the duties of this mortal life, have been translated to that purer realm where there is no more sorrow nor tears.

Thus it is that the sleeping and the dead become to us as beautiful pictures; and by gazing on them long and often, we may learn to emulate their labours and share their immortality.

# THE LIFE OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

TOLD IN HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH  
NUMEROUS FRIENDS

## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD

THE literary life is usually uneventful, and when the writer is a woman the story must necessarily be brief indeed. Yet the many friends of Pearl Craigie desire some record of her short life of thirty-eight years. Uneventful as that life is, it offers glimpses of a striking personality, of a strenuous worker. Mrs. Craigie had no inconsiderable fame as a novelist and as a playwright. The writer of those novels and plays was a devoted daughter, an affectionate mother, a loyal friend. Mr. Morgan Richards has told all that need be told concerning his daughter's private life apart from her correspondence. That correspondence will very largely speak for itself.

Pearl Richards was born with exceptional advantages. She was the child of parents who,



through successful commerce, had a full share of this world's goods. They were able, from her earliest years, to surround their daughter with every material luxury. Nor was intellectual stimulus in the least wanting. The Nonconformist circle in which Pearl's childhood was passed had plenty of devotion to the intellectual life. Mr. and Mrs. Richards were, as we have learnt, members of the congregation of the City Temple during the period of Dr. Joseph Parker's ministrations. Dr. Parker was, in his way, a genius. His quaint, eccentric mannerisms may have offended some prejudiced clerics, but he held together a congregation of exceptional intelligence, as well as of exceptional numerical strength, during many years. All who knew him knew that he had the kindest of hearts, the grandest of natures. His was an acute intellect, and there were many acute intellects associated with his flock, although none, we may be sure, more alive than that of the child who, long after she had ceased to see eye to eye with him in spiritual things, always esteemed his character and his eloquence. The first letter before me is addressed to him. It is dated June 11, 1876. Pearl was only seven and a half years old at the time :

“ I received your funny little letter the other morning. That picture of Cousin Frank was lovely and I will put it in my scrap-book. I am going to hear the Jubilee Singers to-night.



Excuse my writing for it is very bad. I have just done school and I thought you would like a letter. Ain't I horrid to tease you with letters when you are busy? and don't answer any of my letters, they are not worth it. I hope to see you soon again. I am afraid I shall not have to finish my letter. I send you a rose bud each and Johnnie sends a pink for as he says 'Docker Parker.' Baby and Mama has had their picture taken, and I will send you one. I have just written to Grandma Richards and sent a pair of dolls' gloves for the children's fair. I have lots of things to tell you. Every one laughed when I told them your funny stories. My teacher says you don't like letters. I am reading 'The Wide Wide World.' Johnnie is making a horrid noise. I hope I shall see you soon, perhaps next Sunday! Grandpa has given me 'Old London Cries.' It is a book. I hope the next side will [be] better written, I have a horrid pen and it takes such a time before it will write. Grandpa and Papa have been to Wisdor [Windsor] and they say all the shops are to her Majesty the Queen. Johnnie is playing shop behind the lounge with my belt, he says 'a pound for it.' I must live off now. After School. It is a lovely morning and the children have gone out with Nurse but I could not go for I was in school. I wish you were here now, we would play Zero out in the garden. I have a cold in my head from staying up late nights. I have been to hear the Jubilee Singers and that gave me part of the cold. I am alone in my School room for it is the only quiet room in the house. I shall be pleased if you live near us, then I can see you more than I do. We are going out of town this afternoon, but I will finish your letter first of all for I want you to get it soon. I will send

you a funny story or rather tell one. A man named Henry once was walking in Kent when he saw a little boy and his sister, they were poor children and Henry said 'way cold in the middle of June,' when he was wiping the sweat of his forehead. 'Oh Sir, we were only brote up in the winter and so we are always cold.' 'But it is Summer and besides I was born in Winter and I am not cold.' 'But Sis we live cold.' 'The children must be mad,' said Henry to himself. Is not this a funny tail? but I don't know what it means nor no one that I know of."

Here are two of Dr. Parker's letters to his little friend, the first dated May 19, 1875:

"Your nice little letter, so well written, came last night, and I was very glad to get it. I am very busy this morning, but I must just write a little note in answer to it. I shall particularly look out for your flowers in the pulpit. It is so kind of you to have sent them. You must come here again soon and play croquet with me. It is lovely here this morning; the air is so nice, and the birds are singing their very best."

"I am glad you like the singing of the negroes. So did I. It was very fine and sweet. We had a nice ride home last night. I hope you will come round with Grandpa some morning to call upon us. The garden looks lovely this morning, and the birds are all alive."

Here is a letter to her cousin Abbie Clarke, written when she was ten years old:

"I hope you and Annie are quite well. In

looking over my old letters this morning I found some from you and I thought I had not written to you for such a long time I really must write to-day so you see I am. Guess what I made for Papa the other day, a purple Satin letter Case, lined with white satin and J.M.R. in gold braid on the outside. I made it myself, and he liked it very much. Have I ever told you how my toy house is furnished? Anyway I will. There are four rooms bedroom, drawing room, kitchen and dining room. The bedroom has a little pink curtained bed a washstand a wardrobe with a long glass a bureau and a little foot bath and can. In the drawing room 3 red velvet chairs and a red velvet sofa two walnut tables a square one and a round one a little cabinet with a tiny silver tea-set in it. The dining room has four little green satin chairs a large table with leaves to put in or take out a davenport writing desk with three drawers a sideboard with a looking glass and two tumblers and a water jug on it a large gold candle stick there is a clock and to gold candle sticks for mantel piece in the kitchen a frying pan gridiron kettle saucepan and iron and some knives and forks and spoons in a little knife tray the wooden chairs a wooden table a pastry board salt box and soap box and a plate rack and a dresser and a cook and a housemaid and parlourmaid and an old pensioner who sits before the fire all day and does nothing all day long. I have no more room so give my love to Annie and yourself."

And another at the age of eleven :

"MY DEAR ABBIE,—It was Johnnie's birthday yesterday and we had a party. There were fifteen little boys and girls eighteen count-

ing ourselves so you see we were quite a merry party. They came at three and went away about ten but the funniest part was there were two Johnnies and three Nellies so that if I said 'Nellie come here' the answer would be 'which Nellie?' We played Post Office, Copenhagen, Pillow, Twirl the trencher, and Shake, Shake until supper. Then we acted Jane Flier, but as Susie went to a concert unexpectedly it did not pass off as well as it might. We had a tableau called Before and After Marriage. We had dancing and singing too. Johnnie's presents were a drawing slate with a dozen copies and it opened and there was a place for copies, pencils and a ruler also a department for odds and ends. A ball, a top and a train of cars that wound up and ran round the room and a pair of leather reins to play horses with Tippie in the Park. He had a book called The Magic Valley or Patient Antonine. Of course he cannot read it yet, but he will be able to by and by. I forgot to say he was six and Tippie was three. Do you like the new paper Papa gave me with my initials on it there are two kinds red and blue. How is Annie and yourself? We are all well and send our best love to all. Goodbye write to me soon.

“ PEARL.”

## CHAPTER II

“ SOME EMOTIONS AND A MORAL ” AND  
“ THE SINNER’S COMEDY ”

THE successful literary life began for Mrs. Craigie when in 1891 she took her little book “Some Emotions and a Moral” to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who, in a letter to her father, thus describes his impression of her at that time :

“ . . . There must have been almost exactly fifteen years’ interval between our first and last interview and the first and last book I was to publish. I very well remember her first visit, not to this office, but to my old, somewhat dim and dark room in Paternoster Square. Certainly her appearance brought with it life and colour into the City office, and that indicates a feeling and impression which I believe every one down to the messenger boy had when Mrs. Craigie came to see us. Her appearance excited interest, and I think I may say pleasure, in every one in the house. Certainly she was very popular. This surely indicated a charming personality. Her first visit was unheralded by any introduction, and her name even was absolutely unknown to me. The manuscript she brought in her hand, now known as ‘Some Emotions and a Moral,’ was her first work to be printed, though I



believe she wrote some things for Dr. Parker in his newspaper, but you must know more about that matter than I can tell. At a later date, after the book was a success, I think I was told that a neighbouring publisher had declined the work. However, I received it at the time with a good deal of pleasure and interest, no doubt accentuated by the charming personality that brought the familiar brown paper parcel; and again, I recognized there was a fair chance that it might go into the Series I had already started, namely, the Pseudonym Library. It was not long before we came to a friendly agreement with regard to publishing, and those happy agreements, I am pleased to say, continued from first to last.

"As I remember Mrs. Craigie at that time, she gave me the impression of being girlish and young. I will not pretend to know her age, but she could not have been far from the orthodox twenty-one, but this is a guess. Matured mentally she was then, and in a striking fashion she showed her knowledge and power and grasp of literature and affairs, but in person and charm she was ever youthful, and her talk, whether it was on literature or politics, was such that it made our business meetings pleasant and memorable. I wonder how many meetings we have had at Pater-noster Square and Adelphi Terrace? They must have mounted to hundreds. No doubt she suited her talk to her visit or to her surroundings, and so very often we drifted into political discussions, and on passing questions, and on the personalities of the hour. As you may know, she was a great admirer of Gladstone, often meeting him. I remember well her description of a visit when she read to him some of her writings. But Disraeli was one of her



heroes ; perhaps that is not quite the right word, but he certainly was a personality she found attractive, and this is shown by her novel. In a sense I hope I was of some service in regard to the character of Disraeli and his times, as I sent her several books which must have been helpful in her studies.

“ Besides in this office, we met at many places. At our house in Hereford Square she visited us and charmed our circle of friends, among others Dr. Barry the novelist, whom I remember she first met there. . . .”

Mrs. Craigie was actually twenty-four years of age at this time. She had been through a considerable experience of what can scarcely be called successful journalism. There is really nothing in her earlier efforts—those which were published, and those which were not—to suggest the varied epigram and satire, the singular cleverness, that were to be found in her first little book. It came so happily also into the Pseudonym Library, of which it was the eighth volume, the first being Miss Hawker’s “*Made-moiselle Ixe.*” Although it is less than twenty years ago and both writers were young, both have died in the interval. There were many good reviews of “*Some Emotions*”; one by Mr. T. P. O’Connor pleased Mrs. Craigie very much, and her old friend Dr. Parker reviewed the book in the *British Weekly*, and on that point the editor, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, writes as follows :

"Dr. Parker was specially proud of his friendship with 'John Oliver Hobbes,' the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richards, two of his staunchest friends and best helpers at the City Temple. From an early period he perceived the high gifts of the young girl, and he especially admired her power of repartee. The recollection of many conversational encounters between him and her, in which neither got the worst, was pleasant to him. I believe he published some of her girlish efforts in his paper *The Fountain*, and he noted with satisfaction the sureness of her touch and her economy of words. His notice of her first book will show how and for what he valued her achievement in literature. But he was accustomed to say that her earlier work showed a certain hardness, and would compare her to a diamond. In this respect he considered that a great change came over her, and he warmly appreciated some passages in 'Robert Orange.' Though himself a decided Protestant, Dr. Parker did not take amiss his friend's passing over to the Church of Rome. He seemed to think that the step indicated a deeper sense of the realities of life. Nothing pleased him better than to discuss her new books as they appeared, and he showed the greatest eagerness to know what had been written about them. He regarded her with true affection and sympathy, and he thought that she had mastered her sorrow."

Publishers, we know, are never enthusiastic, and Mr. Unwin in an early letter described "Some Emotions" as a "fair" success. Hence Mrs. Craigie writes to him :

“Many thanks for the notices. There was also a very useful one in the *Queen*. I am glad the book has proved ‘a fair success.’ I should have liked it better without the *jair*, but are women ever satisfied? They are miserable ‘critters’—take them all round! I certainly intend to keep to my pseudonym. As I told Dr. Parker—I think, of the two beings, Hobbes and Craigie, ‘John Oliver’ is the better man of the two.”

Already she had written another book, “The Sinner’s Comedy,” and those who recall Dean Sacheverell and Anna Christian will doubt Dr. Parker’s comparison of their creator to a diamond. The hardness is not here. This second book is the work of one who has known sorrow. A letter to Mr. Unwin in this year, dated December 9, 1891, tells us of requests from editors. “John Sherman” was the work of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who wrote under the pseudonym “Ganconagh.”

“Many thanks for C.’s letter. Where will he find ‘*concentration, wit, and point*’ at a guinea a column? I should write myself comfortably into the workhouse at that rate—remembering how slowly I write and how each word has its force—for *me*. My MS. is finished—but I want it to ‘settle’ before it leaves my hands. I will bring it to you on Saturday next—all well. I find it is not so long as ‘Some Emotions,’ but there is more in it.

“I have read ‘John Sherman’: surely by a woman: the English a little Early: the cleverness too indolent. Love *and* Idleness

may be very well—but see that it is not *all* Idleness without the Love! This is hasty criticism."

It would seem that Mrs. Craigie, as appears in the following letter to her publisher, desired not to be again in the Pseudonym Library, and in order to meet her wishes the book was actually issued at half-a-crown in a yellow paper cover somewhat similar to that of the ordinary French novel.

"Many thanks for your cheque. I am only surprised that 'Some Emotions and a Moral' has sold as well as it has: it was not written to please the novel-reading public (which sounds like a paradox), nor indeed does it come fairly under the head of 'light literature.' For this reason I did not wish my second book to come out in the Pseudonym Series—the numbers of which, though gracefully written and decidedly clever, are—as they *claim* to be—novelettes. I like the yellow paper covers so much that could not my new work be published like the ordinary French novels and sold at a corresponding price? (3 fr. 50 c.) I think it would attract more than the humdrum three-and-sixpenny cloth. As to terms. As I told you before, I should be sorry if you suffered any loss on my account. Whether you paid me more for a longer book or not, would not deter me from spending a year on it if I felt it was necessary to the full development of my idea.

"I am feeling so much stronger than I was when I wrote the greater part of 'The Sinner's Comedy' that I hope the next three months

will see a good deal of work done. I feel I have expressed myself very awkwardly, but I am writing with a small son careering round the room!"

The next letter to Mr. Unwin is dated February 29, 1892 :

" I have at last finished 'The Sinner's Comedy.' I have not made it longer, and it is practically a new book. The first version was written under the strain of unspeakable grief and anxiety : now that anxiety has gone. As the MS. stands at present it would make a book about the size of a French comedy—*Les Pattes de Mouche*, for instance, published by Calmann Lévy. I enclose the cover, I must own it appeals to me. With regard to business details. . . . I hope you will agree with me that it would be well to publish the book soon. I have also another reason for wishing to see it in print. I am not very strong—the strain of the last six months has told on me. I *might* live to be ninety, but I don't think my doctor gives me as many more days. Still, we all know the invalid who outlives the 'oldest inhabitant.' . . .

" I was greatly surprised yesterday to find five columns of the *Sunday Sun* devoted to 'Some Emotions and a Moral.' There was also a very good notice in the *Saturday Review*. . . . Please do not think I am 'peppery' under criticism ; if a reader may not have his opinion of a book, why write at all ? I cannot resist, however, uttering a word of self-defence when a set of characters (who are described with the nearest approach to realism I have ever attempted) are called stagey."

Here one is tempted to recall how little



Mrs. Craigie owed to her father being an astute business man and a leader in the advertising world. Unless we except Dr. Parker, who might be charged with personal friendship in his *British Weekly* review, and who at any rate signed his article, there does not seem to have been a single "friendly lift" of the kind so frequently suspected by the less successful or less fortunate author. I am tempted here to mention that when the lengthy review by T. P. O'Connor appeared in the *Sunday Sun*, Mrs. Craigie's father wrote to Mr. O'Connor informing him of the identity of the writer, and Mr. O'Connor replied as follows :

"Your letter has given me intense satisfaction. I need not tell you that I had not the slightest idea until I received it as to the identity of your daughter ; even the name I published on Saturday last conveyed nothing to me. I wish you would make this perfectly clear to her, because my testimony as to the literary merits of her work was absolutely impartial, and was due to nothing but my admiration of her brilliant gifts. Please tell her also that my attention was first called to the book by my wife, who is a countrywoman of hers, and that we shall both be delighted to have the opportunity of making her acquaintance.

"Only the other day I was discussing a woman's paper with Mrs. O'Connor, and she said to me that the very first thing she would order, if she had one, would be a story by John Oliver Hobbes. It is a great satisfaction to me to find that I have been able, while satis-

fyng my literary judgment, to please a personal friend.”

As a matter of fact, however, neither “Some Emotions and a Moral” nor “The Sinner’s Comedy” owed much to the reviewers. Few good books do. The *Athenæum* refers in a brief notice to the “clumsy” drawing of one or two characters. “Throughout these scenes,” says the *Manchester Guardian*, “we long to tell Mr. Hobbes that the woman he describes would never have done this.” On the whole, the reviews are about equally balanced as to praise and blame. As is always the case, at least with fiction, it was the gossip of the clubs and dinner-tables that made these two little volumes popular. Every author, however, sets enormous store by the reviewer. Half the excitement of publishing a novel is in watching its reception by the critics. Even if publishers were persuaded of the worthlessness of reviews from a selling point of view, many would still have to send out their books to the critics—to gratify the vanity of the authors they publish. Mrs. Craigie, at any rate, got on very well with her critics.

The novel that was postponed, referred to in the following letter to Mr. Unwin, was “A Study in Temptations,” which appeared in 1893.

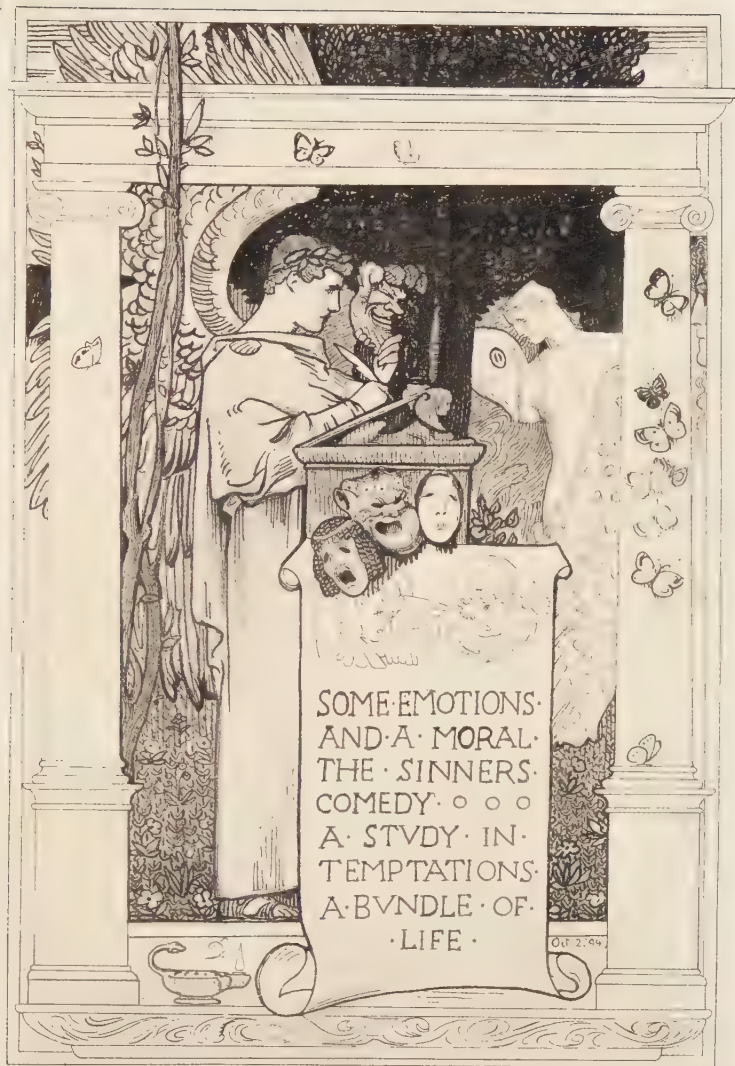
“I am so unhappy about my MS. that I have decided to put it aside for a few months and

start everything quite fresh. I am haunted by the idea that authors do suffer the most extraordinary fallacies about their work. My only consolation is that I considered 'The Sinner's Comedy' an advance on 'Some Emotions and a Moral,' and my opinion has been endorsed by every reviewer—without exception. I feel your criticism, however, most acutely, because you were the first (if I except Professor Goodwin) to give me encouragement at the time when I stood in sore need of it. For this reason I would make it my aim—not only to do my best—but to please you. Until I succeed in both I could not feel even the least satisfaction. So I will try again."

To the memory of Alfred Goodwin, who was Professor of Greek and Latin at University College, London, and died in February 1892, Mrs. Craigie dedicated "The Sinner's Comedy." We will conclude this chapter with some further extracts from letters addressed to Mr. Fisher Unwin :

"November 23, 1892.

"Your note has caused me considerable distress. I feel like saying 'I have not deserved this !' However, I am quite sure that *as* work my last MS. is my best : it may not be so attractive as the other two, but it is certainly true to the human nature I have ventured to deal with. The end will not alter your first impression,—the characters will, of course, retain their respective traits until the curtain drops. I may add that I never write of *types* with which I am not intimately acquainted,—my life has brought me in contact with all sorts and conditions of



To dear Mrs. Richard  
Wallerpinner  
- 1894 -

DESIGN FOR TITLE-PAGE OF "TALES OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS."

By Walter Spindler.





men, and I have not studied humanity through an opera-glass ! ”

“ *November 28, 1892.*

“ Many thanks for the MS. I will act on the advice of your kind note and finish the ‘ Study in Temptations.’ I am quite sure now that no story of mine should be read in fragments : there is much method in my madness, and I may say without exaggeration that every sentence has its point in the general scheme. (For this reason it would be folly on my part to ever agree to the publication of anything of mine in serial form.) Of course, people read a novel carelessly—for amusement when they are tired of their own environment and seek a change. But the novelist is none the less bound to write his unconsidered trifles with the same pains and thought he would bestow on a Philosophical Treatise—with this reservation, that his pains and thought must not be too apparent. For this reason, many things must strike a reader as odd or impossible which are nevertheless common and ordinary. And I think a writer should aim to bring out these overlooked facts and make them seem novelties. Familiar types are only familiar in fiction, but each flesh-and-blood man and woman is a separate creation with wholly distinct characteristics.

“ But why on earth do I bore you with all this theory ? . . . ”

“ *December 8, 1892.*

“ As my story is so nearly written, and is in fact composed in my own mind, could not some printing be done ? I send you the MS. Three more chapters and a short Epilogue will complete it. I am in good working form this week

or I would not speak with such confidence. I always write the latter part of a book with comparative ease. The second part of 'Some Emotions' was done in five weeks: the first part exhausted a year minus that period! I had the same kind of experience of 'The Sinner's Comedy.' "

" *December 16, 1892.*

" I wish the book published as soon as possible because I suffer so terribly from nervousness (a kind of stage fright), until a book has received a verdict, that it really amounts to an illness. The pleasure of writing is great, but the publishing is an agony long drawn out. . . ."

" *December 19, 1892.*

" With regard to publishing any work of mine as a serial—I am sure it would be a great mistake. My aim is always to present a whole impress, and as one cannot judge of a picture by a toe lopped off here and a tree there—my stories cannot be read by the chapter. *If* I wrote a serial it would have to be written to order. And unfortunately I cannot write to order. It must be as I feel or not at all. For this reason, I have refused more money than I have earned, and it will no doubt be so until the end. . . ."

It is a curious fact that practically no letters apart from those to her publisher have been forthcoming for 1891 and 1892, the years of her first two books. In the main, we think that Mrs. Craigie was absorbed at the time in theological speculation, for it was in the year 1892 that she joined the Roman Catholic Church.

Here, it may be interesting to note the actual success of her two little volumes as recorded by her publisher's ledgers.

“SOME EMOTIONS AND A MORAL”

First Edition	..	July, 1891	..	3,000	Pseudonym Library, 1/6 and 2/-
Second Impression	..	Oct., 1891	..	3,000	
Third	..	July, 1892	..	3,000	
Fourth	..	April, 1893	..	3,000	
Fifth	..	Sept., 1893	..	3,000	
Sixth	..	Jan., 1894	..	4,000	
Seventh	.. (6d. Edn.)	Sept., 1906	..	10,750	After Mrs. Craigie's death.
Eighth	.. (6d. Edn.)	Oct., 1906	..	12,000	

“THE SINNER'S COMEDY”

First Edition	..	April, 1892	..	2,000	3/6 and 2/6
Second Impression	..	Dec., 1892	..	2,000	
Third	..	July, 1893	..	4,000	Pseudonym Library, 1/6 and 2/-
Fourth	..	Sept., 1893	..	3,000	
Fifth	..	Nov., 1894	..	2,000	

These figures are of course independent of the American editions which were issued by Cassell's New York house. In 1904 “Some Emotions and a Moral” and “The Sinner's Comedy” appeared together in one volume, and exactly six thousand copies were sold at once.

### CHAPTER III

#### “ A STUDY IN TEMPTATIONS ” AND “ A BUNDLE OF LIFE ”

THE two stories, “ A Study in Temptations ” and “ A Bundle of Life,” are frequently seen bound together. They appeared in successive years, “ A Study in Temptations ” in 1893 and “ A Bundle of Life ” in 1894. The latter was a forecast of Mrs. Craigie’s ambition for dramatic success. It was almost a play, and was distinctly inferior to her three earlier works. Yet she wrote concerning it, “ I am more satisfied with ‘ A Bundle of Life ’ than with any of my other books.” The year 1894 gave us also her first real play, *Journeys End in Lovers’ Meeting*. Let us turn once more to the correspondence with her publisher. On June 12, 1893, she wrote to Mr. Fisher Unwin :

“ Very many thanks for your letter. I have no MS. at present, except an attempt at a comedy which *may* drift into a novel. It is in a very crude state, and I have shown the first act to a Manager and he is very pleased with it—but two more acts remain to be written. I think it a very good idea to put ‘ The Sinner’s

Comedy ' into the Pseudonym. It is not hopeless work *as* work, but I never thought it would be popular. I find so many faults in it that if I once began to make alterations there would be nothing left! So I fear it must stand or fall as it is."

In another letter to Mr. Unwin she writes :

" Many thanks for your kind note. At present I am trying my hand at a five-act comedy (*The Fool's Hour*), and my MSS. are in the most fragmentary state. Don't you think it would be worth while to give a few rather conspicuous advertisements of 'A Bundle of Life' with extracts from the reviews? Personally I have no opinion of the critics (with one or two exceptions), and I do not know which is more futile—their praise or their blame. But the public, and above all the trade, seem to think them highly important. By the bye I had the pleasure of pointing out to the *Pall Mall* reviewer that the phrase 'we had some words,' which he objected to as a vulgarism, is an idiom used by Shakespeare, Swift, and Tennyson. These reviewers seem very badly read in English Literature."

That Mrs. Craigie had inherited good business faculties may be gained from her suggestion—more than once followed since—of having favourable and unfavourable criticisms in parallel columns in her advertisements :

" I think an advertisement like the enclosed would be amusing and a very excellent way of



showing up the absurdities of modern criticism. It should begin, however, by a good quotation from ‘T. P.’s’ notice, which I do not happen to have by me. And instead of putting ‘second edition,’ why not put something or other *thousandth*? Stevenson, and Barrie, and Hall Caine, and all those much praised people are advertised that way; and if it impresses the public, why not do it? I have no nice scruples about timidity in these matters. I write books—not for Art’s sake—but because I want them to be read. They *are* read, and I do not see why I should make a secret of it. I hope you will agree with me!”

In March 1894 she writes :

“I have just been seized by an idea—which may be worthless—still, it rather pleases me. How would it do to publish a story in illustrated monthly parts on the old Thackeray system? Would it have any chance? People are buying *Harper’s* now chiefly on account of ‘Trilby,’ which shows that even in London there is still a taste for a good serial. (I am arguing on the modest assumption that *my* serial would be worth reading!) Say that Greiffenhagen did the illustrations? I believe we could make it a great success. The story I have in my mind is, I think, a strong one: my health is wonderfully good now, and I have the courage to attack it!”

It was in this year that Mrs. Craigie wrote her first play, *Journeys End in Lovers’ Meeting*, which was produced with much success as a curtain raiser at the Lyceum Theatre in July: where Sir Henry, then Mr. Irving, appeared in

*The Corsican Brothers.* There was no place for Miss Ellen Terry in this piece; she, therefore, took the principal part in Mrs. Craigie’s little play, in which there were but three characters: Lady Soupire (Miss Terry), a discontented wife, flirting with a Captain Maramour (Mr. Ben Webster), and the husband, Sir Philip Soupire (Mr. Frank Cooper), keen on reconciliation. After a ball, Lady Soupire returns to her rooms. She is joined by Captain Maramour, when the husband is heard approaching. The Captain goes into Lady Soupire’s boudoir. Sir Philip makes love to his wife—a thing he has not done for weeks—and recalls happier days. He pleads that he knows still every inch of her boudoir, and undertakes to find a book on a certain shelf with his eyes shut. His wife challenges him to find it blindfolded. She ties a handkerchief over his eyes, and then lets him enter the inner room. The audience see the Captain dodging out of his way and quietly retiring. The curtain falls to the affectionate reconciliation of the married pair.

Many of my readers may have seen the play, or read it in a little volume, “*Tales about Temperaments*,” published in 1901. The play was first performed for copyright purposes at Daly’s Theatre, with Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Soupire, Mr. Forbes Robertson as Sir Philip Soupire, and Mr. William Terriss as Captain Maramour. Upon the playbill it was stated

that the situations were suggested by George Moore from the French of Caraque.

Mrs. Craigie had become acquainted with Mr. Moore in 1893. Their intellectual sympathies developed into a friendship, as seen in the following letters. The play mentioned is *The Fool's Hour*, of which two acts appeared in *The Yellow Book*. It was never completed.

"January 4, 1894.

"I am enclosing a short sketch of Acts I. and II., for, following your excellent advice, I have not even thought of any dialogue. Do you like the name of 'Sarah Sparrow'? I am thinking of an actress of the Mrs. Bancroft and Ada Rehan type—I mean a blend of the two. (I write in haste, so forgive me if I am not clear.) While you were away I had a sudden impulse to call on Daly and suggest to him a dramatized version of 'A Bundle of Life.' Oddly enough, he had read the book, and was about to write to me on the subject! Ada Rehan likes the part of Lady Mallinger. . . ."

"January 11, 1894.

"It would give us great pleasure if you would dine with us on Wednesday, the 31st, at eight o'clock. Dr. Welldon (the Head Master) is coming, and I am sure you would like him. I have been thinking about your realism. 'Esther Waters' is the most poetical, and therefore the truest, book you have written. Where it is realistic, it will only be read once, but the rest is extraordinarily beautiful and

will never lose its fascination. (I do not say this because you are a man and I am a woman and I like you, for I have no manners and false compliments choke me in the utterance.) Realism seems to me to appeal only to curiosity, which, as we all know, is more fickle than a light o' love. By the bye, if one wanted to illustrate the difference between the right way of telling things and the wrong, one has only to compare Browning's story of Pompilia ('The Ring and the Book') with, for instance, the lilac-bush story. The situation is in many respects the same—but Browning understood women. I will let you know when I have finished the first act. It will take me some time. Do you know anything about a new illustrated Quarterly to be called *The Yellow Book*? Harland and Aubrey Beardsley are the Editors. . . ."

"January 21, 1894.

"I have not read the proof sheets—I have lived them. What extraordinary writing! To my mind it has every great quality save one—philosophy. Your attitude is that of the Recording Angel. The beautiful things, the harsh, lamentable, droll, inconsequent, foolish, charming, incomprehensible—even the irksome, tedious and dull things of existence are put down on your pages and described in language so appropriate that each sentence has the freshness of a new tune. But—but—BUT—you never tell us what you *think*. And thought has a fascination which no fact—be it never so gracefully, so precisely, nor so boldly stated—can ever have. (The Woman who has no Dogmas is lost, so forgive me. You would not have me perish.)"

“January 24, 1894.

“Life may be short, but afternoons are often very long: help me to conjure up some brief ones. I knew you would like *Twelfth Night*. Ada Rehan may be a little monotonous, but love is nothing if not monotonous, at least in poetry. And, if I except Duse—and perhaps Ellen Terry in rare moments—there is no actress who can translate a woman’s affection with such exquisite art and pathos as Ada Rehan. As I told you, I cried at her mere expression when the clown was singing to the Duke.”

“January 28, 1894.

“I have read the proofs. What a marvellous book: as overwhelming as life! But I will tell you all I think when I see you. The Hospital scenes are wonderful: that with William and the Bible certainly one of the greatest in fiction. I held my breath as I read it. You have the great touch. Not always—there are times when it is a little uncertain, though always immeasurably greater than the strokes of any present-day writer. You say you will never do better than ‘Esther Waters’—if I may say so, I think you will. But the book has taken so much out of me that I express myself badly: so let me say the rest to-morrow. . . .

“The silence of my life overwhelms me. I dined out last night and met very charming people: I have seen visitors to-day . . . but the silence . . . the silence of it all. I have written to Lady Jeune to say that I cannot attend her party this evening. I cannot face the loneliness of a crowded drawing-room: the host of mere acquaintances, the solitariness of the return! Ah well, I must not be de-



pressing. But God only knows how I need a friend—an honest one. I try to forget myself in other people: I try to think only of others and never of myself: I choke my soul with work, and yet—and yet! . . .

“Yesterday afternoon I began Act III., and this morning I have been working at the Sarah and Mandeville scene. It has left me all but lifeless: how difficult it is, but I am by no means discouraged. These things are only to be done by giving the imagination full rein, and by forgetting all such landmarks as memory, experience, and tradition. . . . My little boy rolled down the stairs, and on reaching the floor unhurt, arose and said, ‘How did I do that, mother?’ He was for a second venture, but I warned him that miracles are not to be worked by practice—they happen! . . . The Sarah and Mandeville scene is horribly clever, but too realistic for the stage. I would have the characters charming at all costs, and so long as we remain true to the prettiest and best in human nature, nothing else matters. You must let me write Sarah my own way. . . .”

“PARIS, *February 14, 1894.*

“We have had a wonderfully good journey, and the Channel fairly beamed with good nature. I wish I could say as much for myself. Picture me in the everlasting French room with the gilt clock, the gilt candelabra, the gilt mirror, and the wicked green curtains which hover mysteriously over the bed with terrible suggestions of a Last Judgment and eternal dust! My sister Dorothy is now unpacking: she tells me that five shelves and seven hooks are mine, and seven shelves and five hooks are hers. What *does* it matter? She cannot make me understand . . . she is in

despair . . . she believes ‘I must be writing to Mr. Moore!’ Mr. Moore, no doubt, is very nice, but she is sure he would not think it fair if I were to put *my* dresses on *her* hooks, etc., etc. I suppose I ought to encourage her orderly habits. Why must duty invariably come before pleasure? Oh to be an unconscious sinner for at least five-and-twenty minutes!”

“LONDON, *Thursday night.*

“I have never sent away so untidy a MS. But as it [is] only a sketch, you must excuse it. There may be some decent points here and there: I thought it rather good a few days ago; now, however, I am quite miserable. Yet, so far as it goes, I do not think any other writer could have done it better. I really mean this: the subject was so enormously difficult. I am tired out, as you can see: no more long walks. I went all round the Park at a terrific pace: a second Atalanta with, alas! no golden apple in sight. . . . I am too tired to speculate. I seem the feeblest creature in the world: twenty-six years of life have left me with nothing but a desire for rest and a long sleep. . . . To-day I paid three long calls, and have had to talk to ten people on sixty subjects. People teach me nothing. . . . Tired, tired, tired, tired, TIRED!! . . .

“I am glad you rather like the Sarah and Mandeville scene: of course it needs elaboration. It does not claim to be true to everyday existence, but it is true to comedy, and therefore true to human nature—which, to use a paradox, is a matter of spirit, *not* language. I have fads about ‘will’ and ‘shall’ and ‘should’ and ‘would’ based on an eager study of the Grammarians. Hours spent over Greek and Latin prose have made me pedantic. Your

own style (particularly in 'Esther Waters') is often curiously Greek: no one else writes so purely. The more I think of that book, the more I marvel at its genius. I hope the British Reviewers will have the good taste to stand on their heads in its presence. . . . I am now working at the 'Cyril and Sarah' love scene. I think it will be good, but I find it extraordinarily difficult to write. But love scenes are always difficult. I would rather murder any woman than propose to her—that is to say, in fiction."

"March 8, 1894.

" . . . Life has made me fearful of my own best impulses. I hate to be reserved, distant, and mysterious, and yet I not only think twice before I speak or move—but twenty times. If I could only be natural once I should feel rested, but this eternal restraint—this unending 'shall I say this?' 'is it wise to say that?' 'is this right?' 'is this wrong?' 'will this be misunderstood?' 'will that give a wrong impression?'—tires me to death. I am too wise for my years! That is the trouble. My thoughts are too mature for my body. . . .

"I live in a world and among beings of my own creation, and when I hear of tangible mortals, what they do, what they say, and what they think, I feel a stranger and a pilgrim: life frightens me: humanity terrifies me: perhaps that is why it is real physical suffering for me to be in a room with more than one other. I believe I am a lover of souls, but people scare me out of my wits: it is not that I am nervous—I have only a sensation of being, as it were, in 'the wrong Paradise.' I am not at home: I talk about things which I do not believe in to people who do not believe me:

I become constrained, artificial—— But what a lot about myself! Always discourage my egoism. Still, let me add one thing. I am ever looking at the unseen and hearing the unuttered: perhaps I have lived too many hours alone. When I think of the long, long interminable days I have spent in bodily pain and in agony of mind past all expression or solace or hope—learning patience and praying for a gift of silence, able only to endure, to wonder, and to despair. Do *you* wonder that the joy of living is to me no joy at all—at best, but an amazement?

“I send the proofs. I think the act reads quite well and has even a classic flavour! I have never had proofs which pleased me so entirely: others have always filled me with impotent dissatisfaction.”

“March 23, 1894.

“The review is excellent and is evidently written by a man many pegs above the average reviewer. But the true critic is shown rather by what he blames than what he praises: for five who can appreciate merits—and very deeply—only one can discriminate between a fault and a positive beauty! How could you have told us more about ‘Jackie’ without marring the proportion of the book—the balance of interest? As for the servants’ talk, it is admirable all through. . . .

“The enclosed piece of news from *The Speaker* would be amusing if it were not silly. Silly is the only word. Let the papers make any comment they please, but do not let any one tempt you to make any remark yourself. Silence is the grand policy. Besides, it really does not matter: it would only matter if the book were bad or ill-written. As it is, it must conquer sooner or later; and as the Libraries will be

forced to surrender one of these days, it is only magnanimous to have as little bitterness in the struggle as possible. . . . I am thinking about my novel, and it will work out all right. . . .

"I know my faults, my peculiarities, my inconsistencies,—I am always surprised when any one expresses either sympathy or regard for me,—trouble, bodily pain, and over-work have done their bravest. . . ."

"Thursday.

"Very many thanks for your note. The little play was certainly an extraordinary success. There was a most distinguished audience, and the occasion was quite unique. I enjoyed it extremely—no actors could have wished for warmer, more spontaneous applause.

"J. O. H."

The last note was written after the production of *Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting*.

One is struck in this year by the renewal of the note of despondency, which had been natural enough during her unhappy married life, but which seemed to have disappeared under the pleasure of literary composition and the abundant recognition that it brought.

Another letter of the year 1894 is characteristic. The late Mr. Henry Harland is referred to as editor of *The Yellow Book*:

"He wants me to write a poem, a story, an article, anything, for the next number. I fear I cannot oblige him. *The Speaker on The Yellow Book* is only too just. I have never seen such a vulgar production. There is no excuse for X. Reserve is a great gift: I have always prayed for it."



"DUBLIN, December 4, 1909.

"DEAR MR. RICHARDS,

"I should not have delayed to answer your letter asking me to redeem my promise to write you a longish letter about my collaborations with Mrs. Craigie, if I had not been obliged to go away to the seaside to recover from a slight indisposition.

"One day I received a letter in remarkably neat handwriting and pungently written, telling me that a book entitled 'Some Emotions and a Moral' had been sent to me. The writer mentioned that it had often been suggested that a dramatic version of the story was possible, but John Oliver Hobbes felt that the task was one in which collaboration was needed. I remember being struck by the tact with which the writer mentioned that we were not acquainted, implying very delicately that my acquaintance was desired.

"An adroit letter," I said, and turning to the book the first sentence convinced me that the author was a very witty writer, and I remember very well the pleasure I received from reading the sparkling story.

"I wrote to John Oliver Hobbes telling him (for I had no suspicion that the author was a woman) how highly I thought of his story, but could not see my way to suggesting a dramatic version. Some months afterwards I heard that John Oliver Hobbes was a woman, and that her name was Mrs. Craigie, and feeling that the letter I had written was not exactly the letter I should have written if I had known the author to be a woman, I wrote another letter explaining my mistake, certain that the humour of the situation would appeal to the witty writer that concealed herself behind the well-chosen name John Oliver Hobbes. And that is how I made Mrs. Craigie's acquaintance, through her book, 'Some Emotions and a Moral.'

"We seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in each other's company, and very soon I said to her: 'But though it is impossible to put "Some Emotions and a Moral" on the stage, we might write a comedy together on some other subject.' Mrs. Craigie said she was quite willing, and I began to look about for a subject, anxious to find one quickly, for a comedy would furnish an excuse for endless conversation. It would be hard to find a more agreeable talker than Mrs. Craigie; her spirits were unflagging, and her wit was spontaneous, and not wishing to miss it for long I brought her the first subject that presented itself. So the fault is mine that the third act of 'The Fool's Hour' did not work out satisfactorily, notwithstanding the support of her beautiful dialogue. The first act was published in *The Yellow Book* and much admired, and it would have been strange if it had not been, for it is as witty as anything she ever wrote. The second act was better still. It was the third act that decided her not to go on with the play.

"One day, while walking in Hyde Park, she said to me, 'Ellen Terry would like to play in a one-act comedy,' and she asked me if I could suggest a subject. It would have to be written at once, she said. It is difficult to hit upon a subject for a comedy within twenty-four hours, and the concession of three days, it may have been a week, did not seem to render the task she had set me any easier. Not wishing to disappoint her, I told her of a play I had seen in France when I was a boy, before I knew French. 'All I know of the play,' I said, 'is the anecdote as it transpires in the pantomime. I'm not sure that I understood this correctly, but I think I did; and, if I did, the comedy was written from a folk-tale a thousand years old, Persian, I think, in origin. Folk-lore is the writer's inheritance: why shouldn't we write another play upon the tale?'

"She agreed that this was quite a permissible thing to do, and that night I sent her a rough draft of the dialogue as I conceived it, knowing quite well that nobody better than herself could put the finishing hand upon it. To relieve the barrenness of this letter, I had counted on sending you the letter which she wrote to me, acknowledging the manuscript; but although search has been made for it, for the moment at least it cannot be found. It said that I had jotted down the dialogue as it came to me, roughly, but telling the story clearly; and that it would only require a little polishing. She said all this very prettily, and I am sorry that I cannot lay hands on the letter, and the manuscript that I sent her has long ago disappeared. But if I remember rightly it was a very rough sketch indeed, written all in one evening, so it is hardly necessary to say that all the charm of the dialogue is due to Mrs. Craigie. Here and there a sentence of mine floats up, and I remember her saying that some of these were so like her own that she could not believe she had not written them. It was she who gave the charming title 'Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting' to the play.

"And this is all that I can think of to-day to tell you about my collaborations with Mrs. Craigie, but if you decide to print this letter, and will send me a proof, perhaps I shall be able to add to the proof, and in this way contribute a fuller remembrance of them.

"Very sincerely yours,

"(SD.) GEORGE MOORE."

## CHAPTER IV

### THREE LONG NOVELS

UP to this time Mrs. Craigie had excelled only in the short story. In 1894 she was seized with the ambition to be a playwright, and in addition to the one short play which we have already described, she made sundry experiments in the art, which were to be followed by due achievement later. In 1895 Mrs. Craigie wrote a long novel, "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," which first appeared serially in the pages of the *Pall Mall Budget*. In 1896 she wrote "The Herb Moon," and in 1897 "The School for Saints." Concerning the second of these stories, there is a letter addressed to Mr. Unwin, her publisher. It is dated

"August 29, 1895.

" . . . Many thanks for the proof sheets. I am amused by some of your reader's comments on the descriptions of scenery in my new book. Of course, what I have said is absolutely accurate: the result of many, many, *many* months of observation in the country, and of particular parts of it at certain seasons of the year. 'Ottley' is a real place: I myself have lived at

‘Wrestle’s Farm.’ I have embellished it in many ways, but not to the extent of putting trees where they could not be! Also, a lawn may be *sun-burnt*, yet during rain there will certainly be a smell of humid earth. For instance, a mariner’s face is none the less sun-burnt because he may go in swimming and get it wet! I write in haste, but I was too interested not to reply to the pencilled notes. . . . There is a date with regard to the Queen’s Shilling which I must put right in the last chapter I sent you.”

Mrs. Craigie appreciated, in common with most writers, the discriminating and understanding review, as this letter to Mr. W. L. Courtney, the well-known critic, indicates :

“I must write at once to thank you for your most sympathetic and valuable notice of my book in the *Daily Telegraph*. It is the greatest encouragement possible, and I am now for ‘whole volumes in folio’! Your view of the title is the right one. ‘Lord Wickenham’ represents the *apparently* minor considerations in life—the silent sanity. There is out-spoken sanity, too, but that is an elaborate, unusual genius—and ranks with the gods. It could never be called ‘Lord Wickenham.’

“I feel that I have not perhaps sufficiently insisted on *Warre’s* motive in not marrying Allegra. I tried to convey it in his speech to Wickenham—he feared the scandal of a divorce, and the inevitable reproach attaching to re-marriage. A divorced man or woman—no matter how innocent or how cruelly wronged—is *not* considered a good match. Many people would regard the marriage as illegal. The lady could not be received at Court. In the

case of an Ambassador's daughter this would be an important matter. Poor Warre—overworked, heart-broken, world-weary—could not ask a young girl to endure social ostracism—or worse, social toleration. It may be that I should have made more of this in the book. But I feel the folly of such persecution so deeply that I feared I was not the person to write of it at any length.

"Once more thanking you for the review."

The two following novels were, in the judgment of the present writer, her least satisfactory and her best book. "The Herb Moon" was, I think, a failure from a literary point of view: "The School for Saints" was an unqualified success. The author was clearly tired out when she wrote "The Herb Moon."

*To Mr. Unwin.*

"The novel will be finished on October 31. It is all in my head, but it was to the interest of the book that I should take a complete rest. It ends joyously, and one cannot write in a gay strain with a tired (though not necessarily a melancholy) spirit! I am going to the Curzons at Reigate for a couple of days, then I shall return and settle down to my usual four hours per diem."

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., October 31, 1895.

"You will be amused to see that I am sending the final pages of 'The Herb Moon.' You have now the whole manuscript! I have been through it again and again, and now I am driven to think that, interested as I may be in certain of the characters, the book, to be symmetrical,



should end now. I have been reading it aloud to a friend whose judgment is most valuable, and she is all for leaving it as it is. You will think me most eccentric, but this living in an imaginary world and playing at the Fates is, I find, unsettling ! ”

Miss Ellen Terry thus speaks of *Journeys End* and of Mrs. Craigie in her recently published “ The Story of my Life ” :

“ One of our playwrights from whom I always expected a great deal was Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). A little one-act play of hers, *Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting*, in which I first acted with Johnstone Forbes Robertson and Terriss at a special matinée in 1894, brought about a friendship between us that lasted until her death. Of her indeed it could be said with poignant truth, ‘ She should have died hereafter.’ Her powers had not nearly reached their limit. Pearl Craigie had a man’s intellect, a woman’s wit and apprehension. ‘ Bright,’ as the Americans say, she always managed to be, even in the dullest company, and she knew how to be silent at times, to give the ‘ other fellow ’ a chance. Her executive ability was extraordinary. Wonderfully tolerant, she could at the same time not easily forgive any meanness, or injustice that seemed to her deliberate. Hers was a splendid spirit. I shall always bless that little play of hers which first brought me near to so fine a creature. I rather think that I never met one who gave out so much as she did. To me, at least, she *gave*, gave all the time. I hope she was not exhausted after our long ‘ confabs.’ I was most certainly refreshed and replenished. The first performance of



*Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting* she watched from a private box with the Princess of Wales (our present Queen) and Henry Irving. She came round afterwards, just burning with enthusiasm and praising me for work which was really not good. She spoiled me for other women. Her best play was, I think, *The Ambassador*, in which Violet Vanbrugh, who is now Mrs. Bouchier, played a pathetic part very beautifully, and made a great advance in her profession. There was some idea of Pearl Craigie writing a play for Henry Irving and me, but it never came to anything. There was a play on the same subject as 'The School for Saints,' and another about Guizot."

Pleasant little notes to Miss Ellen Terry here break the tenure of her work :

" July 5, 1895.

" MY DEAR NELL,

"(I gladly accept your permission to use this name),—Your most sympathetic and womanly letter meant more to me than I can ever explain. It came at a terrible moment, and kind words gave me life. The strain has been very great. I can hardly realize the verdict at present. I feel that the trial is still going on—that it is going on for ever and ever! The sensation is hideous. But I have got my child. I want to be present on the 17th, as your acting in my little piece ranks among the intense delights of my heart. Believe me, best Nell, always affectionately and gratefully yours,

" PEARL."

The friendship was strengthened by the play

of which we have already read, as this letter to Mr. Fisher Unwin indicates :

“ . . . Ellen Terry has bought all the rights in *Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting*. I don't believe she would part with the publishing rights. . . . The other play—*The Duchess of Ferrara*—was too pedantic, as I remember it. I must read it again. But *The School for Saints*, which I am at present engaged on, promises to please me a little. I should like to write the story for *Cosmopolis*, and I have a subject in my mind. I hope I may be able to work it out to the satisfaction of my conscience. If I do not care for it, I must abandon the commission. You may remember that I rewrote 'The Sinner's Comedy'—after it was first finished—from beginning to end. The extraordinary worries and illnesses of the last nine years have, no doubt, interfered with the right execution of my literary designs. Few writers have even attempted so much as a short paper in circumstances so distracting and so cruel as those I have to work in. I wonder that I am not gibbering somewhere in chains ! . . . ”

“ DEAREST NELL,

“ I am heart-broken about the dialogue. It doesn't please me yet—and unless I can feel that it is, at any rate, my best, I can't offer it for your consideration. But don't disappoint Miss Janotha. If you would play *Journeys End*, she can take the Lyric Theatre. I want to write you something that you will like—but it must be composed peacefully—in the country away from this whirl. I am dead-beat and haven't slept well for nights. I have secured Box 6 for *King Arthur* this evening, and my

party will consist of Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., his daughter, and Mr. Wells of the United States Embassy. The latter combines the pains of literature with the pleasures of diplomacy: he writes comedies. May I bring him round to see you after the performance? He is more than anxious to be presented to you."

During this summer of 1895 we find some affectionate correspondence with Mrs. Arthur Henniker, the sister of Lord Crewe, and herself a writer of pleasant stories.

"I have seen in a paper that Major Henniker has accepted a foreign appointment. I am selfish enough to hope that this is not your husband, for I do not want you to go abroad for several years—unless, indeed, so complete a change should be the best thing in the world for your health. I did not congratulate Lord Crewe on his latest honour, but, when you see him, will you remember to add my enthusiasm to the general pleasure at the news?

"I intended to go for a prolonged tour through Poland, Austria, and Italy, but I am too weak at present to undertake a long journey, and my plan, for the moment, is to remain here for two months at least. If I regain anything approaching a 'social mood' I shall visit Washington and New York before Christmas. America, however, is not the country for exhausted nerves, and the engagements already 'booked ahead' for me—appal my soul!

"I am at work on another novel. I hope you will like it. I mean it to be more romantic than my former books. But already my knowledge of facts is playing havoc with my imagination!"

Mrs. Craigie paid a visit to the United States in November 1895, staying there some four months and spending most of her time in New York, Boston, and Washington. Here are two letters written to Mrs. Henniker at this period :

“ THE WALDORF, NEW YORK, *December 24, 1895.*

“ MY DEAR FLO,

“ It was such a pleasure to hear from you. I am having a very ‘good time’ here and am feeling much stronger. I hope to sail for England on February 1. Next week I go to Washington for a fortnight or so. The life on this side is most interesting, and it has never been so agitated—since the great Civil War—as it is at present. I am learning and observing—wonderful things every moment. I think ‘Jude the Obscure’ a great book. Its construction is superb ; its literary art, classic ; I place it next in rank to ‘The Return of the Native.’ I should like to talk it over with you. W. D. Howells (a *real* man of letters) cannot say enough in its praise—it impressed him with Hardy’s genius as ‘Tess’ and even ‘The Woodlanders’ never did. Of course, it is *not* poetical, and the bedroom scenes are profoundly unpleasant. But there is much in Greek tragedy—and comedy—equally forbidding. To say nothing of Homer ! I write in haste and express myself atrociously. . . .”

Mrs. Craigie was President of the Society of Women Journalists 1895–6.

“ WASHINGTON, D.C., *January 12, 1896.*

“ MY DEAR FLO,

“ I am writing to ask you whether you would honour the Society of Women Journalists

by joining their reception committee for the evening of February 28, when Dr. Welldon (the Head Master of Harrow) is to give them an address. There will be a number of your friends and interesting people present: the speeches are to be short, and after them there will be supper and conversation. Do—do come if you can. I hope to be in England on February 8 (I sail, D.V., on February 1).

“As you may imagine, Washington is very gay, and as for New York——! You will be amused to hear that a cousin of mine, Judge Brewer, is on the Venezuelan Commission. Frederick Coudert, another Commissioner, is my uncle’s senior partner. Another cousin, Judge Field, is the Senior Judge of the Supreme Court here at Washington—so I have the best opportunities for hearing all the political news. The times are certainly exciting. I met X. at Sydney Buxton’s last year (we were at Fox Warren). His admiration for Cecil Rhodes was all but extravagant, foredoomed, too, to disappointment—not necessarily because Rhodes was unworthy, but because X. was asking more than human nature can give. . . . Pray forgive this scrawl. I am living at the rate of a dinner-party and three receptions a day—an unhealthy pace possible only for a short time when one is on a visit to one’s native land! I have a comedy, a tragedy, and a novel in my head—all waiting to be written down.”

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *February 12, 1896.*

“MY DEAR FLORENCE,

“I reached home last Saturday, but your charming letter was handed to me at Queens-town. I feel with you on the Armenian question, and share your deep admiration of



Watson's really great talent. His early poems which were published in a volume called 'Wordsworth's Grave' (a somewhat forbidding title!) are my favourites; but whether as a rhetorician or a poet, he is second to Swinburne, who, to my mind, remains the first—even if we could regard Tennyson as a living rival."

"ROCK COTTAGE, VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.  
*July 8, 1896.*

"MY DEAR FLO,

"I am ill in bed, but I must write to tell you how happy I am to hear that you have accepted the Presidentship of the Women Journalists. It has been my dearest wish in connection with the Society, and to see it fulfilled almost makes me well. It has been my hope for many years past to see a nobler tone in women's journalistic work: I am glad to say that I see an improvement now every day. Journalism is an honourable and important profession. Its members should feel their responsibility. An influence as refined as yours will be the greatest conceivable help.

"Forgive this scrawl."

To her father and mother she writes from the United States:

"I wish that it were possible to write you detailed accounts of all I am doing, but at the present rate I must keep all embroidery for our conversation on my return. Yesterday I had to see twenty callers, and the 'jaw practice' is perhaps excessive. I went to hear Irving's lecture at Columbia College with Henry

Field last Wednesday and was most delighted. They are going to give my play shortly : Irving told me that it was an enormous success in Boston, and he wished I could write something for both of them. I am going to Boston on Tuesday. I shall stay at Quincy about a week, then I go to Richmond, then I spend a few days at Brooklyn, and the last week I shall spend in New York, where I am making engagements for dinners, teas, receptions, etc., at the rate of madness ! Aunt C——is charming, and, as she writes to Aunt A—— every week, you will no doubt get fuller news from her ‘as it strikes an outsider.’ I go to lunch at the Sorosis Club on December 2, and the various literary societies have been making plans for receptions, etc. X. called once, fluttered in like a canary drunk with sherry, and assured us that they had a kind of ‘tea-breakfast-lunch-dinner’ (all in one), which they eat about twelve, and which usually consisted of a frugal lobster ! She is going to give me a reception later. . . .”

“BOSTON, *November 26, 1895.*

“Every one is jumping on Hardy’s last book (‘Jude the Obscure.’) It is much finer in reality and as a work of literary, philosophic value than ‘Tess,’ but the subject is, of course, very painful.”

“NEW YORK, *December 2, 1895.*

“I return . . . [to Boston] on Thursday, to fulfil several engagements. I left there to dine with Kate Douglas Wiggin, Irving, Ellen Terry, W. D. Howells, Richard Harding Davis, Robert Reid (the artist), Smalley, and some others. . . . I cannot tell the number of callers

(sometimes twenty a day), and the invitations ! . . . You can but dimly imagine how busy I am. I have to be 'brilliant' all day. . . . I am sure that all I am doing now will be of immense help to my work in every sense. One gains an enormous experience of life, and, upon my word, I begin to think it requires a good deal to pick one's way among reporters, rivals, editors, women, and—again women !! I hope you get all the Romeikes. My 'fatal gift of beauty' is the hardest to live up to !! . . ."

"NEW YORK, *December 10, 1895.*

"Excitement agrees with me if I have some definite object in view. I could never gad merely for the sake of gadding. I am planning out the Irving comedy at the back of my head all the time: next Thursday I talk it over with him. I have called Irving's comedy *The School for Saints*.

"On Sunday night I dined with Holmes and his daughter. He is the Proprietor and Editor of the *Boston Herald*. A most agreeable man. . . . About the new comedy. I think I have a strong plot, and one which will suit both of them: a husband-and-wife story, husband about fifty, wife careering about the forties! A happy ending, and all in three rather stirring acts. . . . Yes! excitement agrees with me, and makes my brain more active. The more I meet, the better I feel. I find family talks somewhat exhausting because they are so emotional! Twenty interviewers are not such a nervous strain as one aunt! And then the dread of 'He said that I said that he said that she said' hanging over one's reason like impending madness! . . . The interviewers are a

great power in the country, and I am bound to say that they are all most courteous. I saw three more in Boston yesterday: one, after calling, sent me a bouquet of English violets!"

"NEW YORK, *December 12, 1895.*

"*Journeys End* was played last night, and met with great success. I have just seen Irving and Ellen Terry about the new play. He seemed very much pleased at the plot and suggestions: wants it written as soon as possible!! I am going to have it produced (if produced at all) anonymously at first, till all the critics have had their say, because it is a very difficult theme (politics, etc., and hero of the Disraeli type), and I could work with a freer hand. . . . All social excitements pale before the play! . . ."

"NEW YORK, *December 20, 1895.*

"My former letters will have explained one reason why I have decided to remain a little longer. . . . I ought to go to Washington and meet the Clevelands, etc., etc. In London, Washington means more than New York, and if I returned without having seen a few Secretaries and their wives, they would say I had 'missed it.' . . . Every one is most kind, and I live at the rate of two receptions, a lunch, and a dinner a day! . . ."

"NEW YORK, *December 25, 1895.*

"My days are crowded. On Monday I dined with the Choates (Joseph H.), to-morrow with the Frederick Couderts. . . . On Saturday I go to stay over Sunday with the Pulitzers

at Lakewood. On Monday or Tuesday I go to Richmond with a lady stenographer . . . in order to sketch out the 'greatest play of the age.' . . ."

"WASHINGTON, *January 1, 1896.*

"To-morrow I am going to Philadelphia for the day . . . to see the little play. . . . The *pro-verbe* has so far been received with extraordinary enthusiasm : she [Ellen Terry] had eight re-calls the last time it was presented. It seems absurd that a small work like that should create more excitement than a book. But of course my literary reputation rests on the books, was *made* by the books, and is in reality sustained by them. I find it impossible to work at the new comedy in all the rush and excitement of travelling, gadding, meeting new people : I can but make notes and outlines. I shall secure the publishing rights from Tauchnitz, Unwin, and Stokes—so much down in advance royalties from each on the day of publication : I hope to have it translated also and acted in French and German. . . . I think I have a plot which will go well into any language, and appeal to every public. My travelling gives me an invaluable knowledge of the human nature common to all peoples, and the laws common to all places. . . ."

"NEW YORK, *January 7, 1896.*

"At Washington I enjoyed myself greatly. . . . Before leaving for New York, I dined at the Brices' to meet the Secretary of State and Mrs. Olney, the Spanish Ambassador and his wife, the English Ambassador and Lady Pauncetote, the Belgian Minister (who sat next me),



Senator Hill, Senator McMillan, Colonel and Mrs. John Hay, Mr. Leiter, Mr. and Mrs. Teller, and the Attorney-General."

"WASHINGTON, *January 14, 1896.*

"Did I tell you I went to the White House reception to the Diplomatic Corps? Mrs. Cleveland asked me to stand in the 'line' behind her (with the Ambassadors and Cabinet people), so I saw everything perfectly, and enjoyed myself very much. . . ."

"*In the train from Richmond to Washington,  
January 22, 1896.*

"We have met with a delay in the shape of a freight train off the track, so we may have to remain here three hours or more. I met with a similar experience the other day going from Washington to New York. They seem very careless, but as we are not hurt we must not complain. . . . It seems that we are now four miles from Fredericksburg. If there is any chance of our being left here for the night I shall walk ahead! . . . I find that it would be dangerous to walk to Fredericksburg on account of the tramps, so I have abandoned the idea."

"The Herb Moon" was issued in 1896, the greater part being written at Earl Soham, near Framlingham in Suffolk. She called it a Fantasia, meaning a continuous composition not divided into movements, but one in which the author's fancy moves unrestrained by set form. She always said that she very much enjoyed writing this little work and was fond of it.

The play, *The School for Saints*, originally

intended for Sir Henry Irving, was now taking shape in her mind as a novel, and in May 1896 Mrs. Craigie made a tour of those places in France which were connected with incidents in the story. The following letters were written to her father during her journeys :

“ST. MALO, *May 16, 1896.*

“The place is most beautiful. A great sea-coast with rocks and forts and miles of magnificent sand. One can walk on the ramparts and see a wonderful view. I won't weary you with descriptions of the scenery, as I am reserving all that for my book. This is just to tell you that all goes well, and that I am hard at work. The other hotel was the birth-place of Chateaubriand, but it was within the city walls and like a prison. Here I have three windows and *nothing* opposite except the sea and sky.”

“GRAND HÔTEL FRANKLIN, ST. MALO.

*May 19, 1896.*

“I spend five or six hours in the air every day. The country here is so beautiful and the atmosphere is so light that you seem to be treading the air. If I were not working so hard I would attempt some word-painting, but I find that impossible after the strain of writing romance.”

“HÔTEL DE L'UNIVERS, TOURS.

*May 27, 1896.*

“We returned here last night after two delightful days at Blois. There, at last, I have found a place to work in—the Castle and Park of Chambord. Magnificent. The Park is twenty miles in circumference: such

trees as never were seen before: the Castle was the country house of Francis I., the kings and queens loved it. . . . Tours is a pleasant town, but the President's visit made it—for me—a bear-garden. Bands, trumpets, penny whistles went on all day and half the night: on Sunday I had a slight heart attack as the result of the row, racket, and general ‘pow-wow’ in the air. That is why I fled to Blois—where, finding warmth and quiet, I recovered in a moment.

“We got to Paris this afternoon. I have to make notes on Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau before leaving France.”

The remainder of the year 1896 was given up to that really fine novel “The School for Saints.” Here some letters to her publisher are all that we have of essential importance:

“56 LANCASTER GATE, *October 10, 1896.*

“The book—or the greater part of it—will be finished by the end of November. My *notes* for it extend over several years.

“The story falls naturally into three parts, and each part is—in a measure—complete in itself. There is no reason why it should not be published in three small books. It would be far more effective *that way* than as a serial. If you were to bring it out in three *inexpensive* volumes (say at 2s. 6d. apiece), I am certain that it would pay. It is *not* a three-volume novel at all—it is a trilogy. Each part is a clear story. (The last one only is suited for the stage.) I would suggest that each book came out after a three months' interval. An interval of six months would be even better. I will

write a preface for the first part—explaining that the whole book is founded on some curious and hitherto unpublished history.”

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *October 14, 1896.*

“Many thanks for your letter. I quite agree with you—the publication of novels in a serial form is a mistake. I cannot imagine how the custom ever became popular. But when a story is on a large and elaborate scale, it must be brought out, as it were, in *books*. Balzac’s ‘*Comédie Humaine*’ is in twenty-three or more volumes—each volume is absolutely complete in itself and has its own title. Now the first part of ‘*The School for Saints*’ will be at least 80,000 words. The type I selected is just right for it, and, if you wish it, the book can be published at 6s. I suggested a lower price because I am a strong believer in paper covers. I would always buy a paper cover myself in preference to a cheap cloth one. I have advocated the French system till ‘all was blue.’ But, on the other hand, I submit to your own judgment as to what is best for the publisher. The book can certainly be published in the spring—I hope to have it finished by the end of this coming November. I have 26,000 words already in type, and a great deal more in notes and MS. I will send you a synopsis of the plot—which is, I think, really interesting. I have never before troubled much about plots, because I devoted myself to the study of character and language. *This* time, however, I want to have my fling at all three. . . . The book is an expensive one to write. I had to visit Brittany and Touraine in order to see certain people and places. I need ‘models’ as much as any painter. That is my method of work

as I study from the life—every line I write is based upon my own observation. The method is costly—it tells on my health and my pocket—but I know it is worth while, and any one of my books will, in the long run, prove it. Of course, it may be a long run. I distrust violent ‘booms.’ . . . The book can be called ‘The School for Saints,’ or I will give it a good sub-title. It will be like a picture in a series. I do hope that all this is clear.”

The short story referred to in the following letter is “The Worm that God Prepared,” an extraordinarily gloomy effort with some brilliant character sketches, first issued in the Christmas Number of the *Saturday Review*, and later included in the volume “Tales about Temperaments.”

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W., October 17, 1896.

“Authors are, no doubt, a grasping and ungrateful *and* extravagant set! But if they are not extravagant, they get dull; and if they are dull, they write stupid books; and if they write stupid books—what does the publisher say? I hope you will like the short story in the *Saturday Review*. I rather want to write a volume of short stories. I have several in my head. ‘The Herb Moon’ seems to be having a kind reception in the States. I enclose a few notices. The one in the *Tribune* is especially good. The art of criticism seems to be improving on the other side.

“I have an idea now of—— but I spare you! But tell me what you think of the short story scheme. I have more plots in my mind than I can ever hope to write out. . . ,



"I am seriously thinking of putting aside the first part of 'The School for Saints' as it stands (for the present), and publishing the last part—which is perhaps the more dramatic and vivacious. However, I must *not* frighten you."

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., November 10, 1896.

"Many thanks for your kind note. I am making good progress with 'The School for Saints,' but the subject is a difficult one, and I have been obliged to abandon every other interest in its favour. . . .

"Who wrote the *Chronicle* review? He (she) meant to be civil, but he (she) is not well read. My style bears no sort of resemblance to Hardy's, and if I am like Meredith, it is because we both belong to the same school. His English, however, is not my English. He is at his best when he writes under the influence of Victor Hugo, Charles Reade, and Disraeli."

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., November 13, 1896.

"I am sending with this the promised synopsis. Kindly copy it and let me have it back again. Of course, everything depends on the treatment, and I am most reluctant really to part with this synopsis. I am sending, however, an advance chapter of Book II. just to show how I intend to deal with the subject. The second book contains the 'crisis'—which I refer to in my author's note. Kindly return that chapter, as I need it for reference. But of course copy it if necessary. I hope you will be careful with this scheme—as although I have taken the precaution to copyright the idea of the thing in my rough (and most imperfect) sketch of the play, one cannot be

too cautious. I have had two lessons in plot-giving, as it is !

[Postscript.]

“ The character of Orange is a highly idealized portrait of Disraeli. Disraeli comes into the book, and Orange is, as it were, his apostle. George Aumerle is a kind of Lord George Bentinck. Reckage's death is founded on Robert Peel's. I thought it wiser not to invent new ways of getting rid of a Prime Minister ! Of course Peel was not in office at the time of his death, but neither is Reckage. I kill him the day after the defeat of the Government.”

“ 56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *November 14, 1896.*

“ I am forwarding with this the new beginning of ‘ The School for Saints.’ It will be found to change only after the opening chapters. The change was absolutely necessary. Two plots cannot—with success—be worked into one book. It will now go straight off in direct style. The author's note is most essential to the rest : also the list of characters. The last admirable aid was introduced, I believe, by Richardson the novelist. It saves endless explanations.”

“ 56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *December 4, 1896.*

“ Yes, the old chapter viii. beginning ‘ Agnes, in the meantime ’ must also be cancelled. I am really sorry about the muddle, but I did not see how vast—too vast—my first scheme was until I saw it in type. The book is going on all right now as the lines are laid down definitely. I shall be glad to see the new proofs as soon as possible. I am still working on the Disraeli scene—which is interesting me to the exclusion of all other ideas ! I was much pleased by

Gosse's review (in the *St. James's Gazette*) of 'The Herb Moon.' I am glad that the book is liked; I have had some charming letters about it. . . .

"A way out of the publication difficulty has occurred to me. Your readers—or one of them—made the original suggestion. It is this: Two more chapters remain to be written of Part II. The book to that point will be complete—the Carlist part might prove peculiarly interesting at this moment. Why not publish the book as it stands? The rest of the story can be done later on—perhaps next year. Histories are published this way, and this is—in one sense—a history. Please let me know what you think."

"The School for Saints" was not published until November 1897, the two following letters to her publisher being written before and after that event.

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *September 29, 1897.*

"I have composed an 'author's note' for the end of the book which, I think, will suit our purpose admirably. This I will send you shortly. I feel sure, now, that it is a good thing to publish the work as it stands. From 'Tom Jones' to 'Anna Karénina' the plan has answered, and, in my opinion, modern novels are flimsy because the authors are in such a 'd—l of a hurry' to produce—every year or every six months—'an organic whole.' God's quickest work was a woman, and all theologians are agreed that she was a failure! But, to be serious, it is a sound idea to revive a custom which ought never to have gone out of fashion. I have, as you know, always been in favour of

it. The monthly and half-yearly part system was a good system, and it is a curious fact, but no English novel of first-rate quality (the Fielding, Thackeray, Eliot quality), has appeared since that system was dropped."

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., ? *End of November 1897.*

"Many thanks for your letter and enclosures. Courtney is a 'brick.' I feel most grateful to him. Few critics are so careful. . . . I hope the book will prove a good investment. It has knocked ten years off my life, so it ought to produce something in return.

"I shall feel very happy if it makes readers a *little* better conversant with modern European politics. A foreign officer of considerable distinction (his father a great Government official) complimented me highly on the Spanish part. He says that the conversations, etc., etc., are absolutely correct. I took trouble enough to make them correct."

There was an interesting letter from Mr. Hardy in this year. He writes :

"MAX GATE, DORCHESTER, *April 11, 1897.*

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"I was pleased to get your nice note. My 'Well Beloved' has been much better received, and *bought*, than I expected for such an intangible person as she; for though the view of her is in a measure a true one, practical people could hardly be supposed to enter into it, or to recognize the tragedy in the farce.

"The *Academy* review was most generous. I shall look out for your article in the *Fortnightly* on 'Epic and Romance.'

"Yours ever sincerely,

"THOMAS HARDY."

## CHAPTER V

### “THE ACADEMY”

MRS. CRAIGIE began writing “The School for Saints” early in 1896, and worked upon it steadily for eighteen months, the volume being published, as we have seen, in 1897. A play with the same title, and introducing the principal characters, but containing only one situation which was also used in the novel, was written in 1896, and performed, for copyright purposes, at the Lyceum Theatre early in 1898. In “The School for Saints” the critics at once recognized that an advance had been made in her aims and in her art.

The introduction of Disraeli as one of the characters aroused a great deal of discussion, but met, on the whole, with approval. One critic remarked :

“She makes him talk like his own books ; that is to say, with that mixture of mysticism and mystification, of Eastern poetry and West-end persiflage, of which one would have thought that he had the exclusive secret if a clever woman had not thus proved her power of finding it out. The mere imitation of the Disraelian manner is a feat which would have



made the fortune of a professional parodist; though, of course, in her genuine insight into the character of the man she is portraying, the author of 'The School for Saints' leaves the parodist pure and simple a long way behind."

At the time of the publication, it is said that an eminent Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, guided by the title, arrived at a retreat armed with "The School for Saints" as spiritual reading!

Everything concerning Disraeli is now so interesting that the little apology in a letter to Mr. Moberly Bell is worth recording :

"The people talking are mostly duffers. You meet clever, well-informed, distinguished people. I wanted to describe the average powerless worthy—the person who has opinions, manners, and no education. The things I have set down are *still* said about Disraeli: he is still called, by 'Dean Ethbins and Viviens' and their kind, an outsider. In 1869 and 1870 he was, I believe, 'boring' many others besides Salisbury. He was not warmly treated at country houses; he was lonely and disliked. Was he ever liked by the 'dim dinner-party' set? I fancy not. As for the Dean shuddering at the thought of D.'s becoming the next Prime Minister, surely many people trembled and blasphemed every time Gladstone came into power. What do they say now about Lord Rosebery? Suggest him as the next Liberal P.M. in certain circles!"

In August 1897 Mrs. Craigie went for a holiday rest to Oban, accompanied by her son (whose pet name was "Moodoo") and her only

sister, Dorothy. The following letters were written to her father from Scotland :

"OBAN, August 7, 1897.

"We have no news, and one day passes like the other day. But that is the charm and rest of the place. Two new arrivals . . . have excited a certain flutter—a furbishing-up of blouses, 'Songs without Words' on the (public drawing-room) piano, the new widow dons her *blackest* crape, engagement rings are judiciously shifted from the fatal finger—and the two young men, brutally callous, see and hear nothing of the agony. The Moonlight Sonata is now setting in—with feverish symptoms."

"OBAN, August 8, 1897.

"A magnificent day—clear sky, sea with a few ripples only, air fresh. I am feeling a little tired this morning and spent more hours than usual in bed. But I am better for the rest. . . . Moodoo is as brown as a nut—and as happy as an uncaught rabbit. . . . I must tell you an amusing telegraphic blunder. I sent to the London Library for the 'Letters of Abelard and Héloïse.' The message ran thus at the other end : 'Letters of Abel and Edith.' Awful result of a few French lessons on Florence [the maid]. She translated it into English for the P.O. clerk. The honeymooners smile less, and now read light literature in the moonlight ! One bride has come to the end of her toilettes, and has to begin again her 'dreams in pink, blue, yellow, and mauve.' O dreariness !"

"OBAN, August 11, 1897.

"Let me describe present occupants of reading room :

"(1) Lady : sharp nose : two diamond rings,

one wedding ring : black *and* white silk : hair waved : reads article on 'The Home' in *Lady's Pictorial*.

"(2) (Near lady) Fat gentleman : red nose : patient expression : not yet bald : looks dreamy : keeps before him letter forwarded from the Bachelors' Club.

"(3) Stout lady : blond hair (natural) : black silk : very solid : husband on terrace, smoking : looks in from time to time to call 'Minnie.' Minnie understands the time-tables, settles everything. Happy couple.

"(4) Elderly very lady : white cap : drop earrings : is knitting pink and grey cuffs for the poor : daughter is playing Chopin in drawing-room—with the children : under fifty.

"(5) Man : quite bald : no one cares.

"(6) Small lady in black : no one cares either : presumed to be gifted authoress.

"(7) Small boy : terror of the hotel : warning to those *about* to marry ladies of artistic talents.

"That is all. I hope you are not all too excited.

"(8) (Enter) Extra turn. Young man with dark moustache : is somebody's Apollo—but not little Pearlie's ! "

"OBAN, August 15, 1897.

"Many thanks for the Carlos cutting. I am greatly excited on the Spanish question, and expect to write nothing in future but serious historical works ! Unwin wrote me a flattering letter about 'The School.' He thinks it will be a great score for me. It may be a great score for the mangled remains of what was once 'that gifted yet unconvincing, etc.' I always laugh (when I think) of that P.M.G.

reviewer—' *this is very brilliant but—we are not by any means convinced.*' What blither they write!"

"OBAN, August 18, 1897.

"I am getting on with my book, but it is a difficult subject. The historic muse is no angel!"

"OBAN, August 20, 1897.

"Another wet morning, and another stolen drive! But I never feel well in the damp weather, so I am a poor creature to-day. This place, however, is not depressing; one may feel ill, though never, I should say, melancholy just for melancholy's sake. . . . I have not been down to dinner to-night, so I cannot describe the new arrivals. The damp does not suit the 'canary's' hair. It has gone into half-mourning. I shall be glad when 'The School' is finished and the *Chronicle* news may be regarded as true. I little thought what a hard subject I had chosen. The work is fascinating but most arduous. I hope the result will correspond in some degree with these efforts. One can never tell. Affairs in India bear out all my warnings. The Mussulman once roused is not soon suppressed. He has beaten the Christian more than once in the history of the world."

"OBAN, August 28, 1897.

"I have no news at all. The newspapers are my one excitement. Indian affairs look very badly. There is more in them than meets the eye. England does not seem to have a single ally—she has always tried to keep in with the 'winning party'—and as all the Powers have had their days of success, she has gone

on dropping 'back numbers' and keeping 'up-to-date' till no one believes her at all. As a matter of fact, she has no particular policy and no especial principles. The book progresses, but it is slow work. I am wading through endless volumes on history."

"PALACE HOTEL, ABERDEEN,  
*September 1, 1897.*

"I see in the papers that the *British Review* 'is no more, etc.' What has become of Mallock? . . . There are few people here, and those are of the inexplicable white-cap-medallion-brooch-diamond-keeper and elderly-companion type. Where do these women come from and *where* are they going? Scotland swarms with them. I have never met so many. . . . Read 'Flames' (by Robert Hichens) in the train. A weird tale: good idea but too long drawn out."

"ABERDEEN, *September 2, 1897.*

"The weather is bad and the noise terrific. I thought Oban pretty bad, for the shriek of the steamers and the tootle of horns never ceased from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. My head was so trying after the journey yesterday that I had to sleep with an ice-bag under my brains! What could be gayer? I am better this morning, and I look forward to the quiet of the country. In 8,000 acres of moor it must be calm. I don't wonder that the rush of modern life produces paralysis. This rush is killing."

On the return to the Isle of Wight of her son and her sister, Mrs. Craigie proceeded to Bel-dorney Castle, near Aberdeen, to pay a promised visit to Lord and Lady Curzon (then the Hon.



and Mrs. George N. Curzon), where she spent a fortnight of great enjoyment, and then joined her father at Carlisle for a tour of the English Lakes.

Father and daughter made the usual coaching excursions, but not until they had seen the Southey and Coleridge "homes" did they proceed to the other places of interest in the Lake district. The little tour terminated at Windermere and Furness Abbey. Mrs. Craigie then suggested a rather roundabout journey to London, that they might visit Chester to see Eaton Hall and get a glimpse of Mr. Gladstone's country home, Hawarden Castle and Park. The whole journey from Carlisle to Buxton was made a "local colour" quest for her books. Everything of interest was duly noted, and her pencil was "on active service" whenever a halt was made. Impressions gained during this holiday tour afterwards found expression in her writings. There were special studies of human nature as seen from the top of a coach, as well as of the landscape; scenes in the hotels—especially the remarks of tourists upon all subjects that her alert and eager ear could catch; the dialect of the natives; above all, the comments made by caretakers and visitors when showing or being shown historic places and relics,—all these were noted for future use. She would ask her father to listen carefully and tell her afterwards anything amusing or striking.

In 1896 Mr. John Morgan Richards became proprietor of *The Academy*. The paper was founded in 1869 by Mr. John Murray, and Dr. Appleton was its first editor. Mrs. Craigie threw herself with energy into all the arrangements for the paper, and, in fact, suggested to her father the name of a possible editor. Mr. Charles Lewis Hind accepted the editorship on her recommendation, and the journal began a new career under most favourable auspices. Mr. Hind, who had been sub-editor of the *Art Journal* for some five years and editor of the *Pall Mall Budget* from 1892 to 1895, was well equipped for the post and entered upon it with enthusiastic interest.

The following letters to Mr. Hind will indicate the sympathetic concern she took in *The Academy* :

“November 13, 1896.

“I hasten to congratulate you on your first number. It is wholly excellent, and my most sanguine expectations are more than realized. L. H.’s articles, Street’s articles, and poetry review especially good. I like the English right through. The style is clear, racy, yet never rude or flippant. *Jump* on flippancy ! and smartness. Wit is never smart. I am too tired to say more. Will go into fuller praise next Sunday. But I am simply delighted. I am glad you have given James a good place. He is an artist and a real lover of books. Once more all congratulations.”

"January 30, 1897.

"A very good number of *The Academy*. Article on *Pascal* particularly good. Who wrote it? The French letter is interesting—but one gets so tired of Prévost and the eternally nasty French-woman and her eternally nasty *pensées*. These men who write about women seem to spend their lives in studying the cocotte. If they would *call* them cocottes I would not complain—but they don't. That sort of false generosity does much harm. But it is not generosity. It is real and deplorable ignorance.

"The portrait of Hobbes is the most pleasing one I have ever seen. He looks as though he held the 'Leviathan' between his thumb and his second finger. I am very tired and cannot write more. I am called about six a.m. Mass at seven. The day is well filled, and I shall feel weary when the Retreat is ended. But the discipline is magnificent.

"Churton Collins' article good and sound. He loves literature and knows a lot about it. Has Dr. Salmon's book on the 'Doctrine of Immortality' been reviewed in *The Academy*? (I find on looking that it came out in '95!!! I am a bit late in the day.) I am going 'hammer and tongs' at theology: one of the Jesuit Fathers is going to instruct me. Which I call a great piece of good fortune. I have always wanted this. Their system of teaching is the finest in the world. Goodwin gave me the benefit of the *Oxford* method. But this one seems to me more concentrated. I have learnt an enormous amount already that I had never even guessed at or thought of. He has paid me the highest compliment I have ever received on my work. He says it is absolutely free from sensuality—and that it is *unique* in that respect.

That—from the beginning—has been my aim. I have never in my life been so pleased by a piece of criticism.”

“March 3, 1897.

“I do not follow you in your objection to the paragraph—and if it excites comment, who cares? Who is to make the comment? Your reference to *Pick-me-up* might also excite comment. *The Academy* is not a Church organ. If you—as Editor—do not wish to insert the paragraph, that is another matter. It was not X.’s suggestion that it should appear in *The Academy*—but mine. The Jesuit Fathers are scarcely in need of patronage, and their Church cannot be said to require booming. No announcement with regard to them could be made among the advertisements. That is out of the question. One might as well have posters representing Calvary—in order to remind the century that there was once a Man called Christ. I merely thought it would interest many people—Protestants among them—to know where some exceptionally clear doctrinal sermons could be heard. Pray think no more about it. It is a small thing. Look at the stars instead!

“O World! O Life! O Time! . . .”

“March 9, 1897.

“The article . . . is ridiculous. It is not worth an answer. It is painful to think that such vulgar twaddle invariably emanates from America. I fully meant to have written to you yesterday. I am too tired to write now. But I must say that I cannot imagine why you should think that my attitude toward *The Academy* is one of enmity. I feel a great interest in it. I

could wish that some of its contributors were less flippant—but, on the whole, its tone is good. A woman's active and visible interest is no help to any one, any thing, or any cause. I have done all I could do. I shall never again write for it or trouble your conscience with any announcements for it. If I have a few ideas to offer, a convenient and independent channel is always open to me in the shape of my own books. I have abandoned the notion—bred of fatigue—of writing for any one of the dailies. It would be sheer madness. The workhouse would be a safer and happier last resort! In this you will no doubt agree with me."

"November 2, 1897.

"*Of course*, Thackeray is vulgar—atrociously so, often. As a satirist he is vulgar in the sense that Horace, Pope, Voltaire, and Dryden are *not* vulgar. As a novelist he is vulgar in the same degree that Fielding, Tolstoy, Eliot, and Balzac are *not* vulgar. Jane Austen writes about vulgar people, but she herself is never one of them. That is why she is more often praised than read.

"Browning was neither 'refined' nor 'vulgar.' He wrote as a poet—not as a candidate for popularity. Flaubert was a man of diseased genius. He was vicious—never vulgar.

"De Maupassant was also diseased, but he was not a genius and he *was* vulgar.

"Handel is vulgar. Bach and Palestrina are not. Wagner has desecrated every beautiful phrase in the great masters.

"Velasquez is not vulgar. Whistler is not vulgar. Dr. Arnold was not vulgar. Matthew Arnold was vulgar. Burns was not vulgar. Carlyle was a little vulgar. Froude was not



vulgar. Motley was not vulgar. Macaulay was not vulgar. Johnson was not vulgar. Addison was vulgar.

“One’s ‘place’ in literature is a possession—never a concession. And one *knows* one’s place. I don’t wish to be judged—one way or the other—till I am forty. In the meanwhile I am in no hurry.”

The following letter refers to the attempt to draw up a list of forty names for a “British Academy.”

“November 3, 1897.

“The list really begins to look uncommonly well. But let me entreat you to have Dr. Salmon; he has a great European reputation, and is one of the first in Europe. We want a really representative list, don’t we? Gasquet, too, is highly distinguished. Max Müller is not much esteemed among scholars. Pray put Prof. Bywater, Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford, in his stead. He is deeply learned. I want to make people ‘sit up’ over this list. I am dreadfully keen about it! If you want Müller, knock out Mallock—or Argyll. But Argyll is the best of the three.

“Here are some more vulgars and not vulgars :

William Morris—vulgarity itself.

Spenser—not vulgar.

Dickens—not vulgar.

Scott—not vulgar.

Lord Lytton—rather vulgar.

Stevenson—vulgar, very.

Macdonald—not vulgar.

Ibsen—diseased, not vulgar.”—See note foot of page 124.

"November 16, 1898.

"I used the adjective 'obscene' (in connection with X.'s book), not in the modern forced sense, but in its full and true significance.

"It is an absurd work—false art and no scholarship at all. Once I gave a great deal of time to Theocritus—and this burlesque of a bad *translation* makes me ill. As for the Catholic element, just glance at . . . The whole thing is repulsive, insincere trash. Do refresh your critical faculty with some doses of Burns, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Browning, Dante, David, and—if you have time—St. Paul.

"I am delighted at *The Academy's* good and deserved success. It is the first in its own department. The journalism is brilliant, and the reviews extraordinarily well done—even when I cannot (and could not) agree with them! But—for the love of God—don't rave about X.

"The doctor says that my lungs are affected. My people know *nothing* of this: a most unnecessary worry to no earthly purpose. I am getting on all right, and hope to be up on Sunday next—for a drive at all events."

"Sunday.

"I think you are really unkind in the matter of the Gibbon review. It was friendly to call yesterday and inquire after my health; it is not friendly to suppose that, in a mere fit of momentary weariness, I abandoned work which I had seriously—but also gladly—undertaken. Between acquaintance of long standing such things ought not to require—I will not say explanation—that has been given—but justification. If I write for publication, I write with my whole mind and energies. The review meant *living* Gibbon's life. I became deeply interested—

too interested, in fact—and under the strain of my book (which is due to Unwin in March), and under the strain of endeavouring to bring a full attention to the afore-mentioned ‘Autobiographies and Letters,’<sup>1</sup> I collapsed utterly, and lay for three hours in a helpless and brainless condition. . . . My brain at times will not act. I can walk, talk, and even reason on certain subjects—but work, so-called, is out of the question. Dr. Edmunds thinks that I suffer from what is called *le petit mal*—the third form of epilepsy. I don’t agree with him : he may, however, be right. This is why I need constant attendance and every sort of small luxury. That is why I can never be sure of my mood. That is why I cannot walk some days for fear of falling. That is why I am more sure of the reality of the next world than this : and that is why I depend rather on God for my support than on human beings—no matter how kind : that is why my work must ever be, to a great extent, objective, or if you prefer it, insincere. Everything I write as an author is, in a sense, a matter of acting—dramatic impersonation. It has been complained that I have not found my ‘true’ line. I am discovering it by degrees. I am a writer of histories—some one must give me the human nature and I will compose a commentary upon it. I am not a lover of humanity : I like souls. I understand all sorts of purely mental things—I am not good at the mere emotions.

“I am going to send you C——’s little MS., because *I* understand *you*, although you do not understand *me*.”

<sup>1</sup> The book referred to is “The Autobiographies and Letters of Edward Gibbon. Printed Verbatim from Hitherto Unpublished MSS.” Published by John Murray in 1896.

Within a very short time of her father's proprietorship of *The Academy*, Mrs. Craigie began to receive letters, some of them anonymous, from authors who charged her with "slating" their work in the columns of *The Academy*. Some went so far as to allege that she owned and controlled the paper, for the express purpose of damning the work of other writers. She was, naturally, distressed and annoyed at this supposition; so much so, indeed, that she caused a notice to be inserted in *The Academy* and in *The Times* as follows :

"Mrs. Craigie desires it to be known that she does not contribute reviews, articles, or paragraphs to *The Academy*, and that everything she writes is signed either by her name or pseudonym."

The real facts were that the books that were sent in for review were never submitted to her for criticism, nor did she read the reviews until they were published. A long period elapsed before she would again write anything for the paper.

*Note.*—Mrs. Craigie's definition of "vulgar." In her own novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters," chap. xii., p. 157, we may read the following: "Vulgarity, like beauty, is distributed by the gods without prejudice. It has nothing to do with one's birth. Besides, what is vulgarity but the unrestrained exhibition of too common human feelings? When we call persons vulgar we mean that they are commonplace in an artless and energetic way."

## CHAPTER VI

### TWO ACTED PLAYS

IN the year 1898 we find Mrs. Craigie enthusiastic over her success as a playwright. She had had a four-act comedy accepted by Mr. George Alexander, and *Osbern and Ursyne* was published by Mr. John Lane in this year. In 1899 a one-act tragedy, *A Repentance*, was also produced at the St. James's Theatre; while yet another comedy, *The Wisdom of the Wise*, was presented under the same pleasant auspices in 1900—the year that “Robert Orange,” perhaps Mrs. Craigie's best novel, was published. *The Ambassador* and *Osbern and Ursyne* are examples of her great versatility. Both are in their way interesting achievements. One is a sombre tragedy, a poetical drama that tells an old-world tale of how Osbern assassinated Carliol through love for Ursyne. It contrasts sharply with the up-to-date comedy in which Mr. Alexander personated an Ambassador in Paris.

*The Ambassador* was begun by Mrs. Craigie in 1896 and finished in 1897. Before it was



completed, however, feeling a little doubtful of her method of dealing with the characters, she decided to consult Mr. Pinero. Mr. Richards wrote to Sir Arthur Pinero some time ago to ask for any letters of hers that he might possess, and the great dramatist's reply is here given with his permission.

*"January 2, 1907.*

"I beg you to forgive my long delay in dealing with your request. I have been suffering from influenza and its train of evils, and have been quite unfit to deal with my correspondence. And now, to my sorrow, my response to your application must be an unsatisfactory one. Hunting high and low, I can find but three letters from Mrs. Craigie, and these, except to their possessor, are not of an important kind. I am at a loss to account for the disappearance of many other letters. I cannot have destroyed them. I attached too much value to Mrs. Craigie's friendship to treat any scrap of her writing lightly. Perhaps accident will some day bring to light what my present search fails to discover.

"I made your daughter's acquaintance—for I do not count occasional meetings in crowded rooms in London—at Maloja, in the Engadine. Was it in, or about, the year 1890, I wonder? We used to sit together in the hall or the music-room of the hotel and talk plays. I recall that it was one of her characteristics never to be without a book in her hand. The book was often a play of Molière. She was a delightful and sympathetic talker in those as in later days.

"She once honoured me with the request

that I should collaborate with her in a comedy on which she was engaged. She wrote asking me to call upon her in Lancaster Gate. She was in difficulties over her work, it appeared. Her play contained a number of characters, and she found it beyond her power—so she complained—to keep her puppets from getting into a tangle. I felt obliged to tell her that collaboration was not in my line, but that she might count upon my purely friendly help whenever she was in a particularly desperate situation. I strongly advised her, however, to do without my assistance and that of any other person; assuring her that the stamp of her own individuality, even if it betrayed a little looseness of dramatic technique, was of greater value than mere mechanical excellence. This advice, I have reason to believe, she accepted, and when her play made its appearance her name alone was attached to it. The play was *The Ambassador*.”

The comedy was finished with the expectation that it might be accepted for production at the Criterion by Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. There were several interviews: the play was read to them and certainly considered, but, in the end, declined. It was then read to Mr. George Alexander of the St. James's Theatre, and he soon afterwards accepted the comedy, and entered into an agreement, dated March 26, 1898. In this he stipulated that the first production might be in the provinces, on his autumn tour of 1898, but that he would also present it for at least three

matinée performances at the St. James's Theatre, London, during the ensuing season, himself appearing in the title rôle. This qualified acceptance was an encouragement, but also something of a disappointment, as she was ambitious to gain an early London hearing: however, she set herself with patience to await events. At the time of the signing of this agreement, Mr. Alexander was about to produce, and soon after did produce, at the St. James's Theatre, a play called *The Conquerors*. This did not prove acceptable to the public, and, after a run of perhaps six weeks, he decided upon withdrawal. During this period, one evening, early in May, a messenger came out to Lancaster Gate with a note to Mrs. Craigie from Mr. Alexander, asking her to go to the theatre as early as possible on the following day. Mrs. Craigie was then taking a holiday at Earl Soham, a little village in Suffolk, and working at her novel "Robert Orange." Her father went to the post office, just at midnight, and got a telegram through for early delivery the next morning, telling her what had happened and advising her to return. She answered "Yes," and he met her at Liverpool Street the next day. She drove direct to the theatre, and received the pleasing announcement from Mr. Alexander that he had decided to produce *The Ambassador* and wished to begin rehearsals at once. The necessary

duties were entered upon with untiring energy, and she spent the greater part of each day at the theatre until the first performance of the play on the evening of June 2, 1898.

The success of the piece was great, and it ran without a break until the end of the season. The Press were unanimous in their favourable opinion of the production, which was rightly described as an "audience and Press success." *The Ambassador* having been issued in book form, a description of the plot or characters is here unnecessary.

Mrs. Craigie was, naturally, very much gratified at the applause which greeted her on the first night of *The Ambassador*, and her father well remembers the radiant expression upon her face on the following morning as she read the newspaper notices, letters and telegrams of congratulation from her friends, especially a note from Mr. Alexander telling her that the success of her comedy was assured. At this period of her life as an author, to receive words of commendation from friends, or to read reviews in the newspapers of a favourable character, was not a new sensation. But this was different. This volume of pleasing criticism of her drama, brought to her in a single day, was a new experience. She did not forget, in her personal pleasure, how much of the praise was due to the actor-manager and the splendid St. James's Theatre Company, with

whom her relations had only grown more friendly throughout the trying time of the rehearsals.

At the end of the London season Mr. Alexander took the play upon tour, and it was produced with complete success in the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the St. James's Theatre began the winter season with *The Ambassador* as again the chief attraction.

While she was at Norris Castle, Isle of Wight, in October of the same year, 1898, Mrs. Craigie began writing the tragedy in verse called *Osbern and Ursyne*, and worked upon it with the most extraordinary zeal—writing for the greater part of the day in bed—until she actually finished, and sent the MS. to Professor W. P. Ker for his criticism early in November. She made alterations later and added one short scene, but the bulk of the play was written in sixteen days. This was not her first attempt at writing verse; a few short pieces appear in her earlier stories, and there exists an unpublished fragment of another tragedy in blank verse—*The Duchess of Ferrara*, but no date is attached. *Osbern and Ursyne* was first published in Lady Randolph Churchill's *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

Here is Mrs. Craigie's letter to Mr. George Alexander written on the day of the production of *The Ambassador*:



“THE CONVENT OF THE ASSUMPTION,  
KENSINGTON SQUARE, W.  
June 2, 1898.

“DEAR MR. ALEXANDER,

“First of all—every possible wish and hope for your success this evening. You have but to repeat the highly distinguished art we had the pleasure to see at the rehearsals.

“Should the audience be kind enough to wish to see *me*, my orders (from my Superior) are to take the call—after all. Miss Davis offered to ‘take me forward’—is that the phrase? This would delight me and be charming, but as a young girl she could not, I fear, in etiquette do me this favour. But you will know what is usual.

“Again—all good fortune.

“Yours sincerely,

“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

The first reading of *A Repentance* is the subject of the following letter :

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W.

“DEAR MR. ALEXANDER,

“I will come with the piece at 10.30 to-morrow (Wednesday) morning. You may not care for it. It is odd, and entirely an experiment. Please give your criticism with all bluntness. I live for criticism. I have more compliments for your *Ambassador*. They say now that the refinement of the scenes with ‘Juliet’ has never before, in *any* acting in any country, been even hinted at! Every one is fairly bewitched by them. I am so glad because I ventured to prophesy the success of the acting.

“Yours sincerely,

“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W.

"DEAR MR. ALEXANDER,

"I cannot express my delight at finding the critics so appreciative of your brilliant performance. Mr. Hay told me in the box last evening that no living actor—either in France or England—could have achieved greater distinction as 'St. Orbyn.' Personally, I enjoyed every line and quite forgot that I had written the play!

"I have a suggestion to make. In Act II. 'Vendramini' ought not to move away from you during that little speech about 'pretty festive—like the soul—for granted.' The effect is disturbing for you and breaks the sentence at the wrong moment. Could you see the effect from the front I feel sure that you would agree with me. You gave your lines perfectly. I think perhaps you might *lift* the voice from the end of 'not the lark' (Act III.), and also at 'Europe is becoming *such a bore*' (Act IV.). What a triumph for you! I am so glad for both you and your charming, kind wife. It was a joy to witness her happiness.

"I rather think that the reading from *The Upper Ten* with regard to the engagement ought to be given after all. The dialogue without it—does not quite hang together. Make Gavin take it smartly.

"Miss Willson *must* use her lungs. They tell me all the women idlers must speak up a little more.

"How nice it all is! Please accept again my deepest thanks for all you have done.

"Yours sincerely,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

Both Lord Curzon and his wife write their congratulations, the former as follows :

“THE PRIORY, REIGATE, *June 3, 1898.*

“ . . . I do most heartily congratulate you. The evening papers contain an even more enthusiastic chorus than the morning ones. What I shall be amused by when I see the play will be the evident brilliancy of dialogue and ingenuity of situation. What I already like is the tenderness, the simplicity, and the purity of which I read, and which, though they are rich enough in life itself, have almost disappeared from the counterfeit presentments of it. . . .”

Lady Curzon writes :

“THE PRIORY, REIGATE, *June 3, 1898.*

“DEAREST PEARL,

“I have read eight morning papers about the great night, and rejoice at the splendid success and long for more news when you can bring it to us.

“Your room is waiting for you—we are quite, quite alone. I screamed with laughter over *Her Ladyship's Elephant*, and gave it to George to make him laugh too, so imagine my disappointment when I watched him read it after dinner last night without a smile. I must be hysterical, for it struck me as a good farce and so comic—but I am sure we laugh where the Anglo-Saxon doesn't and *vice versa* perhaps. . . . We hope for you Sunday if our solitude won't bore you on the top of all the great triumphs.

“Your devoted  
“MARY.”

And again after seeing the play:

"4 CARLTON GARDENS, S.W., *June 16, 1898.*

"MY DEAREST PEARL,

"We had a happy evening, but missed you sadly. The play interested us enormously, and we thought Fay Davis a charming *ingénue* and her part fascinating. Miss Vanbrugh does her part with great distinction. Irving was admirable and killing, and I never saw a prig and a bore better done. . . . Alexander . . . comprehended the part intelligently, and I should think felt every inch 'Her Majesty's Ambassador.' He will soon be calling on Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office! . . .

"More of the play when we meet.

"Your ever devoted

"MARY."

Two other letters from Lady Curzon belong to this year and may well be inserted here. The last was written to Mrs. Craigie at Norris Castle, and refers to Lord Curzon's appointment as Viceroy of India:

"4 CARLTON GARDENS, S.W.

*May 11, 1898.*

"MY DEAREST PEARL,

"George is about again, and now my chief occupation is trying to keep him from doing too much, which I hope won't be too difficult. Mr. Balfour is not going to let them have a F.O. Vote before Whitsuntide . . . so G. won't have any heavy work. He got a tremendous cheering when he went back on Monday, which rejoiced me up in the gallery. . . . We dined last night to meet the great man Rhodes. . . . I don't know if he admires

antiquities ! He was very patient about the admiration. Mrs. X. has a bad attack of Rhodesia too, and is not happy out of his sight. . . . G. has a vast admiration for him ; he *does* make one feel great force and real power with a kind of rugged grandeur.

“Baba is going to her first party to-day—such excitement and preparation you never knew.

“Ever your devoted  
“MARY.”

“THE PRIORY, REIGATE.

“DEAREST PEARL,

“How sweet of you to ask us to your castle ! Alas ! every second of our next three months seems full up, and on the 26th I go to Cromer and meet G. and take the babies ! Do please manage to look at us all there. It will be our last period of peace and rest for the next five years, and we shall be so happy there. . . . Do you remember that two whole bundles of precious books are at Carlton Gardens, waiting to be told if they are to go to Lancaster Gate in your absence ? The ‘Forest Lovers’ G. read and retailed to me while he sat by my bed. I am now wading through the dry desert of reports on Dufferin funds and other Indian charities, and they are *so dry* that they nearly *damp* (!) my ardour for the glories of India !

“I am kept on the jump by a new newspaper sensation every day, and I pore over eight daily papers so as to miss nothing about the Soudan—Dreyfus—poor Hapsburg horrors—and that inimitable de Rougemont. Isn’t he a champion ?—and what beautiful lies ! I long to ride on a tortoise, and could almost eat my baby—from affection ! Bless you for asking us



to come to you. How I wish we might have done so!

“Your devoted  
“MARY.”

Mr. H. B. Irving's letter continues *The Ambassador* correspondence :

“DUBLIN, November 28, 1898.

“MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“I needn't tell you how delighted I was to get your letter. I knew you had been there last night and I played my best. One always tries to do so, of course, but there are a few whose presence seems to make one go just one better than usual. I am so glad you were pleased. It isn't notices and all that sort of thing that give one the right to be a little satisfied with the work, but just to know that a good friend and a keen critic has not been disappointed. I know you expect something, so I am always anxious lest I shouldn't fulfil the hope you gave me when I badly needed it. . . . How delighted you must be at the success of *The Ambassador* in the country. I was always a fool about the play. I thought it too delicate for our public, which shows that I didn't know the public, and hadn't keen judgment enough to see at the first the nature and humanity of the play. . . .

“H. B. IRVING.”

The production of *The Ambassador* introduces us to many new correspondents. Mr. Edward Fordham Spence, for example, whose acute criticism of plays in the *Westminster Gazette* and other newspapers is so much appreciated, received the following letter ;

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *June 7, 1898.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I can't express my gratitude for your generous words of encouragement with regard to my comedy. It was my aim to give pleasure, and to find that I have succeeded—to some degree, at all events—is a real happiness. Your support makes me anxious to deserve it, and it will be my hope not to disappoint your kind wishes.

"The play is not yet printed—even roughly. We have the prompt copy only. But I expect to have copies shortly. I will send you—with my warmest thanks—the first I receive.

"Yours very truly,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

The following letter was written to Mr. Edmund Gosse :

"THE PRIORY, REIGATE, *June 6, 1898.*

"DEAR MR. GOSSE,

"I am most grateful for your extremely kind letter. I don't pretend to be more than a beginner in comedy-writing, although I have studied the stage for a long time. I want you to see the play, and I must beg Mrs. Gosse's acceptance of a box some evening.

"Alas! I can't join the tempting supper party to-night. I am resting here with some old friends and don't return till to-morrow.

"With my deepest thanks for your words of encouragement,

"I am yours sincerely,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

To a private friend of this period we find

some correspondence from Malvern and Earl Soham :

“MALVERN [*Thursday in Holy Week*], 1898.

“We had a good journey down. . . . I feel rather better already, but I intend to take everything very quietly. A stout drunk gentleman with an uneasy conscience and a snore occupies the room to our right. I have insisted on his removal—for he raved, snored, and talked the greater part of the night! They think that Malvern will be very crowded for Easter. The crowd, however, is a dull one and the place appears empty in spite of them.”

“MALVERN, 1898.

“Here it is quiet. The ambition of every resident is to have his house mistaken for a tomb. The dreariness of thought does much to spoil the actual beauties of the place. . . . We read Walter Scott now. . . .”

“MALVERN, *April 5*, 1898.

“Have I not said that we are *all* much more faithful to Almighty God than we are to each other? The Apostles would not, I fancy, have died for each other. St. Paul for St. Peter?! Our Blessed Lord did not expect this. As for St. Mary Magdalene—I have ever loved her. But her reformation was, in human respects, the greatest of Our Lord’s miracles. You think me more cynical than I am. You misunderstand. I feel most thoroughly the sublimity in human nature, but I give God the glory. It is not in Adam. Every fine thought, every noble deed is by the grace of God. To some He gives just sufficient virtue for salvation. This is sound doctrine. Others—such as the Saints—

have more than enough for salvation. Hence, indulgences and the vast store of merits to the credit of poor human nature. I could go on for hours, but the feeble hand won't stir. Think of Saint Teresa's beautiful saying of our Blessed Lord—*Jamais il n'a manqué à ses amis*. A tearful saying, too : yet profoundly encouraging. I think it (speaking for myself) impossible to meditate on the loveliness of Christ's character and fail to observe how little He had in common with mankind except sorrow, pain, and disappointments. I am not pessimistic—I am only bitter *dramatically*. I fancy you confuse me sometimes with my characters. Comedy is an art—it must be a bit satiric. Aristotle says that tragedy should show people better, and comedy, *worse* than they are. This is sound. For the stage, exaggeration is absolutely necessary. A charming note from Alexander. I quote : ' I am delighted with the play on closer acquaintance, and it is a sure success for us both.' Isn't that nice ? From the beginning he was generous and cheerful. . . . Am taking 'quinine by the pint' in the Beauvedere (poor darling Beauvedere) manner. I am honestly fond of Geraldine, but I think her a fool. Juliet is a bit trusting ; however she illustrates *your* theory and didn't 'get left' for her pains."

"EASTER SUNDAY, 1898.

"I thought the little poem full of grace, but I have not the art of receiving kindnesses. It is like casting rose-leaves on a hedge-hog."

"CRETINGHAM LODGE, EARL SOHAM, SUFFOLK,  
*April 22, 1898.*

"Am feeling decidedly stronger. This air is splendid : the wind a pure east ! Somehow it

suits me for the moment. I play the piano and ride; also wander alone about the fields—particularly at sunset when the wind sleeps. One could imagine oneself pacing cloisters!”

“CRETINGHAM LODGE, *April 24, 1898.*

“What do you mean by being depressed? I ask it with the deeper resentment because even in this east and bracing wind melancholy is not unknown. . . . Sundays, and other days of rest and recreation, do not suit me. I can’t read—as others do—for pleasure, for I always realize that every book has been written. While I walk I think, and so tire myself. When I join other people, I fancy that I tire them! And so on and so on.”

“EARL SOHAM, *April 1898.*

“My delight is to wander alone about the fields. I like that better than anything else. No air suits me better than this. I never lie down at all during the day—for I get to bed at 9.30 and I sleep till seven! I walk in the fields—never on the road. I’m sick of roads. Here I can wander from meadow to meadow, without let or hindrance, for hours at a stretch. I usually take a book with me and read as I stroll when I feel so-minded. . . . I am so grateful for your invaluable comments on the comedy [*The Ambassador*]. By bringing out the difficulty more clearly, I can make the situation more vital. As Lord St. Orbyn accounts for the missing cheque, of course Lady Beauvedere and Didcomb feel satisfied. This morning I rode for a couple of hours. I am better in every way and simply cannot keep indoors—far less lounge about. The Sofa and I are no longer on speaking terms!”



The next letter is addressed to Mr. Thomas Hardy :

“ 56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *December 18, 1898.*

“ DEAR MR. HARDY,

“ I can't express my delight at your gift of the poems. It would be absurd for me to express my admiration of them. You are the supreme master in Europe. I may offer homage only. The drawings are beautiful. They fascinate me. You make every one else seem very small, weak, and wishy-washy ! I have not been able to finish reading one novel—if I except a few foreign ones—since ‘Jude.’ That ranks in my mind with Michael Angelo's ‘Last Judgment.’ Its greatness goes beyond literature and challenges comparison with all works of amazing genius. I know that I am merely repeating received opinions, but you are kind enough to understand a student's enthusiasm. With again many, many thanks,

“ I am, yours ever sincerely,

“ PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

Perhaps 1898 was the culminating year of Mrs. Craigie's life so far as triumphant literary success and appreciation are concerned.

She was very much occupied with the study of dramatic art, and some of her ideas are best expressed in the Preface to *The Ambassador*, which forms a fitting end to this chapter.

“ Once I found a speech in prose—prose so subtly balanced, harmonious, and interesting that it seemed, on paper, a song. But no actor or actress, though they spoke with the voice of angels, could make it, on the stage, even

tolerable. It was too long in one bar, and too short in another; it dragged, it jumped, it vexed the ear and stilled the brain; common rant would have been more vivacious: a column recited from the dictionary could not have been so dull. Yet the speech is nevertheless fine stuff: it is nevertheless interesting in substance: it has imagination: it has charm. What, then, was lacking? Emotion in the *tone*, and, on the part of the writer, consideration for the speaking voice. Stage dialogue may have or may not have many qualities, but it must be emotional. It rests primarily on feeling. Wit, philosophy, moral truths, poetic language—all these count as nothing unless there is feeling of an obvious, ordinary kind. Great passions and the ‘enormous’ are, on the other hand, beyond spectacular representation. Love is probably the sole great passion which an audience of average men and women can endure for more than one act and to a tragic issue. Large exhibitions of ambition, jealousy, avarice, revenge, pride, fear, and the like, please but few minds. The more emotions conveyed, or hinted at, the better, no doubt, yet not one of them, with the solitary exception already named, should be raised unduly to the depression of the others. The theatre is a place of relaxation. When the majority of pleasure-seekers find a piece tedious, it is a failure beyond question as a play. When the majority find a piece agreeable to their taste, it must have fulfilled, at all events, one vital condition of its existence as a piece. It is at least an entertainment. The vulgar, much-abused popular melodrama has this unfailing characteristic—it will hold, in the face of every æsthetic objection, your cheerful attention.

“In a comedy, life must be presented in a

deliberately artificial way—that is to say, presented under strictly artificial conditions. No one, for instance, in looking at a portrait is asked to mistake it for a wax model or a real personage. In admiring a twelve-inch landscape we do not blame the artist because we are unable to scamper, in reality, over his fields or pluck the lilacs in his garden. We go to him neither for a deception nor an imitation—but for an idea, an illustration, or a statement. Play-writing and novel-writing may be compared in more senses than one to the art of landscape painting. To see the sun set once is not enough, to see once the tide come in is not enough, to have risen once, in the country, to watch the dawn of day is not enough. One must be so intimate with Nature that one could not—even if one tried—present her, or any aspect of her, conventionally. One knows nothing unless one knows her infinite variety. Describe humbly what you see, and you cannot go wrong; describe what others have been taught to see, and you can never, by any possibility, be right. The instinct of a close student of life is always to reject the plausible. It is by this ready acceptance of the plausible that human beings are so often, and unnecessarily, disillusioned. No two creatures are precisely, or even within any real degree of approximation, the same: each soul has its own individuality. There may be schools of people just as there are schools of thought, but Types—the typical stage diplomatist, the typical young girl, the typical widow, the typical stage foreigner, the Type, in fact, of any sort—are not to be found in Almighty God's creation or man's society. They are nothing in the world, and there is no speculation in their eyes.

“Let me beg that the persons in *The Ambassador* be judged by their actions and not by the hasty estimates passed upon them either by themselves or the other characters in the comedy.

“My permanent gratitude and friendship are due to Mr. George Alexander for the distinguished art he bestowed upon his rendering of the title-rôle, for the support, interest, and kindness he gave so generously from the first reading of the play, through the many anxieties of rehearsing, through the yet greater anxiety of its first production.

“J. O. H.”

## CHAPTER VII

### “A REPENTANCE”

ON February 28, 1899, Mr. Alexander added Mrs. Craigie's one-act tragedy *A Repentance* to the programme at the St. James's Theatre. The little play did not entirely satisfy the audience or the critics, but there was sufficient interest to justify its performance for many succeeding nights. The play was printed forthwith, at Mr. Alexander's suggestion, and sold at the theatre as a “Book of Words.” It was afterwards published in “Tales about Temperaments.” The cast of the play included Mr. George Alexander, Miss Julie Opp, and Mr. H. B. Irving.

Mrs. Craigie had taken the greatest interest in Miss Opp's interpretation of her part, and the two following letters express her appreciation. In the second, reference is made to an accident—caused by the slipping of a heavy door at the British Museum, where Miss Opp had been discussing her costume with Sir Sidney Colvin—by which she received such a severe cut upon her temple that it had to be sewn up before



she could make her first appearance as the Countess des Escas the following evening.

“ *February 28.*

“ You did your part beautifully. Every good judge is enchanted. I think they will all praise you : should any be malicious—or, at any rate, stupid—don’t be depressed. We may both have to catch it. But that won’t matter at all. The work has occupied my mind for months : the critics will have to consider it, as they considered *The Ambassador*. You did splendidly, and I was proud of you.

“ Yours affectionately,  
“ PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

“ *March 2, 1899.*

“ The critics do not trouble me in the least. They never did. I work for the public—not a little coterie. The *Times* man is, at all events, a student and a well-read critic. These storms always attend my very best, most carefully prepared work. . . . I was appalled to hear of your accident. What courage ! You cannot fail with a spirit of *that* quality. Your performance is a triumph.”

Mrs. Craigie’s own idea of *A Repentance*, written at the time to a friend, is interesting :

“ The scene opens with the Countess praying that strength may be given to others ; at the close she is left asking for it for herself. At the beginning she has made (as she believes) her great sacrifice—an *involuntary* one. Her husband was killed in the King’s Cause—so she thinks. At the end, she has to make the

*voluntary* sacrifice—another story! She makes it, and her husband is shot before her eyes. She may be said to represent the religious temperament. The man, on the other hand, has one ruling passion, the love of, and instinct for, life on any terms. Causes are nothing to him—principles are less. The great thing is to live. He has sacrificed honour, his wife's happiness, his own, to a certain extent, in order to live out his natural term. 'I hate death' is his predominant thought. Yet—ultimately—he makes, in one sense, a greater sacrifice than the woman. In her case, the instinct of sacrifice has become second nature. His spirit, as it were, triumphs over his nature."

A letter from Mr. Sidney Low may be read in this connection :

" March 11, 1899.

" . . . Exposed to the test of a second seeing, *The Ambassador* goes better than ever; and I was immensely interested in *A Repentance*. I do not know what the critics mean by calling it obscure. Or rather I do know, for your theatrical critic as a rule is an exceedingly illiterate, ill-equipped person, who has learnt a few conventional axioms by rote, and really knows nothing of dramatic literature outside his half-dozen stock French pieces. He doesn't like any subtlety or intensity of characterization; but wants to see everybody and everybody's 'motives' marked in 'Plain figures' like the goods at a sale of haberdashery. Also it is one of his canons that the label must be affixed to everybody within the first five minutes and not removed till the curtain comes down. It seems to me that *Des Escas* is a thoroughly dramatic

character, dramatically treated—the sudden development and crystallization of various passions and tendencies under the flame of intense emotion. If that isn't drama—what is? The only adverse criticism I should venture is the element of dramatic time is not perhaps sufficiently considered. I remember reading a fine essay by one of the Devrients once on the subject, the point of which is that you must not let the development of character go faster than the audience can follow. The spectator's own mind must be growing and moving along with that of the character on the stage, and if the changes of the latter are very great you must give the former time to take breath or he is left behind. There is, perhaps, a certain difficulty—especially for the unintelligent, half-awake, dinner-gorged British stallite—to follow the final working up of Des Escas in a space of actual time which is measured by minutes. If it had been done in three acts instead of one, even the critics would have seen the meaning. But it is a fine little piece and touches a higher level of workmanship than we often get.”

The following interesting correspondence with Mr. Edmund Gosse shows that his literary feeling was on her side.

Mr. Gosse writes on reading *A Repentance* immediately after he had seen the performance :

“ . . . I am quite sure that the piece is one of the most intelligent and vivid that has been put on the boards for a long time. . . . I feel Des Escas is complex—I want him therefore to be somewhat more developed. For instance, on p. 19, his tirade (it is exquisitely written)

displays a kind of tender fancy not at all uncharacteristic of such a man, but nowhere else ever repeated, so that it a little surprises and a little puts one off one's reckonings. . . . The Countess is admirable—such a true Southern type—quite admirable. . . .

“ P.S.—I am perfectly certain that, for scenic exigencies, greater fulness in the final scene is required. . . . But this little matter does not affect the charming and penetrating quality of the piece itself, which I admire without qualification.”

“ 56 LANCASTER GATE, W.

*Saturday, March, 1899.*

“ MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“ Many thanks for your charming letter. You will have received the box by this time. The little play is an extremely careful historical sketch. I have attempted a psychological diagram of the Carlist question. The political crisis in Spain at the time was abnormal, and it pervaded men and women of the type I have drawn. The women and priests and common soldiers prayed, suffered, and made every sacrifice: the men—for the most part—were heroes one moment, traitors the next, and again heroes. England during the Stuart-Cromwell period may have had something of the kind, but nothing so mad—so bewildering—or disastrous. The public are attracted by the heroism side of the story, and the play is received with great applause at every performance. The critics did not seem to grasp the fact that I was presenting the phenomena of fact and history: one would think that I had invented the Carlist question! I have studied the subject for three years, and the work is faithful work of which I am proud. You are such an artist yourself that

you will understand my feeling. I have given them my best, and they (the dramatic critics—not, curiously enough, the supposed ill-educated public) abuse it as though it were trash. One gentleman called it ‘trash.’

“Yours very sincerely,  
“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W.  
*Monday, March 6, 1899.*

“MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“I am all gratitude for your letter and words of most welcome encouragement. You have understood my play perfectly. The man, from a more intimate knowledge of State affairs (behind the scenes) than his wife, is disillusioned. No question has ever been more complicated by wild treacheries and wilder acts of heroism than this of the Carlists. But Des Escas finds that, of all his beliefs, one at least has proved even fairer than he had ever owned. Your own words explain it all. I feel your meaning exactly after p. 20—but time then (dramatically) was pressing: I thought it all out, and I wanted to be faithful to the Carlist diagram! I had a conviction that it happened that way—when I tried to add a word, my pen stopped. I heard nothing else—I could have invented a few more speeches, but I could not, and I did not, *hear* them. In the early part Des Escas can be leisurely: he has no idea of dying—there is plenty of time for everything. But when he goes into his old room and sees his old uniforms and thinks of all his youth and his marriage and his ambitions, and hears the woman fighting for him, as it were, with her soul and her life, he is touched, just as Cranmer and many of the martyrs—and St. Peter himself—were touched. A repentance is never—or rarely—



gradual; a look, a word, or something works the miracle. This is a psychological fact (and it is also sound theological doctrine!) past any question. I shall be all anxiety to have your impressions of it as an *acted* drama. No criticism is so important to me as yours: you are an artist, you have great scholarship, and no one has done so much for English literature. I am sending you—to read at your leisure and quite privately—*Osbern and Ursyne*.

“Yours very sincerely,  
“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

“29 DELAMERE TERRACE,  
WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W.  
March 9, 1899.

“MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“Thank you for letting me read your beautiful tragic poem. ‘Pan loved his neighbour, Echo—but that child,’ etc. is your motto, is it not? I have followed your tangled skein of passion with real pleasure, and there are some exquisite scenes. The dialogue that immediately follows the dance in Act II. is perfectly delightful.

“I have taken your permission to hunt for field-mice in your standing corn, that is to say for superficial blemishes in your charming poem. They are mainly little points of versification. If one or two of them commend themselves to you, I shall be glad. . . .

“Yours very sincerely,  
“EDMUND GOSSE.”

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W.  
Tuesday, March 7, 1899.

“DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“I shall be most grateful for any suggestions with regard to *Osbern and Ursyne*. It is not in its final passed-for-press state: I

can do more things with it, if it is not quite clear, before its production. I am posting you *The Ambassador*. How kind you are! So many critics seem to forget that I am, after all, but a student; I cannot begin where the *greatest* leave off! Of course I attempt ambitious themes, but my mind is all for tragedy. My own experiences have given me an insight into mental sufferings. I *do* feel that I know my ground although I may describe it lamely. There is truth at least in all I write—and that is something.

"Yours very sincerely,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., March 10, 1899.

"DEAR MR. GOSSE,

"You are indeed good, and all thanks are quite inadequate. Your suggestions are invaluable. I have been working at dramatic verse for years ('unbeknownst'). I have deliberately allowed certain roughnesses—because of the acting effects. If it went too smoothly—the players would get monotonous. I am preparing for a hurricane over it, and it will be great fun all round. I love my work so much—that so long as I can find a barn, an actor or two, and one friend to listen—for a moment—I am enchanted!

"Yours very sincerely,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W.  
Sunday, March 12, 1899.

"MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

"I see every one of the points in your criticism. I used to feel the suddenness of the end myself, but I could find nothing to add. The story got fixed, as it were, in my head—the thing happened that way: whenever I

attempted, as I often did, to write in a few more lines, I had to take them out. This is not affectation but a real 'kink' (to use an Americanism) in my brain—but certain realities have so impressed themselves upon my vision that I am forced, by temperament or conscience (I believe the latter), to stick—in the very crisis of some imaginary scene—to crude facts. It is putting a real hard-worked hand on an *ideal* arm. I must struggle against the tendency. You are the first who has made the fault clear to me. You have hit it off exactly and I am more than grateful. I am taking out the lame, halt, and blind lines in *Osborn*. It makes me so happy to know that you think well of it on the whole.

“Yours very sincerely,  
“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

With many friends Mrs. Craigie still continued her correspondence over her play, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, for whose high work in literature Mrs. Craigie had the profoundest appreciation, sent the dramatist the following note :

“I am delighted to receive a copy of your new little play from you—the accounts of it in the newspapers have been most confusing. It is wonderful to see how you can do so much work without allowing it to sink below the highest intellectual and artistic level.”

And Mrs. Craigie replied :

· 56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *March 14, 1899.*

“DEAR MR. HARDY,

“Many thanks for your kind words. The little play represents eighteen months of most

careful thought : Des Escas is a typical Carlist, and it is an historical sketch : his speeches convey the sentiments of 1835 in Spain—and the whole thing is, I can assure you, composed with the greatest care. I am thankful to say that it is holding its own and is received at every performance with applause. *The Times*, *The Echo* (oddly enough), *The Outlook*, *The Sunday Sun*, and *The Illustrated London News* were the only papers which showed a fair spirit toward the work. I value criticism, and I am never foolish when faults are found. But there is a coterie of hack playwrights : these do all they can to hound every educated influence from the stage : they observe—with spite and terror—the attitude of the public toward well-intentioned work.

“ Personally, I am far more proud of *A Repentance* than the comedy. I spent six months or so over the comedy : it may illustrate my knowledge of what is *popular*, but, as a matter of fact, the characterization seems to me shadowy indeed. I don’t call it absolutely out of drawing, because I have hammered a bit on general truths, but I think more of the soul than of experience—and broad statements, *accepted* paradoxes, and the like have no real interest for me. I wrote *The Ambassador* in order to get a public for more ambitious attempts. You gave them a superb drama which I long to see again on the stage. I wish you would write a long play. You will forgive me for suggesting it, it seems almost impudent to beg a man of your great genius to submit work to illiterate and vulgar dramatic critics.”

The reference to “illiterate and vulgar dramatic critics” indicates a certain fighting

quality which came to Mrs. Craigie at this time. With her two plays, *A Repentance* and *The Wisdom of the Wise*, she found herself dividing the critics into sheep and goats, and became utterly contemptuous of those who did not give her what all dramatists, according to Sir Arthur Pinero, demand as essential, "praise, praise, praise." One of the appreciative "sheep" was Mr. E. Fordham Spence, whose criticism in *The Westminster Gazette* and *The Sketch* won her gratitude.

" March 2, 1899.

" DEAR MR. SPENCE,

"I must thank you at once for your kind and *reasoned* criticism of my play. I attempted to give the abnormal types of character produced by the abnormal political crisis in 1835 in Spain. The Carlist question seemed to make men—and women—absolutely unstable, inconsequent, desperate, and inexplicable. Great deeds of heroism were done: and also extraordinary acts of treachery, followed by repentances as sudden as the one I have described. I was ill with nervousness about the play (before the first night) because I felt I was presenting something violently 'impressionist.' I crowded—as you say in so many words—the history of an epoch into a short act. I tried to give a diagram of the Carlist question! Were you given a book of the words? Des Escas—speeches and all—is a faithful portrait of many a Carlist—not forgetting the first Don Carlos, who chopped and changed with every wind. Doesn't he (Des



Escas) explain the failure of the Cause? People will not have any sympathy with it. I cannot always resist these studies in out-of-the-way psychology—but I see now that they are *not* for the stage. You put it all so clearly and kindly that, whereas I *was* depressed, I feel quite cheered again. The piece—as a piece—was warmly received last night: they had two calls at the finish. That no doubt was for the acting and the music."

"March 10, 1899.

"DEAR MR. SPENCE,

"Many thanks for your very kind letter. I see clearly, of course, all your points, and am most grateful for the criticism. As a matter of fact, I did not think that I was attempting anything altogether *new* in my 'compressed' tragedy. Browning wrote some of his most vivid poems on the theory that you may take a soul's crisis (which may last only for a few minutes) and let that represent the text of the man's whole life. Need I say that I do *not* compare myself with Browning? But the scheme of the little play is most careful—every line has its place in the general scheme. It continues to be extraordinarily well received by large and most attentive audiences. No doubt the plot is now known, and 'Des Escas' is now described in the programme as 'The Count Des Escas (disguised as a Friar).' I was *entirely* to blame for the misleading programme of the first night. I had very few friends at the theatre on Tuesday night: that is why I took my call in perfect good faith, and remained under the impression, till the next day, that the piece had found general favour. It was our average 'house'—apart from the critics—and all the 'clapping' parts had bought

their seats in the ordinary way. I knew *two* ladies in the dress-circle—and Mrs. Dormer and her daughter—no one else. I recognized one acquaintance only in the pit. It was—so far as I was concerned—a house full of strangers. Mr. Alexander was not even recognized on his entrance—so it was no ‘packed house’ so far as he was concerned. This is why we all felt cheerful after the performance. I go into this because I still cannot help feeling that the play is dramatic. You will understand, won’t you ? ”

Another appreciative critic was Mr. I. N. Ford, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, to whom she writes :

“ DEAR MR. FORD,

“ I have been hoping to call on Mrs. Ford and tell her how much I enjoyed her dinner-party, but when I have not been hard at work, I have been ill, and when I have not been ill, I have been hard at work ! I have been away to Malvern for change, and am now going to try what the mild climate of the Isle of Wight will do for my heart. I wish especially to thank you for your very sympathetic notice in the *Tribune* of my little play. Naturally, I expect criticism of my work, and find it in many ways a help, but the extraordinary tone adopted by many of the London papers, particularly those which are for the popular rather than the educated mind, was to me inexplicable. However, the play has held its own. . . . The first-night verdict has been endorsed at every performance, and the play has more than accomplished its purpose, which was to introduce a new feature into the bill after the long run in

London and throughout the United Kingdom of *The Ambassador*. Curiously enough, many people to whom *The Ambassador* did not especially appeal, are greatly taken by the little play, and so, by these means, most playgoers find something to interest them in the present performance. This has been especially gratifying to me because I fancy it may pave the way for other authors, who, while they have a reputation in literature, find it exceedingly difficult to get a hearing at all in this particular branch of art (a very difficult one) which finds its expression in the one-act drama. There is nothing at all of the kind in English, and mine is, therefore, the first of its class, being original and not adapted from the French; because of this it has met the pioneer's usual handling—if you will excuse the flippancy, the man who fell among thieves is not in it!"

A letter to Mr. Moberly Bell at this date was written on the same subject.

"April 10, 1899.

"DEAR MR. BELL,

"I wonder if you would think me a great bore and most impertinent if I asked you to mention—in some corner of the *Times*—that I have disposed of the acting rights of *A Repentance* for France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia? It will be produced at leading theatres in all these countries during the next six months. I would not ask this great favour in my own interest, but the less educated newspapers wrote so strongly against the little piece that it came very hard on the poor theatre. We weathered the storm, I am thankful to say, but Sir Hubert Parry and all concerned were much distressed about it. I can't pretend

that *I* was indifferent. It is not pleasant to have some eighteen months' hard work wholly misunderstood. Of course, I have had a great number of private letters which give me the highest encouragement, but I must think of the actors and actresses. I feel quite certain that you will understand me, because you are so kind and understand human affairs. And I will understand *perfectly* if you can't put in the little notice."

Mr. Owen Seaman, now the accomplished editor of *Punch* and ever a true critic of literature, writes :

"Many thanks for your kind present of the play. I shall follow it better when I have read it. I am quite sure you have reproduced the characteristics of the period, but I think I shall still doubt if Des Escas would have 'argued with himself' just this way, aloud before his wife whom he has not seen for years. I quite agree that 'the best women are never loved in earnest till they have been missed.' 'They are taken,' as you say, 'for granted.' Yes. But he had had two years to miss her in: and in the sense that he could have had her back at any time. I suppose you rather mean that it was not until he found that she loved the cause better than she loved him, that he found he had lost her: and the only way to win her back was to die for her. That seems conceivable, but not quite so conceivable with such a man. The process that disillusioned him of a cause might well have disillusioned him of a woman who was a cause personified. And indeed, speaking as a mere man, I would think long before I gave my life for love of a

woman who preferred a cause to *me*, traitor or not. Those are not the women that men love or die for.

"And women know this:"

'Then the Countess, "My choice be a wretch,  
Mere losel in body and soul,  
Thrice accurst! What care I, so he stretch  
Arms to me his sole saviour, love's ultimate goal,  
Out of earth and men's noise—names of 'infidel,' 'traitor,'  
Cast up at him? . . .'"

"And the Abbé, you remember, after a reflective pinch of snuff, agreed that

'The love which to one and one only has reference  
Seems terribly like what perhaps gains God's preference.'

"And man's too, I would add. . . ."

Mr. Benjamin Swift the novelist wrote the following appreciative letter:

" . . . I must congratulate on *A Repentance*. I have seen the foolish things that have been said about it, that it is too hurried, etc. As if passion is ever anything else! The conflict between the Countess des Escas' political passion and her personal love is not only admirably but powerfully done. I was very much impressed. It is a piece of splendid concentration. Really the condition of literary and dramatic criticism in this country is enough to make any writer sick of his career. I hope you will go on with these swift strokes, too swift for the hobbling brains of your critics. No really impressionable mind can fail to be impressed."

Perhaps one of the most understanding letters came from Mr. George Wyndham, who wrote:



“ I think the three phases true—1, the acceptance, intellectually languid, though temperamentally active, of a traditional cause and a conventional marriage;—2, the conversion, on practical grounds, not to the winning so much as the apparently dynamic side;—3, re-conversion, after a ‘ caste ’ hesitation over turning your coat twice—to the human and strong, not the ‘ beau rôle.’ Perhaps, I have misread the character, and, certainly, I have omitted the perturbing force, always great in a man of that kind, of finding that he is loved, as we say, for himself. All this fits in with that kind of man, intellectually sceptical and temperamentally human. And that kind of man is the man of to-day; detached by analysis from his own age, only to be sucked more assuredly into the stream of the ages. When all has been said, and so much more than need be said, or can be said to any purpose, the old calls ‘ For the King ’—‘ For Country ’—‘ For the God of our fathers ’—‘ For the one woman ’—find an answer in the heart of man, which he seals with the Amen of action, just because he is a man and cannot live or die without a purpose.”

Mrs. Craigie had the temperament that could face defeat as well as triumph, and when *A Repentance* did not gain the appreciation for which she had hoped, she was not discouraged, but only more determined to succeed if possible as a dramatic author, which had been, for some years, her ambition. She remarked, however, to a very intimate friend, speaking of *A Repentance*, “ How strange it is that if you give your best to any one, it always means a

fight, a struggle and pain ! ” During the first unfortunate months of the Boer War, Mrs. Craigie expressed the opinion that *A Repentance* might, under those sad circumstances, have been better understood by the London public. However that may be, she made undoubtedly a daring experiment in attempting the representation of such a subtle character as that of the Count des Escas upon an English stage.

To one of her most intimate friends she writes along these lines some letters from which we take fragments :

“ Fatigue has become my normal condition, and every movement is an effort. I force myself to get up ; I force myself to eat (and I devour, in my zeal, whole oxen) ; I force myself to work, and I force myself to drive. I ought to stop in bed for a month. . . . I have had a charming letter from Benjamin Swift about the little play. Des Escas is a man. It may be impossible for *us* to like him, but he is a human being and he found a place of repentance. That is all I wish admitted. I have found a motto for the piece : ‘ Still prompts the celestial right, for which we wish to live or dare to die. ’ This must be printed with it hereafter.

“ P.S.—Violets are always lucky omens for me.”

“ On Friday I dined with the Stanley Clarkes to meet Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. Both highly agreeable. C—— was there. Said he, slyly, in the course of conversation, ‘ Are you a psychologist—of the advanced school ? ’ ‘ I

am very psychological,' said I, 'but I am even more orthodox!' He turned pale, dropped his eyes, and I, laughing sweetly, tripped off! Last night a letter (longish) from him. He says that he is 'piqued,' 'curious,' etc., etc., wants me to lunch on Tuesday. He, too, is 'Catholic but philosophical also.' Philosophy is now substituted for psychology. This is as it should be!"

" . . . is really most agreeable and handsome to look at. I wish she didn't tilt her hats over her left eye. This spoils her appearance as a rule. . . . There are three very foolish young women here—'or to be generous let us say *four*!' They mean well but their minds do not exist. They have respectively three or four astonishingly silly young men. . . . Sadness, unrest, and ennui brood over the house."

"Am tired as usual. House packed. . . . Have but a moment now and again for the sky."

"Now that I have seen the new play, I am appalled at my genius for writing comedy! Never have I heard or seen such repulsive rubbish: never have I been so cheered in my attitude toward posterity. As for *The Wisdom of the Wise*, I don't know whether it is good or not. What do you *really* think? I fancy I could improve it, yet it is so *true*."

"I tried to work at four o'clock. Enter X. Enter Elliot and Fry. Enter 'my little boy.' (This most welcome.) Enter B., at intervals, for sundries. (Other days I swing to and fro on the bell.) Enter le père A., sa femme, ses deux filles and the promise of—another.

When I tell you that A. warned me that B. was another Sarah Bernhardt! I knew what I had to expect, and you will imagine what I had to endure! Enter R. Enter M. Enter man from Sturm and Knight's. Exit X. at 5. Exeunt the A.'s at 7.30. Little Pearlie takes a bath. Is only cheered by hearing that *A Repentance* comes out at Empire Theatre, N. Y., this month."

"VENTNOR.

"We return to town to-morrow by a 10 a.m. train. I have no particular news, but I feel really better. Totland Bay was an awful place for my nerves; we couldn't open the windows, and unless the windows are open, I feel as though I *cannot* die! (You know that in Ireland they always open the windows when people are dying.) This is not morbid, but my spirit must be able to get about. . . .

"I have quite recovered from my rage against the critics, and I doubt extremely whether I could ever again feel anything about them one way or the other. The lesson was required if I am to continue stage work. At this moment—away from the excitement—the vulgarity of Jarley-ism all but overwhelms me: surely, there was never anything quite so abominable in a small way. And yet—the stage is such a power. Politics and all public things are odious when you study them in detail: but the whole plan is fine. I must stand by my guns."

"I am always attracted (perversely, I know) by selfish, unsympathetic men. This is as well, for if I could find a real hero, I should go straight to the devil with him!! . . . I put in two or three hours a day—*never* more. I find it

better to take more rest. I used to sit too long. I try also to do a fixed bit per diem. This may sound uninspired: I fancy the workmanship gains by this method."

"Unwin says that the book is going wonderfully well: as for S. for S.—first 6d. edition of 30,000. Am I becoming a popular author! . . . Am much rested and getting irritable. The working beast must work: holidays—after a reasonable period—agree ill with it."

"What you say about my resenting trouble given to me is very true. I resent it when it takes everything out of me and *does no good*. Besides, I like people of decisive character. But 'it is God alone Whom we may never fear to love too well.'"

"My artistic temperament must really be left in peace. I have to lead my own life in my own way, etc., etc. And 'my own way' is remarkably harmless—when one realizes what an artistic temperament can be, may be, and often must be."

We publish a letter written this Easter (1899) to Mrs. Clement Shorter, because it indicates the sympathetic interest with which she watches the work of younger writers, especially of her own sex.

"IMPERIAL HOTEL, MALVERN,  
*Easter Eve, 1899.*

"DEAR MRS. SHORTER,

"I feel sure that I may write and thank you for your beautiful ballad in yesterday's *Chronicle*. I can think of nothing so poignant, so full of true pathos, or so encouraging in modern



English poetry which would for a moment compare with the lovely work in question. I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but in this instance I am unable to resist my impulse to thank you for such a noble song.

“ With kind regards to you both,

“ Yours very faithfully,

“ PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

A letter written by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the well-known novelist, has some bearing upon the same attitude of mind.

“ DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“ It’s a wicked world, for there be people in it (how they lie !) who say that women are not generous to each other. Well—well ! I send you my love, dear, and a kiss.

“ Yours,

“ LUCY CLIFFORD.”

In July of 1899 we find Mrs. Craigie corresponding with Mr. Arthur Benson, then of Eton College, as to her son entering that school, which he has but recently left.

“ *July 15, 1899.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I am extremely anxious that my boy’s name should be put down for admission into your House at Eton. Can you give me any hope at all in the matter ? Could I see you on the subject ? ”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I don’t know how to express my thanks for your kindness. I have great horror of giving any trouble to others, but in the present

case it seems unavoidable. Naturally, I am too pleased to follow your advice, and I will carry out any plan you may be good enough to suggest. On Wednesday next I go to Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, for six days. May I drive over to see you, or could you come to Stoke Court on Saturday afternoon, the 30th? With regard to the boy's religious instruction: he may not be brought up as a Roman Catholic. I have the sole guardianship and custody of the child, but the English law is very decisive on *that* point. I was not a Roman Catholic at the time of my marriage. Mr. Craigie is not allowed what is called 'legal access' to the boy. (In some cases of the kind, the child or children spend six months with one parent and six with the other. A terrible arrangement.) The circumstances of my own suit were such that the Judge made an unusually severe order. I hate going into these matters, but of course you must be informed on the subject."

"July 26, 1899.

"DEAR MR. BENSON,

"Any conventional expression of gratitude would be quite inadequate, so I won't attempt to thank you for your kindness. I have been obliged to postpone my visit to Stoke Court because we are leaving town on Saturday for the Isle of Wight, and I have to remain here in order to direct the packing, etc., etc. We have taken a place at St. Lawrence for four months. I shall hope to see you at Eton after the holidays—if you can spare me half an hour."

In August 1899 Mrs. Craigie visited Bayreuth, and wrote for *The Times* an article on the music of Wagner, with special reference to the per

formance of *Parsifal* that year. That she was not an unreasoning admirer of that composer may be gathered from the following sentences which occur toward the close of her review :

" As a composer, even if he has mastered the technique of Bach and covered more ground than Beethoven, Wagner has never caught the spirituality of the one nor approached the heights of the other. When he might have soared he relied upon the scene-painter and imitation clouds on gauze. But where he is supreme among the greatest is in his representation of nature. Wagner alone has seized the music of the earth. No one else has caught and enchained for ever the mysteries of life 'outdoors'—the sound of wind in the trees, the fall of night on black mountains, fiercest gales, and the melancholy of sunset, the spell of a spring morning, the break of day, the madness of the storm, the flow of the river, the singing of rushes in a pool, the rage and hunger of the sea, and the wrath of the tempest. For these physical forces he shows an unerring and serene sympathy ; no 'personal equation' disturbed his genius in this regard, or drove him, out of sheer hostility to human nature, as he found it, to utter the word too much. It is the cruel reproof of time and destiny that a man of Wagner's genius should come to be regarded as the pessimistic sensualist who twangs the old song of self-indulgence in a louder, and, therefore, newer way. He was a great man, but the greatest man is not so great as mankind. His art was too personal, nervous, overcharged ; and the vast crowd who are ever waiting in the market-place to dance to any piping—no matter how inferior—on the ensual

strings, go to him, not for his incomparable gifts, but because he seems a sensation monger with a hurdy-gurdy."

Writing to a friend from Bayreuth on the Wagner performances, Mrs. Craigie says :

"I think the thing is, on the whole, mere sensationalism of a rather vicious kind. In less than ten years Wagner will be 'off.'"

## CHAPTER VIII

### “ROBERT ORANGE” AND “THE WISDOM OF THE WISE”

THE year 1900 saw Mrs. Craigie busy with her work “Robert Orange” and her three-act comedy *The Wisdom of the Wise*, but the correspondence available is very slight. We find a letter of January 17 to Mr. Clement Shorter, which has reference to a work of the previous year :

“DEAR MR. SHORTER,

“It will give me much pleasure to write a short story for *The Sphere*. May I take this opportunity of thanking you for your very kind reference to *Osbern and Ursyne* in *The Weekly Sun*? The play has many faults, I know, but I have been some years thinking it out, and the period has long been of interest to me.”

Then there is a letter from Trentham, also dated January 17, to “Anthony Hope,” who had just established a fund for necessitous writers in connection with the Society of Authors, and whose play *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* was about to be put on the stage ;



“DEAR MR. HAWKINS,

“Your letter has reached me *viâ* London, and the Isle of Wight! I will gladly subscribe £100 to the Fund. Great woe that you can't be here. I am praying to get seats for Thursday. Do put in a word for my application. All good wishes for a big success.”

The next letter is to Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Pinero :

“DEAR MR. PINERO,

“I feel I must tell you how greatly I enjoyed *Dandy Dick*, which I saw last night. There is nothing in Molière more delightful than the evening at home (actually I wanted it encored several times without respect of persons). Topping Tarner and Darbey are perfect joys; the Dean too is splendid. In fact, it is all so extraordinarily clever, that I wish you had a play on at every theatre! Please don't trouble to acknowledge this. I want to thank you: I don't want to bore you.”

To her publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, she writes on April 12 :

“You will find that ‘The Herb Moon’ comes to about 20,000 words. This did pretty well. Of course, I feel that there is a large public for the paper two-and-sixpenny—got up in the French style. People would buy them instead of these trashy magazines. Six shillings is too much for a novel which is not well bound enough for one's library, and too good to throw away. I won't pay that myself. A paper one can be re-bound. In fact, the French system

is the best, and French authors, publishers, and booksellers are very prosperous."

Sir Arthur Pinero has clearly complimented Mrs. Craigie upon *Osbern and Ursyne*, for she writes :

"April 24.

"MY DEAR MR. PINERO,

"I can't express my gratitude for your more than kind encouraging words about my blank-verse play. It has pleased me to such a point that I fear my friends may complain—'she is giving herself airs.' But when I remind them that *you* have spoken well of me, they will admit my perfect justification. With warmest thanks,

"Believe me, dear Mr. Pinero,

"Yours sincerely,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

Mrs. Craigie's views on Charles Dickens's "*Dombey and Son*" expressed to an intimate friend are interesting :

"What a day ! I am spending it contentedly in bed, alternately laughing and whimpering (to my rage) over '*Dombey and Son*.' I have never met any one (except little Paul Dombey) who felt so precisely as I feel. The same symptoms : the same weird head, the same sleepless, dozing, capricious fatigue. It may be a description of Dickens's own childhood ; one can be chronically over-tired till a green<sup>d</sup>old age, or at all events a middle one. The descriptions

of Paul's sensations with regard to the river and the sea—the cloudiness, sometimes, of the people around him—are given with extraordinary realism. The strange thing is that I am attracted to the same chapters and characters which attracted me years ago—probably twenty-five years ago—when I was about eight. I am still bored by Cap'n Cuttle, Walter, Old Sol, and Carker : I am still fascinated by Mrs. Pipchin, Mr. Toots, and Susan Nipper : I am still fond of little Paul (egoism again) and poor Florence : still sorry for old Dombey : Mrs. Skewton seems to be admirable : Edith I could never 'take to.' But good Mrs. Brown remains an imperishable 'villain'—with one soft spot. . . . This morning I flitted in to wish Happy New Year, etc., etc., and have been 'Little Wreckie aged two thousand' ever since. But I managed the *Merry Wives* and *Midnight Mass* last night. (I say if any misanthrope were to put, in my presence, the question 'Why were we born?' I should reply to 'make an effort.' Mrs. Chick to Florence, 'Dombey and Son.') If I waited till things were not an effort, I should do little indeed."

Soon after this "Robert Orange" was published, and she wrote to Mr. Fisher Unwin :

"They tell me at Bumpus's (Oxford Street) that most of their customers like 'R. O.' better than 'The School.' I prefer it myself. . . . My hand is shaky because I have been up day and night since last Thursday week. My boy has been at death's door. He is better now."

Dr. Joseph Parker wrote to his old friend on July 6 :

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"You never take a drive towards Hampstead Heath, or I would hope for a chance to *talk* about 'R. O.' I cannot write, I have read it all, and I must scream. I cannot *write* my criticism. One feeling runs like this : Thank God this genius is getting tired of 'Society,' and her natural soul is looking wistfully toward green fields with all their buttercup gospels and truth-singing birds : we shall yet welcome her into the Crystal house where Yea is Yea and Nay is Nay. I tell you I must scream—perhaps (save us) in the pulpit."

Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote on April 14 :

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The last ten days, particularly full of social and literary labour, have been lightened to me at every available moment by the reading of 'Robert Orange.' It is hardly worth while to say that I enjoyed it, because you are one of the very few contemporary writers of fiction who never fail to seem to me worth reading, who are always responsive. Some day I hope to make an extended study of your works, but the time has not come for that. I do not yet—I think you do not yet—see quite clearly whither you are going. Only I see quite clearly that you are moving, and moving with delicate elegance. . . . I think the handling of character in 'Robert Orange' curiously uneven. R. O. himself is very good—a little dim and unaccountable, but that is no fault. Brigit very vivid and picturesque—quite good, I think ; a little un-

interesting, but that is her fault, not yours. Her companions must, in time, have grown exceedingly tired of her : the reader does not. A complete success in portraiture is Lady Fitz-Rewes—in this book as in the ‘S. for S.’ to me the most sympathetic of all the figures. She never speaks, never appears, without pleasing me. Lord Reckage I think a failure, and I think you think so too—you kill him off so abruptly. . . . If anybody tells you that your method of using letters and fragments of memoirs to move the narrative along is a bad one, pray treat him with contempt, for it is an excellent method and you use it with brilliant skill. Your touches of literature are always happy, and the scenes from Marivaux form, in my opinion, the most admirable passage in the book. If I dared I should warn you against emphasizing your tendency to treat the relations of the sexes in too niggling a spirit. To make Lady Sara take the veil is, I believe, not only a mistake in itself but an anticlimax, for it belittles, by a repetition, the renunciation of Robert Orange. But I am ashamed. And if I had less confidence of your perfect candour face to face with your own genius (so considerable, so charming) I should not dare to send you this impertinent letter.”

A few days later came a letter from the Duchess of Sutherland dated The Fishery, Cookham :

“ MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“ I have read ‘ Robert Orange ’ and must write and tell you how clever I think it is. It is full of good things, things to mark and remember, and your style is delicious. I like it



better than 'The School for Saints.' Into the bargain it is a very original book.

"If I may pass any criticism, it reminds me now and then that you wrote it at the Convent window. You hold your people back from doing all they would, because in a measure you *must* save them from the consequences. You keep in curb the possibilities of impulsive life for them, by your knowledge and conviction that they shall realize the best that you have realized—especially that *best* which has come to you through Catholic teaching. It is a quaint feeling but I thought I'd tell you I had it—because your book is without exaggeration a delicate masterpiece. I hope you are better and resting? I am writing to you under the trees on this glorious day—*alone* for once!! Do come to Dunrobin at the end of September and do just as you like.

"Yours affectionately,

"MILLICENT SUTHERLAND.

"The unfortunate result of reading 'R. O.' is that I realize that it is not worth while my ever attempting a novel again!"

Mrs. Craigie wrote to Mr. Edmund Gosse on July 23 :

"MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

"Your letter is a great treasure, and I shan't attempt the expression of conventional thanks for such kind interest in my work. It is so enchanting of you to feel that Brigit would have annoyed her friends! She would have annoyed me, I know, but I couldn't draw her otherwise. You won't think it affectation if I say I have to paint these portraits as they appear to me. With regard to faults in style, I must first accuse Unwin's printers—who drive

me crazy. As for odd or ungrammatical phrases—when they occur in the dialogue or in direct soliloquy, they are intentional. I fancy they give vitality or, at any rate, individuality to each speaker or thinker. This may be quite wrong. Mr. Walkley (in the *Morning Leader*) feels very happy because he has traced one of Lady Sara's remarks to a *Blackwood* article of 1845. He doesn't see (as you would see, at once) that an uncommon criticism of 1845 would be repeated with conviction by a young lady (considered advanced and clever) of 1869. As a matter of fact, the remark was made by Constable: Lord Garrow collected pictures: he would have all the 'remarks' of eminent artists by heart. I have given five years to the two books, and the amount of study has been pretty considerable: the phrases, the points of view may be taken as characteristic of the persons described. My prose part needs further revision. With deep gratitude,

“I am, dear Mr. Gosse,

“Yours very sincerely and meekly,

“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

To Mr. Clement Shorter she writes on August 2:

“MY DEAR MR. SHORTER,

“My little boy has been most dangerously ill—at death's door, or I would have written sooner to thank you for your most kindly words of sympathy and encouragement with regard to 'Robert Orange.' I have been up day and night ever since last Thursday week, and I can hardly hold my pen, far less express myself properly. But you will understand my gratitude, nevertheless, I know.”

To Mr. Fisher Unwin she writes :

" It is obviously unfair to expect the price of a copyright to be covered by the first year's sale—even by the sales of three or five years. If this were the case—the author would make a wretched bargain. No doubt where a 'popular' writer is in question (Miss A., for instance, or Miss B. or X.), the immediate sales are the golden—probably the *one* harvest. But where the writers are of another class, and are at least artists in name, and careful in knowledge—the work is certain to increase in value. This has been found the fact in every instance : it is the fact in the art world—and in all departments of original work. (I write in haste to catch the post, but I hope I am clear.) . . . I am not greedy 'for the earth,' but I must be a little practical now and again. . . .

" I may mention that I am not going to give scenarios or the like to any editor or publisher or manager. I must have a free hand, and they must trust me to give them properly executed work. . . . 'Robert Orange' will probably do better than 'The School' in America. But American book-readers are at present rather Caine-ish and Castle (Egerton)-ish. And then their pseudo-historical romances about American 'knights' are pleasing to the national spirit. My hero in 'Love and the Soul Hunters' is an American."

Mrs. Craigie's "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham" had appeared as a serial in the *Pall Mall Budget*, and she writes to Mr. Fisher Unwin :

"The figures for 'The Gods, etc.' are very

interesting. When the book came out it did well, although it had many readers in the *Pall Mall Budget*. So far as I can remember roughly, I made about £900 out of it. Some of the reviews were quite first-rate. . . . Apart from all this, I am quite sure that it is sound literary property: and will strike a second generation of readers. . . . Books are sometimes like real estate—they may not have a showy value but they are all right if they are well farmed! ‘The Gods’ represents a great deal of very careful work, thought, and observation: it is all original matter in every sense, and it must, therefore, hold its own.”

A little note from Mr. J. M. Barrie gave her pleasure:

“DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“I am glad you like ‘Tommy and Grizel,’ and it was very good of you to write to me about it. As for the death of Thomas, I question whether I could have written the book had I not had the looking forward to the gleeful pulling of the rope that would leave him kicking. You remind me of the story of the boy King of Spain. *Nurse*: ‘Kings don’t eat with their knives.’ *Little King*: (continuing to do it) ‘This King does.’ I am looking forward very much to your new play.

“Yours sincerely,

“J. M. BARRIE.”

On the night of November 22, 1900, *The Wisdom of the Wise* was produced by Mr. George Alexander at St. James’s Theatre, Mr. Alexander taking the part of the Duke of St. Asaph,

Mr. H. B. Irving that of Lord Appleford, Miss Julie Opp and Miss Fay Davis the principal women characters. The reception was not as enthusiastic as that which greeted *The Ambassador*, but there were friends to praise. Lady Dorothy Nevill wrote :

"One word to say I was greatly struck by your play. The dialogues are delightful, and three hours passed as three moments, and I returned equipped with cleverness. . . ."

To Mr. E. Fordham Spence she wrote her thanks for criticism :

"I can't express my gratitude for your sympathetic notice of my play. I feel very proud and encouraged. You caught my aim exactly : I wanted to get the effects of French light comedy, and as much *naturalness* as possible in my construction. The piece represents two or more years of planning and thought, and if *you* think well of it, my efforts seem wholly worth while. My one aim was to give pleasure to the audience—as well as a diagram of what goes on in many—perhaps most—young households."

Mr. I. N. Ford was clearly also one of the kindly critics :

"DEAR MR. FORD,

"I can't thank you—even adequately—for your critique of my comedy. You understand the School and the scheme. Pure comedy is *not* drama. In England these terms are so confused that one wonders why they don't



blame portraits for not being landscapes, or subject pictures for not being marine studies. You have been so extraordinarily kind in the matter, and written with such insight and real learning about comedy in general, that I believe you won't think me a bore if I tell you a little about the initial composition of this particular piece. The version read by Miss Calhoun was not the *original* version. I introduced the stronger element much against my will, and the version now given to the public is in the key of my first intention. I wanted to do a real light comedy in the Molière manner. Molière, as you rightly say, was not always understood in France, but he remains the supreme master in pure comedy as distinguished from drama, melodrama, and farce. Mr. Alexander and I both knew that *The Wisdom of the Wise* was an experiment. As work, I think it is an advance on *The Ambassador*, although the latter was more effective, perhaps, as an entertainment for a large mixed audience. In my next piece, I hope to combine the knowledge I have gained in the working out of both plays. Forgive all this egoism. I hope it won't make you wish that you were less sympathetic."

To a friend she wrote a month later :

"I am spending the day in bed because it is cold and foggy. It was past two this morning before I slept. I read Huxley's Letters, and dipped into the [Prévost] novel. The Letters are deeply interesting—Huxley's personality comes out with great charm and grit : one loves his passion for the truth and detestation of humbug. More than all, however, is the sense of his actual power—an impression which

deepens as one reads. He 'gets there.' As for the novel, it is sickening. When the second-rate French authors are decent, they are pretty-pretty: when they are indecent, they are emetics in print. There are many first-rate books which I want to read, but my brain is still rather fretful, and I daren't apply it to anything exacting. I have abstained from work, although I meditate a little, now and again, on the new play and the books. 'The Soul Hunters' always pleases me, and I am in joy over the new scheme. I intend to finish the comedy first. It is coming along very pleasantly. I don't want to write till I can enjoy writing. I cannot agree with W. S. always, but he is right in his theory that works of art—produced under strong exertions of mere will-power (*i.e.* the determination to stick to one's task in spite of fatigue or interruptions) must be infected by duty and something didactic! I want to write the comedy on lines of 'joy.' (What is that?) Some change is going on in me—psychologically and perhaps mentally. It will express itself in the novels—so prepare! . . . My help in life has been the certain crude ability to take the world's view of affairs. I can be strictly impartial when it comes to the point—so impartial, in fact, that I startle opponents and allies equally! It is impossible to feel bitter on any subject—and the longer I live, the more I understand the inexorable justice (real justice as opposed to poetic and fantastic justice) of human affairs. I shall jaw on this topic till I die—this and the tyranny of false sentiment."

Two characteristic letters from Sir Francis Burnand are dated in November of this year :

"10 BOUVERIE STREET, E.C., November 16, 1900.

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"You failed me as regards the story for *Punch* and now it is too late.

"But it occurs to me that you might very well do *papers* in *Punch* as Thackeray did. His were principally descriptive of Club life and of men. But nowadays your wide experience of women would surely give you material for papers, essays, sketches where the 'principals' (as we say on the stage) would be all 'on the spindle side.' Snobesses for 'snobs' . . . The Lady at her Club . . . The Quite-the-lady . . . The Gossip . . . The 'Sportswoman,' and so forth and so forth. Papers that would be written *currente calamo* for the *currente numero*. Making about two columns or more—or less—as the fancy took you.

"Now will you consider this? I hope that we shall soon meet and that you will be inclined to 'entertain the idea' as I am sure the idea worked out by you will entertain the public.

"Yours very truly,

"F. C. BURNAND."

"27 THE BOLTONS, S.W.

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"I was delighted to receive your note, very sorry that once again we have failed to catch you in our dinner net on my birthday night—a great night for England of course! You would have had some pleasant companions and we should have had the great pleasure of introducing to you some of my daughters—entirely your admirers. However, what can't be—can't be, and as you start for Egypt before Thursday all I can do is to wish you the best

of 'bons voyages' and now proceed to answer your letter. . . .

"I trust you will be inspired to do something—you can sign it or not as you like—it raises curiosity *not* to sign at first but to adopt a mysterious and striking signature. Then 'authorship *will out*'—and you stand confessed, and absolved—with a pen (and ink)-ance.

"F. C. BURNAND."

## CHAPTER IX

### AN ITALIAN JOURNEY

THE year 1901 gave us only one short novel from Mrs. Craigie's pen, "The Serious Wooing." Travel on the Continent made up for a considerable portion of its author's year. Disappointment at the reception of *The Wisdom of the Wise* no doubt affected Mrs. Craigie's spirits at this time. On January 2 she wrote to Mr. George Alexander :

"MY DEAR G. A.,

"You have been a wonder and an angel all through this trying affair, and those who have always admired your spirit, admire it, if possible, more than ever. As for me, I haven't been well treated, but I daresay I have come off as well as the other dramatists ; for from Pinero to Shakespeare, they have to stand insult, abuse, and misunderstanding, with just enough praise now and then to keep them alive for the next battering-ram ! This belongs to public life, and whether one is Lord Salisbury, Chamberlain, George R. Sims, Homer, or Tod Sloan, we have to face the music ! (I am glad they call it music.) With my best wishes for your good health, prosperity, happiness, and fighting quality,

"Yours really affectionately, dear G. A.,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE,"



To a woman friend she wrote on January 4 :

"I have had a very severe cough and bad nights. Trentham visit cancelled of course. But I may go to Ventnor on the 9th, or a week later : hence, uncertainty of plans. . . . *Frocks and Frills* received the worst 'booing' I ever heard : a correspondence on the subject now rages in the *Standard*, 'conduct unworthy of a British audience,' 'organized opposition,' etc., etc. *Most* of the papers do not mention the reception ! The piece was well acted, although Maude has a silly part which gives him little scope. As a play, it is harmless but uninteresting. Nobody matters. The great reputation of the theatre *may* give it a run, but I doubt it."

And on February 10 :

"I went to see *Twelfth Night*, and it has restored my temper perfectly. Tree is excellent : a most elaborate, skilful caricature of humanity. Benson was more human, but Tree—on his own lines—could hardly be better. I was in great spirits, and I adore, madly, Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. (Lionel Brough can't touch Weir in the part, who was always a gentleman—and mostly so in sottish drunkenness. The other is the conventional stage 'jolly old boy.') I am always encouraged after Shakespeare : it is like music."

The succeeding letters speak for themselves.

*To Mr. Arthur Pinero.*

"MY DEAR MR. PINERO,

"I am venturing to send a very clever young actress to you, a Miss Gosse. She would, I think, be useful in a character part. Her

imitations of Duse and Bernhardt are extraordinarily good. I became acquainted with her through Miss Edwardes (Maid of Honour to the late Queen). Miss Gosse recited at a small party given by Mrs. Edwardes. I have been talking about you in an article for the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. I think you will be amused.

"Yours very sincerely, dear Mr. Pinero,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

*To Mr. A. Hope Hawkins.*

"MY DEAR MR. HAWKINS,

"I can't thank you enough for your truly charming letter. Literary work is my refuge and amusement, and if I could not forget myself in the spinning of yarns and little studies, I don't know what would become of me. I have had very severe domestic troubles, and my wholly unnecessary heart (never strong) was overstrained during my small boy's illness last summer. I was up night and day for several weeks, and I am paying for this now. One hates grumbling about one's health, and I think women ought to die quickly, and neatly and early! I am reluctant to resign my place on your Committee, because I think the scheme is such a sound one. Authors will owe much to you for your strong action, indeed initiative, in the matter. With many thanks again, dear Mr. Hawkins, for your true kindness,

"I am yours sincerely,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

*To Mrs. Henniker.*

"April 5.

"MY DEAREST FLO,

"I have been dreadfully seedy ever since my small boy's illness last August, but the

collapse came in December. Sir William Broadbent consulted another specialist on my behalf, and they have decided that I am all right organically but very delicate. So now—after weeks in bed—I am going to Italy with my aunt. It seems centuries since I saw you. But this is to wish you all Easter blessings: you are often in my mind and your charming little photograph faces me all day.

“Yours very affectionately, dearest Flo,  
“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL, LUCERNE.

*April 10, 1901, 10 a.m.*

“I wrote a postcard from Basle this morning, and I have little to add beyond the fact that we made a punctual journey here, have charming rooms facing the lake, Mont Pilatus, and the Rigi, have had warm baths and our coffee. I am now in bed—the windows wide open; and if it were not rather misty, I should have a magnificent view. . . . On the steamer I met Julian Sturgis. He is going—with his wife—to visit Mrs. Humphry Ward: he wants to adapt ‘Eleanor’ for the stage. Mrs. Ward has a villa near Genoa.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL, LUCERNE.

*April 12, 1901.*

“No news. I drove alone to Wagner’s cottage at Tübschen—quite in the country and really beautiful. The cottage is small and a Prima Donna has added terrible ‘improvements,’ so it is ruined now. In Wagner’s day, it was well situated facing the Rigi. I do not care

for Switzerland and I shall be glad to settle in Italy for a rest! The screaming steamers here are as bad as they are at Oban. But the air is magnificent, and the views when one can see them;—they are familiarly fine!”

*To a Friend.*

“SALSOMAGGIORE, April 15, 1901.

“This place is really charming and I could rest here. . . . But as I am not taking the baths, it seems foolish to spend time and money in a village remarkable for nothing except its mud and iodine. We have had two lovely drives and some walks. . . . I am getting very fussy about noise, eating in big, crowded coffee rooms, etc., etc. I have always loathed a public table, but the feeling grows upon me. . . . (A big brass band—‘The Philharmonic Society’ of Salso—is playing Verdi in the square outside to ‘inaugurate’ the three new electric lights. Even thus does civilization advance beyond the Apennines.)”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“HOTEL DES THERMES, SALSOMAGGIORE, PARMA.  
April 15, 1901.

“The weather is lovely and we have had a splendid drive over the hills to an old Palazzo. Too picturesque to describe! We leave for Florence to-morrow, because, as I have decided not to take the mud-baths, it is better to go to a more interesting place. A band is playing like mad, and quiet is a word to be found in the dictionary—nowhere else. Drunken masons (who are improving the property) sing at the tavern outside the hotel from 1 a.m. till 3 a.m. and I feel as though I were rehearsing a provincial pantomime—the serious parts. Hundreds

of villagers are talking outside. Imagine a Ritz Hotel at Naples, Ontario, and you have the whole situation."

The following letter is to her son. There are some hundreds of letters to him, as she wrote a few lines almost daily. These now published have been selected as showing the anxiety she always felt that he should be in touch with her life. He had not been away from her until this year, when he was eleven years old.

*To John Craigie.*

"HOTEL DES THERMES, SALSOMAGGIORE.

*April 16, 1901.*

"We are just starting for the Savoy Hotel, Florence. The day is splendid, rather hot, but with a fresh breeze. Yesterday we went to an old Palace, seven miles off. You would have thought it rather dreary—although the sun shone. We were shown a long empty ball-room, and dining-room, and several sad dark bedrooms in all of which some Duke, or Marquessa, or Bishop had died. The Marquessa who owns the place now lives in four little rooms (with one servant) on the top floor. She wears a veil over her face the whole time because her husband is dead. And she cries every minute. She is the last of her race. The servants seemed cheerful: the visitors give them large tips for showing the Palazzo and telling about the Marquessa. . . . I hope you are good and happy. Be careful about draughts and get to bed in decent time.

"Ever your loving

"MOTHER."





JOHN CHURCHILL CRAIGIE, 1909.



*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.  
*April 18, 1901.*

“ I wake now at 6 a.m. to read Italian : we get to bed about 9 p.m. I am not rushing through the picture galleries : we do a little each day. . . . The drives are lovely and I spend as much time as possible in the air. . . . We have no news, of course, as that is at your disposal. Here we have pictures and architecture and a great anxiety for the post ! ”

“GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.  
*April 19, 1901.*

“ . . . The weather continues fine and I seem to be gaining daily in strength. . . . To-morrow we drive to Fiesole—which will be a most necessary rest after the pictures and churches. . . . *Coriolanus* ought to succeed—in spite of the dull notices. . . . I am not working just now, but I am making many notes, etc., and reading Italian.”

“GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.  
*April 22, 1901.*

“ We have had a tremendous day : Michael Angelo's house, the Pitti Gallery, two of the Medici villas (now Royal property), and to-night we go to the Café chantant ! . . . The weather has been magnificent. No news. To-morrow, if it is fine, we go to Vallombrosa. I am in the air as much as possible, and feel a new creature already.”

*To John Craigie.*

"GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.

*April 24, 1901.*

"I saw three little American boys to-day. They like America better than Florence. . . . There are a lot of very beautiful things to see: when you are older you must see them all. The Italians are cruel to their animals, and so much pleasure is spoilt for me. I walked two hours uphill yesterday because one of the horses was a skeleton covered with scars and sores! It made me perfectly ill."

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

"GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.

*April 25, 1901.*

"Another crowded day. I went for the second time to the Pitti Gallery: in the afternoon to the Royal Apartments there—fine rooms and beautiful pictures; then for a walk in the Boboli Gardens—which are lovely. Roses bursting through the hedges, trees in blossom, birds singing. Mr. Gosse is clamouring for an article on George Sand, but I cannot do original work just now. I am making a lot of notes and my head is literally crammed. I have promised to lecture the Dante Society on 'Dante and Botticelli' (Mr. Choate in the chair)."

"GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.

*April 27, 1901.*

"A busy day. I like to see all I can as I may never come to Florence again, and I should be vexed if I missed any important work or sight. We went to Galileo's Tower this afternoon: Milton is supposed to have visited him there. The view was magnificent: I wish one could see

it on a starry night. We went to churches and the Palazzo Riccardi earlier in the day. Surely we are related to the Riccardi! To-night we go to the Opera. One wears a hat—so theatre-going is no trouble here. We have had thunder and now it is pouring. The English and Italian climates are not so different. But the charm here is that it is a *town* in the country. There is lovely fresh air, and there are magnificent galleries, buildings, and museums into the bargain. You have the river, mountains, fields and trees, and gardens and vineyards, with all the advantages of a great city. This is why it differs from every other place in the world, and is so peculiarly delightful. I should not care to live here permanently : it is an ideal spot for a holiday.”

The reference to Mr. Edmund Gosse in one of the foregoing letters relates to his wish that she should contribute an article on George Sand to a series consisting of examples of the works of certain French novelists. Each volume was to contain a preface on its author by some distinguished English man of letters. The three following letters are concerned with this project.

“GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.  
April 27, 1901.

“MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“I have been very seedy. Broadbent has sent me here to rest! Of course, I am not resting, and I am dragged daily from the Galleries. I go to Venice on May 1st, and I expect to be in London about the end of next month, when—after a little brief gasping and a good deal



of digitalis—I will write the ‘George Sand’ with all the pleasure in life. Will this do? Please say yes. After that delicious article on Biography (in the *A.S.R.*) you ought to be in a heavenly good temper.

“Yours very sincerely,  
“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

“MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“You choose, naturally, what is beautiful and most delicate in George Sand’s art. For the general reader, however, who might wish to understand S.’s ‘grip on the herd’ (what an expression), what do you think of *Mauprat*? It shows off her literary skill to great advantage: the yarn—as a yarn—is absolutely first-rate: the tone is not alarming to families: she sticks faithfully to the plot and never introduces immoralizings: on the whole, it has yet to be beaten as a romance. *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt* shows her brain power, but it is too clever and politically still dangerous.

“I am so glad that you don’t think me ‘cheeky’ for venturing to mention Donne. It is a marvellous portrait, and, one feels, true—just as, in another art, the great painters of character were true.

“In great haste (because you may be in a hurry),

“Yours very sincerely,  
“PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.”

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W.

December 30, 1901.

“MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“So long as I am charmed by one of your incomparable, perfectly delightful letters, you

may scold and scold ! I am altogether ' to the good ' with this precious autograph before me : in fact no sinner with an indulgence ( according to Protestant libels ) was ever so blissful in iniquity as I.

" I send the little article. I will make it better in proof, but it represents a lot of thought. The thing now is to make it look pretty. I can't do this till I see it in print.

" Yours ever sincerely and gratefully, dear  
Mr. Gosse,

" PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

" GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.  
*April 28, 1901.*

" I cannot manage teas and parties yet. They tire me horribly. Am very glad to hear about Steephill. You could not possibly do better. The Island holds its own for scenery against most places, and its climate is quite extraordinary. I have tried many, and I know that it is the best. There was a race in the Cascine (the Hyde Park of Florence) this afternoon. We went for a little while : it was amusing : crowds of all sorts and conditions of people in every kind of conveyance. Last night we tried the opera—which was a disappointment—very different from the splendid Berlin orchestra we heard on Thursday."

*To a Friend.*

" GRAND HOTEL, FLORENCE.  
*May 1, 1901.*

" Did I tell you that I leave for Venice (Hotel Danieli) to-day ? I expect to spend about ten days there—then homeward. I have done

a surprising amount of work at the Galleries and elsewhere: now I feel rather tired, and I shall spend a day or so in bed at Venice—if possible. . . . My Dante Lecture will be ‘Dante and Botticelli.’ Have made a lot of notes. Pater and Symonds make me foam at the mouth with rage. All the modern writers on the Renaissance are quite rancid. One Frenchman—de Gobineau—is sane. So, of course, was old Taine, who had great good sense. The climate here affects me just as the English climate does: there is not, nowadays (if there ever were), such an enormous difference between Northern and Central Italy—and England. I am reminded constantly of the Isle of Wight, and even of Scotland. To-day I have a nervous headache—the result of motor-car racing just under my window on cobble stones. I could not *live* in Florence. In fact, London—for headquarters—remains about the best place in the world. But Germany is the centre of modern vigour. Of this, I am convinced.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“HOTEL DANIELI, VENICE.

*May 1, 1901.*

“This is simply enchanting: we face the Adriatic sea: the air is bracing, and although I arrived with a piercing headache, it has gone. This is a wonderful place for tired nerves: one couldn’t live here permanently, but for a complete change, it is probably unique. There is nothing like it anywhere: no streets: no carriages. . . . I have made a number of notes for the Dante lecture: it is an undertaking.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“HOTEL DANIELI, VENICE.

May 2, 1901.

“A lovely day, and it has passed most quickly. We have been on the Grand Canal, and the Square of San Marco, twice to the Church of San Marco (I hope to go many more times), and to the Gardens for a walk. There we found an interesting Exhibition of modern pictures and sculpture. They did *not* compare well, as a rule, with the Old Masters! Venice is full apparently: numbers of Americans and foreigners, but few if any English. They may be here: they are not to be seen. There is not a vacant room anywhere, I hear. Certainly, the steamers are crammed and the Square was crowded. Sight-seeing (surrounded by scrambling tourists) is not altogether satisfactory. One is glad to see such things, however, in any circumstances. The sea air here is bracing, and so far I feel very well. . . . It is a complete change from every place in the world—and I can compare it to nothing. The old pictures in the Something-or-other-scope still give a *very* fair idea: it is extremely beautiful in certain lights.”

*To John Craigie.*

“VENICE, May 2, 1901.

“I am now at Venice and still there is no letter from you! What an engaging child! You would like Venice better than Florence because of the gondolas (which seem large black swans as they glide by), and the boats and the steamers. Some day you must come here. This picture gives no true idea of the scene, because the beautiful sunshine and the smooth water and the splendid colour of the old stones do not show. I wake up about five

o'clock every morning and read learned works, and write—sometimes—to forgetful little boys who might think that there were no mothers on earth if the mothers also were forgetful! I hope you have good rides. You must take proper, regular exercise. Grandpapa—who is very busy—writes to me every day, so I hear that you are alive!”

*To John Craigie.*

“HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI, VENICE.

May 5, 1901.

“I was very much pleased with your two amusing letters. You would like to go out in a gondola at moonlight and hear the different serenades. The Square of San Marco is also very gay. (Look at the Venetian views in the . . . scope.) To-day we went in a gondola to the sands of Lido, where (mostly fat) Italian gentlemen swim (admired by their families drinking syrups). The scenery is bleak and barren at Lido after the Isle of Wight, but the Adriatic is a beautiful name for the sea—much prettier than the English Channel or the Solent—so people go in hot crowded steamboats to Lido, and walk on the sands under a baking sun, and drink vile tea in a wooden tea-house covered with hideous advertisements, because they want to stare at the *Adriatic*, and write letters about it to their friends. Wicked people—to save time—would *say* they had seen it, and take apartments on the Marine Parade at Shanklin.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“HOTEL DANIELI, VENICE.

May 3, 1901.

“We have just been for a moonlight journey in a gondola. The serenades would be an at-



traction if they did not all sing at once, with a discordant, grotesque effect. Venice looks her best at night: you cannot see the squalor, the restorations, or dilapidations! It is a mistake to think that one cannot walk at all in Venice: there are narrow streets and bridges connecting the houses and the seventy-two islands. . . . The climate so far is most delightful, and the impossibility of making haste is a strange rest."

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

"HOTEL DANIELI, VENICE.  
May 5, 1901.

"We have just returned from a little excursion to Lido: it is a place like Coney Island: the band plays, you have refreshments, watch bathers, and walk on the sands of the Adriatic. The island is bleak, but the Venetians love it because they can walk on a kind of country road and see a little grass, some green small trees, and a couple of tram horses. Don Carlos (who has a Palace on the Grand Canal) was walking on the beach with his wife, and a great St. Bernard dog. He is a large sort of man; she looks patient! We have also met Governor Smith (of Vermont) and his wife: they know the Mareans. . . . Men, as a rule, would like Venice better than Florence. The life is more in the fresh air and there are not so many galleries."

*To John Craigie.*

"VENICE, May 7, 1901.

"The rain is coming down fast to-day, and a small gale is blowing. This refreshes the Canals—a most necessary thing. I have no

news for you. There is no one very amusing here. The gondoliers insult each other all day and half the night. The worst name is to say 'You great Spaniard!' When a Venetian is called a Spaniard, he is almost mad with rage. They think Spaniards are the lowest of the low : worms."

*To John Craigie.*

"VENICE, May 15, 1901.

"The weather now is glorious, and I am out of doors as much as possible. We go in the gondola to the islands near Venice. Murano is very charming, and the beach at Lido—where we get tea—is splendid for a walk. . . . There is a fat little girl of ten here. She wears short socks and has large calves the size of those of a Lord Mayor's coachman. Her arms are a nice match, but her parents are extremely thin. When they all go out for a stroll, the band forgets to play and the gondolas run into each other. The fat little girl is happy and does not seem to mind her very short dress. She is, I believe, sorry for every one else. The mosquitoes sing in the pleasantest way when they see her coming. She makes their time pass in the most agreeable manner. S. wishes that the serenades did not always begin at 4 a.m., as 'O Margherita' is rather a bore at crack of dawn. She is peculiarly trying when they play the bones as well as the guitar."

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

"HOTEL DANIELI, VENICE.

May 9, 1901.

"The Duse performance drew an immense audience last night. I thought the play odious,

but she was fine (in a dreary part) and looked extremely ill. D'Annunzio appeared at the end of each act. His photographs flatter him beyond recognition. He struck me as 'an unpleasant person.' After the play, we went in a gondola : 'moonlight, ruins in the distance,' etc., etc. . . ."

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

"HOTEL DANIELI, VENICE.  
May 12, 1901.

"We went to the Armenian Monastery this afternoon—St. Lazarus—where Byron stopped. Most interesting. Afterwards to Lido for tea. In the morning I went to three churches. Venice gets up at 4 a.m. and goes to Mass at 4.30 a.m., so sleep is difficult. A serenade—accompanied by a guitar and bones—passed by the windows at four this morning. The echo is so strong that the voices seem to be actually inside the bedroom, and I can almost fancy that gondolas are gliding round the dressing-table !"

*To John Craigie.*

"VENICE, May 18, 1901.

"Your letter made me laugh. A.'s song must alarm her friends : they say you must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, but when she gives herself away, and shouts 'You can have me as a gift'—the case becomes complicated ! Aunt Anna and I leave for Paris to-day. . . . There was a great Festa last night, and we went to a Bazaar in the Royal Gardens. I won two bottles of wine in a lottery. Exciting ! The fat little girl must have been devoured by the mosquitoes ; she has dwindled away."

*To a Friend.*

“VENICE, May 15, 1901.

“I may inform you that I have wholly abandoned the naturalness I once—briefly—rejoiced in. It is not understood. No one shall see it more—not even W., although *he* never misunderstood, nor, for that matter, did Y. I beg Aunt Anna to watch each eyelash lest it should look too human! She reports that such decorum was never seen! Q. pumps her. He asked: ‘Mrs. C. *writes* with such knowledge, and yet seems so ignorant of the world and its ways! She is wholly unworldly.’ ‘She knows the world,’ said Aunt Anna, ‘back and front! You can tell her nothing she doesn’t know,’ she added. ‘Extraordinary!’ said he. I informed him that I learnt the most by *not* doing. Doing teaches comparatively little.”

*To Mr. Edmund Gosse.*

“HÔTEL DU RHIN, PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS.  
May 30, 1901.

“MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“Yes: I hope to be good and settle down to my Essay on la chère adorée ‘in about a minute.’ It is so very kind of you to let me know about Austin Dobson’s poems. Is it impossible to subscribe for two copies? I have one especial friend who would build a palace for the volume. I could be unselfish, I know, and resign mine, but my joy in unselfishness is a diminishing thing. I begin to wonder whether after all . . . I saw Mr. Seaman in Venice, and he flitted brilliantly through Paris yesterday—in quest of forests, I believe. One hears of Fontainebleau. I am going to comedies and sitting up far too late, talking great non-

sense about Dante and La Belle Otéro and *La Veine*. And I have also seen the new moon—over my left shoulder, not through glass, and actually with money in my purse. These grave accidents make one cheerful in spite of one's knowledge of certainties."

On her return Mrs. Craigie renewed her many activities. One of her friends of this period, with whom she corresponded until her death, was Mr. Henry Higgs, C.B.

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"The little article is delightful. The whole journal attracts me, and I hope to dazzle you with my knowledge when we next meet. Speaking of necklaces: I thought you arranged the pearls most admirably—for an austere Economist! To-morrow night I dine with Mr. Astor, and then I go to see the 'divine one' after her third act. I do not care for ladies of any age as young Dukes: I know Madame will ask—sweetly enough—what I think of her part. I hope you liked Jennie. She is absolutely genuine and unaffected. As for Jack—he is charming too. My evening was certainly happy. Some people pretend that happiness is a knack. I think it is an atmosphere."

Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote to congratulate Mrs. Craigie upon "The Serious Wooing."

"29 DELAMERE TERRACE, WESTBOURNE SQUARE, W.  
June 30, 1901.

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"Accept my very best thanks for your goodness in sending me your new version of



'All for Love: and the World Well Lost,' which I admire extremely. I hold it one of the very best things you have ever written, and so delicately ardent, so true and fine. Your Rosabel justifies her existence throughout, and wins, and retains, our sympathy. It is so excellent of you not to plunge her, like Dr. Johnson's Irene, 'into the Spiritual Court.' The convention that people who leave the beaten path must inevitably close in calamity is so silly: you show great courage in your conduct of the plot. Jocelyn would have become a bore: he reminds me of what Mr. Auberon Herbert must have been in youth. The writing of your new book is delicious. You have escaped with a fleet foot from the dangers which beset your peculiar talent. I am so glad to find you less Meredithian—more yourself. You can't be too much yourself. There is not enough in the book of Hildegarde Luttrell. Her appearances are adorable. But I am tiring you with mere chatter. I have an idea that some people will not like 'The Serious Wooing.' If so, pay you no heed. It is an admirable book in every way, and a mile-stone on your road to Parnassus. With warm congratulations and thanks for very great pleasure,

"I am ever sincerely yours,

"EDMUND GOSSE."

*To a Friend.*

"STEEPHILL, August 22, 1901.

"Changes are going on in me. I become a little more independent daily: my outlook on life, too, changes. I must hammer on energy: the people in my new book must all be determined. I see now why I can read few modern novels—all the characters are so weak."

It was during this year that Mrs. Craigie accepted the proposal of the Editors of the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to write the biographical sketch of George Eliot—an interesting and congenial subject. One of her most intimate friends recently remarked upon the curious applicability of the opening sentence of this article to Mrs. Craigie herself. The publishers of the *Encyclopædia* have given us permission to quote the following extract from Vol. XXVII. of the Tenth Edition :

“ No right estimate of George Eliot, whether as a woman, an artist, or a philosopher, can be formed without a steady recollection of her infinite capacity for mental suffering and her need of human support. The statement that there is no sex in genius is on the face of it absurd. George Sand, certainly the most independent of all women authors, neither felt nor wrote nor thought as a man. Saint Teresa, another great writer on a totally different plane, was pre-eminently feminine in every word and idea. George Eliot, less reckless, less romantic than the Frenchwoman, less spiritual than the Spanish Saint, was more masculine in style than either, but her outlook was not for a moment the man’s outlook : her sincerity, with its odd reserves, was not quite the same as a man’s sincerity, nor was her humour that genial, broad, unequivocal humour which is peculiarly virile. Hers approximated curiously enough to the satire of Jane Austen both for its irony and its application to little every-day affairs. Men’s humour, under all its headings, is on the heroic rather than the average scale. It is for the

uncommon situations, not for the daily teatable. Again, George Eliot was a little scornful to those of both sexes who had neither special missions nor the consciousness of this deprivation. Men are seldom in favour of missions in any field. She demanded too strenuously from the very beginning an aim more or less altruistic from every individual, and as she advanced in life this claim became more imperative, till at last it overpowered her art and transformed a great delineator of humanity into an eloquent observer with far too many personal prejudices. But she was altogether free from cynicism, bitterness, or the least tendency to pride of intellect.

“She suffered from bodily miseries the greater part of her life, and but for an extraordinary mental health, inherited from the fine yeoman stock from which she sprang, it is improbable that she could have retained at all times so sane a view of human conduct or been the least sentimental among women writers of the first rank—the one wholly without morbidity in any disguise. The accumulation of mere book knowledge as opposed to the friction of a life spent among all sorts of conditions of men drove George Eliot at last to write as a specialist for specialists: joy was lost in the desire for strict accuracy. Her genius became more and more speculative, less and less emotional. The highly trained brain suppressed the impulsive heart—the heart described with such candour and pathos as Maggie Tulliver’s in ‘The Mill on the Floss.’ For this reason—chiefly because philosophy is popularly associated with inactive depression, whereas human nature is held to be eternally exhilarating—her later works have not received so much praise as her earlier produc-

tions. But one has only to compare 'Romola' and 'Daniel Deronda' with the compositions of any author except herself to realize the greatness of her designs and the astonishing gifts brought to the final accomplishment."

## CHAPTER X

### THE VISIT TO INDIA

AT the end of the year 1902 Mrs. Craigie paid a visit to India as the guest of the then Viceroy, Lord Curzon, with whose wife, the late Lady Curzon, she was on the intimate terms of friendship that we have already seen in one or two letters. Meanwhile there is some interesting correspondence during this year which also saw the publication of "Tales about Temperaments" and "Love and the Soul Hunters," as well as the production at the Garrick Theatre of *The Bishop's Move*, written in conjunction with Mr. Murray Carson. This play, produced in June 1902, with Mr. Bouchier as the Bishop and Miss Violet Vanbrugh as the Duchess of Quinton, was an entire success.

Our first letter, dated January 13, is to Mr. Moberly Bell of *The Times* :

"DEAR MR. BELL,

"A rumour has reached my father that *Literature* is for sale. He would like to incorporate it with *The Academy*, I believe, if this could be arranged. At any rate, you won't mind my asking you about it.



“There is another rumour to the effect that you intend to whip up the reviewing and ‘literary page’ of *The Times*. I am delighted to hear this, and I am hoping it will be under some signed control—as it is in France. This does away with a great deal of discourtesy and carelessness on the part of the very young, or too tired, ‘critics.’

“It used to be said that a good notice in *The Times* could sell an ‘edition,’ and George Eliot is quoted in support of the statement. I suppose that no reviewer in England has such power nowadays. This is just as well, no doubt, yet I should like to see criticism regarded once more as a literary art. Mr. Walkley doesn’t care for my work and usually goes for it—but he writes well when he can leave out his pet French phrases and ‘oddments’ of Greek! He certainly takes the trouble and has a style. I am always amused by his dramatic notes.”

*Literature* was duly incorporated in *The Academy*, Mr. Richards buying the goodwill, and the proprietors of *The Times* starting in its place the admirable Literary Supplement that we now have.

“MY DEAR MR. MOBERLY BELL,

“Let me thank you at once for your charming kindness to my father. He thinks you are perfectly delightful—in fact, I must quote Mr. Walkley and say he was ‘enchanté’ and ‘ravi’! He is more than pleased about *Literature*, and I am so glad that matters have been arranged to your common satisfaction.

“With regard to the Literary Supplement to *The Times*: No, I don’t mean signed reviews.

But as it is known that W. L. Courtney manages, as it were, the 'literary columns' of the *D.T.*, and the less known writers on the 'literary' staff take their tone and carefulness from him, I feel certain that nine out of ten readers (I leave writers out because they are not impartial) would like a similar plan adopted by *The Times*. The actual powers of *The Times* have come to be associated—were always associated so far as I can gather—with the world of great affairs. No one would think of you or Mr. Buckle in reading any of the articles on the less important interests of life—simply because they are not well done, and they are not comparable at any point with the other contents of the paper. In one case we have the highest intellectual pitch of any newspaper in the world; in the other, frankly, there is no intellectual pitch at all. I have heard this opinion expressed hundreds of times—on the Continent, in England, and in America—not by cross authors, but by readers. I admit the point about the enormous publication of 'new' books. But will you notice the books usually *selected* by *The Times* reviewers—weeks, sometimes months after publication. I say nothing against Mr. Guy Boothby, but I think George Meredith might take precedence of him; moreover, I doubt whether *The Times* public is the Boothby public. Mr. Kipling's case is altogether exceptional. He owes, beyond any question, a great debt to *The Times*. I am the first to admit the power of the 'mighty engine' when it gets a special man—who will take the trouble—on a special subject. Dallas, I was told by his wife, took endless trouble over every article he wrote—not for any author's sake—but for the sake of his own reputation. This can't be said of

many 'critics' nowadays. A classic is published (roughly) once in every fifty years. (This is a cheerful view.) But we are all interested in a number of books and pictures, in plays, in musical compositions, which do not belong to the supreme order of transcendental merit. Surely, they can be treated intelligently and sympathetically by educated writers—writers who love their work and take a pride in it? I called some of *The Times* critics 'young' because they don't seem to have much experience of life, and they are inaccurate in points of fact.

"I didn't mean that Mr. Walkley had 'gone for me' in any spiteful way. He isn't spiteful—that is why I like his writing. Many of my best friends attack me on principle—they do not care for my books or my plays. I don't mind this in the least. But I have a genuine love of literature and criticism. I think that the English language is the finest language in the world: I think it is the worst used. The subject of any book is the one thing that counts with the average reviewer: the style escapes him, originality excites his temper, truth he won't have at any price. And so the reviewer has lost his power. Do forgive this long note."

The following letter is from Miss Ellen Terry, whom Mrs. Craigie dearly loved alike as an actress and as a woman.

"HALL BARN, BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS.

"WONDERFUL PEARL,

"I should love to come to you on 'Sunday at nine,' but I may not be able to get up from the country. Won't you say I may come in later? I can't abide eating except (after

middle day) a cold scrap at bed-time. It makes me wild that I didn't see your Bishop---!

"I'm just starting for town—blessings on your noble little head.

"Your always loving,  
"NELL."

With regard to the placing of her next dramatic venture, she writes to a friend about this time :

"To tell the truth, I doubt whether X. would be wise to produce [the play]. His public . . . refuse to believe that he can think. I have work enough on my hands without undertaking to alter the traditional view of poor X.'s intellect. I cannot coach any more. I am too tired. Z. is not abnormally intellectual, but he is thought so. This is enough for my purpose and settles three parts of the battle straight off! You will observe that my mind is becoming *excursive*. (Is there such a word? It is needed. I supply it.) Yesterday afternoon I peeped in at the Academy. Y's portraits are horrid. As for the rest, they are 'nothing in the world.' It was my turn to say—'What do they mean? Light—more light!' Do read Sir W. Richmond in yesterday's *Times* on critics and criticism. I admire the man for his letter: he is, at least, honest: he insists on his own competence and their imbecility! A.'s portrait in the R.A. reminds me of an early Victorian painted tea-tray."

To Mr. Clement Shorter she writes :

"DEAR MR. SHORTER,

"My little boy has been most seriously ill and this is why I have not acknowledged Mrs. Shorter's book. I have, as you know, the

greatest admiration for her distinguished gifts—there is a charm in her poetry which is really that of the old ballads.

“With kind regards and again many thanks.”

There are many letters about this time to Mr. Henry Higgs :

“You write delightful letters. The description of the child, yourself, and the fairy story is enchanting. As for me, I am spending hours daily at the theatre (Garrick) rehearsing a little sentimental comedy. Things are called delicate now when they are not indelicate—so I cannot foretell the kind of reception which the piece may encounter on June 7, but I like it myself. When do you come back ?”

“June 9, 1902.

“MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“The little play was an experiment. I feel with your friend the Academician about a ‘doubting youth.’ As a matter of fact, no man ever hesitates in reality between two women—so far as genuine affection goes. This is why I had to make poor Francis an immature, unimaginative, rather stupid lad. The story is Mr. Carson’s—not mine—and the difficulties in the way of treating such a frail situation were enormous. Mr. Seaman hates ‘Francis’ with a hatred, etc., etc. I am writing to point out that the boy is merely a handsome novice without passion (the actual result of his training and influences) and without any decision of character. The title (not mine) is too heavy for the comedy and it is misleading. Mr. Bouchier thinks the piece will have a long run. He



may be right, but one can know nothing about theatrical affairs."

"*July 16, 1902.*

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"I do hope you are not over-tired. I enjoyed our walk and talk greatly, although I was always afraid of wearying you. When I got home I found my uncle here with some of his colleagues—Judges also: I handed them over to fifteen (!) women callers and escaped to read the new Bourget. Bourget is a most delightful man personally, and he has a pretty (Byzantine) Madonna wife, born in Brussels. Mr. John Morley told me that it was a shock to see Bourget subdued by the *jeune fille*. But she's a clever woman and would be blue if she hadn't an admirable complexion."

"*STEEPHILL CASTLE, September 4, 1902.*

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"Perhaps I can hit on a happier date. I want you to see the place when it is less crowded: confusion prevailed during your last stay, and I can't persuade myself that you were in the least comfortable. The Naval Review interfered with every single engagement. I should like to take you to Swainston (Sir Barrington and Lady Simeon's place): Tennyson really wrote 'Maud' there; they are also charming people. Watts-Dunton is coming for a week-end soon. Would you like to meet him? My Irish visit was truly delightful: Mayos, Fingalls, Bourkes, Conollys, Ponsonbys, Limericks, Kirk-patricks, and Fitz-Williams's grew wild in the house: the guests were nearly all Irish, and they were not at all as they are in England. There was also great polo-playing (Mr. Kelly has his own ground): Buckmaster, Freke,

Whitworth, and others, came over several times. The merit of Irish life is its ease, but as R. Coventry said to me, no Englishman could ever be expected to understand an Irishwoman. English officers in Dublin for the first time make appalling mistakes very often : we nearly came in for some head-punching at Mr. Kelly's ball ; two Countesses and a couple of Captains were involved. The few American guests (Americans and the Irish have much in common) enjoyed the savage spectacle and mixed cocktails for the glaring gentlemen. Need I say that this had not the effect of oil on troubled seas ? At lunch (the following day) the Captains were separated by a trio of minor rows within rows (we had a jealous Mexican bride) : the atmosphere was indeed electric. On the whole, as my small boy would say, it was most enjoyable ! ”

On September 6 she writes to a friend :

“ I am going to the Carl Meyers' next week, and my plans are a little uncertain till next month. Very good time in Ireland—a fine place, large house-party, polo, Horse Show, a ball, races, lots going on. Really enjoyed myself. Have been fighting with X. . . . Huge correspondence. No bones broken. I sat tight, never yielding one point. Result, X. somewhat piano—more in sorrow than in anger, and even apologetic. Tried bluster. No good. He thinks ‘The Soul Hunters’ the *best* I have ever done. So does Y., who is here. We travelled to town together. Dogs ! Very wholesome for X., with whom I also travelled to town. His latest runs as follows : ‘ I never feel any anxiety about *your* relations with your men friends, because I am sure that you are *con-*

*stitutionally* incapable of an indiscretion!’ L. and A. regard this as an acute insult!!!! Y., in rapture, rolls on the floor. M. P. tells me that A., B., and C. and D. discussed me once recently at the Club. They said my ‘charm’ was that of an enchanting boy—that there was never the least *arrière-pensée* in my manner—(I make no *demands*, in fact!)—so different from that of most women. . . . They all agree that I am a little paragon!! . . . *Graphic* story finished and sent off. I like it. Frightfully grim. Called: ‘The Better Thing.’ The finale an inspiration.”

“September 7, 1902.

“MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“Watts-Dunton is coming on the 27th—so I hope this will suit you. He is a charming man, and in his element down here. Swinburne spent his childhood at Bonchurch, and his relatives are in the neighbourhood. His cousin, Rudolph Thumann, is the one who helped to paint my dining-room at the Lodge: he is also designing my garden for me. I expect he will be here about the end of this month. An odd coincidence about the Ruskin handwriting. The two English writers who have influenced me most are Ruskin and Newman. I got hold of ‘Modern Painters’ when I was sixteen—and from that moment life and the world took their right meaning. On certain points he is misleading because there was a good deal of Evangelical gloom always at the back of his mind. It was the same also with Newman. One misses the sane Catholic gaiety which is so necessary to the just appreciation of ideals the most austere, the most ascetic, the least flexible. Don’t you agree? Gaiety doesn’t grin and it may not laugh; it is rather the safeguard against

exaggeration. Ruskin exaggerated—his bad is beneath damnation and his good is beyond the sublime. But I must now join my frivolous family at lunch. Do come on the 27th. Next week I go to friends at Southampton for the week-end. The weather to-day is superb."

*"September 9, 1902.*

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"I am delighted to have Seligman's book. The lucidity of American professors is Almighty God's recompense to us for the vulgarity of some American millionaires. I have been sent Tolstoy's 'Appels aux dirigeants.' Do you know it? He says—'Je pense que toute métaphysique est d'une inspiration maligne et n'a été inventée que pour concilier la conduite de la vie avec la doctrine chrétienne.' I must think over this before I agree with it absolutely: in any case it is loosely put because there was metaphysic long before any formulated Christian doctrine. But he may be orthodox to the point where, 'before the creation of the world, Christianity *is*.' But again this would make the devil, or the spirit of malice, contemporaneous with the Word. Altogether a statement in the best feminine manner! With regard to Catholic—we have a doctrine that many belong to the body of the Church but far more to its spirit. I think you are with its spirit. I can imagine your quoting—'Be thou ashamed, O Sidon, saith the sea.' That to me is the only point of view for an immortal soul."

*"STEEPHILL CASTLE, VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.*

*September 12, 1902.*

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"I am sending for everything Seligman has written. This is a further expression of my gratitude for the introduction. His name was

familiar enough to me, but I had never read his books. I must find out whether Lord Curzon knows them: the two men would be in entire agreement, for while G. C. may not be aware that he is an 'economic interpreter' of events, he is beyond doubt one in his politics. The attacks upon him in this week's *Westminster Gazette* and *The Daily News* are the meanest within my recollection. No Englishman has such an entire devotion to Indian interests: the petty official may dislike him because he won't have Anglo-Indians blustering and bullying natives. The officials hate his tours on this account: he gets to know the grievances of that vast army—the put-upon."

The following undated letter from Mr. Hall Caine was written on the publication of "The Prodigal Son":

MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"We don't often meet, but I want you to have a copy of my forthcoming book, partly because, though such a simple story, it has come out of my heart with a good many tears at the back of it, but mainly because it deals with a problem on which you cannot but be interested, having so deep a sense of life. It is the problem of sin and suffering—so often unmerited suffering.

"I meet your father much oftener than I meet you, and I hear occasional news of you from other quarters. Though I was a little staggered by your Tom Jones propaganda I sympathised very deeply with your feeling, and I certainly wanted to support you when you spoke on the Handicap of Marriage.

"With kind regards,

"HALL CAINE."



“CARLTON HOTEL, Pall Mall, London.

“MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“I quite see your point from the view of the well-informed. But the majority are ill-informed, and the attacks were in *The Westminster Gazette* also (McLean’s letters). Lord C. appears sensitive under criticism because every word said against him here (even in obscure journals) is published the length and breadth of India, and magnified—not so much by his enemies as by the discontented under British rule. This you will understand at once. The English must be loyal: any hard words are as it were in the family and among friends. They do not matter. But domestic politics are not foreign politics. I express myself badly after a crowded day, and I trust blindly to your indulgence. I am seeing managers, publishers, builders (I have a church on my hands), dress-makers, furniture, house-agents. I hope to have my own place in London on my return from India (D.V.).

“I have had to tell Henry James that he has been too hard altogether on his male protagonist in ‘*The Wings of the Dove*.’ It is a cruel piece of psychology and it is taken altogether from the outside! I don’t believe that any man ever behaved so badly as Denster. But James’s heroines are marvellously drawn. Father Brown, who left us last Saturday for the Edmund Talbots’, says that Cardinal Vaughan is most infirm. He was able to say Mass yesterday for the first time in a good many days. He is fond of W. F. B. and W. F. B. cheers him up.” “Your encouragement is the greatest help. I am delighted to hear that you have formed a good opinion of the book. The ad-

vance sales (to be prosaic and commercial) have been extraordinarily good : it ran serially in *The Queen* and in the Colonies—so it is already known to a large public ; but the large public do not mean the same thing at all to me as my friends.”

To Mr. Edmund Gosse Mrs. Craigie writes from Ventnor on September 29 :

“ MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“ If the ruddy reviewer who cried out for more gore in my work could have seen me reading your inspiring letter, he would not have doubted my capacity for emotion. I am all gratitude and infatuation (I hinted at the latter state in a former note !). How kind and understanding you are ! Of course, I have a heart. I may not have a heart for every young gentleman (with a secret sorrow) in quest of ‘bonnes fortunes’ who comes my way, but I have a heart for all that is true and good. And so, greatly encouraged by your words, I will go on trying to please you.”

“ October 8, 1902.

“ MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“ Of course I don’t work and I don’t write letters because I am playing the delicious old French tunes. They remind me of my very small childhood in Paris, when I used to sing these things and dance round a poor exiled Prince. In those days, I danced and my ambition was to stand in clouds of tulle, on one toe, with a wreath round my head, and an unwavering complexion (my own gave me no satisfaction).

There was a lady there also, with a history, and a son whom she dressed one day as a girl, and the next as a boy. My mother, not to be beaten, dressed me one day as a boy, and the next as a girl! When I told my own son this, he said, going to the root of the matter, 'One should be careful how they dress children. Because it is the dress that makes you know—till they grow up.' Your invitation sounds most tempting. May I write again? I must go to town next Tuesday."

*"October 14, 1902.*

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"You'll have my thoughts this evening anyhow. I wish I could have joined you. Mr. Seaman kindly asks me to meet you on Friday. I shall then be on my way to Broadstairs to see my boy. But I hate farewell festivals. That's the truth. I am full of ambitions for the brilliant, but when the moment comes for any particular brilliancy to move from my own immediate circle, I am conscious that my disinterestedness has its limits! My heroism is for the world: my lack of it for solitude. That sentence has a dash of Balzac's early manner. He was at my lecture (with Emerson and Turner), and he has filled me with gloom. After working for some hours at the Lodge, I drive home by moonlight—when there is a moon. This evening at half-past six it was splendid. It made me hope that Balzac had spent a few pleasant hours. If he did not, the fault was in himself—not in the poor much bayed at and sworn by moon. Why bay? Why swear? Why not admire its beauty and calm in peace? Here, you and I, are, I believe, alike. We can enjoy the treasures of the world

without any *arrière-pensée*, or grievance, or covetousness, or disappointment. You may have possessed this blessed gift from birth: I acquired it from a friend. I look upon it as the greatest happiness one can have."

This is a letter to Miss Julie Opp :

" November 29.

" DEAR JULIE,

" Forgive me for dictating this letter as I am very tired. I actually fell asleep the other night when I was trying to write some letters. I have had a week of great fatigue.

" Now I must tell you how delighted I was with your performance in *If I were King*. I thought you played beautifully, and your appearance, especially in Act II., was really magnificent. That head-dress is most becoming.

" I see great improvement in your technique, and your voice is much more flexible: the transition from the upper to the lower register is far easier. I should like to see you in something modern.

" Will you tell Miss Sheldon that I thought her playing was most touching and picturesque. It is a difficult part to play, and there was not a false note in the whole performance.

" I shall hope to see you before I leave. I start for Marseilles on December 10.

" I have just finished a new play for the Garrick—original—and I am going to adapt a play of Richepin's for Olga Nethersole.

" I shall be at the Carlton on Monday next."

Then comes the Indian trip, and on

December 11 she writes to her father from the Hôtel Ritz, Paris :

“ We had a good journey, but a very rough crossing. I kept perfectly well, and, by the exertion of hypnotic powers, kept three ladies near me from sea-sickness. I faced the blast in my fur coat, two rugs, and two veils, with a parcel of French novels under my feet, and two cushions at my back. By these means ‘ so artless and so infinitely pathetic,’ the miracle was achieved. There is comfort in travelling with two escorts. One offered me brandy, the other nourished me with ginger snaps : at Calais, I was sustained by chicken : at Amiens, one got me tea, the other (to be safe) brought coffee : one had a bag of *madeleines*, the other a packet of *brioques* : at Paris, I was lifted from the compartment into what seemed to be a couple of cabs. Need I say that I did not feel the fatigue of the journey ? At dinner here, I saw Jennie, the Duchess of Marlborough, and some friends dining. I had lunch with Jennie and Madame von André to day at Henry’s.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“ S.S. *Arabia*, OFF CRETE.

“ We have had some rough weather—nearly every one violently sick. But I have escaped so far without so much as a headache. To my surprise, the crowd is agreeable : they are all in good humour—including the rival Duchesses. I like them both, but each has a ‘ party.’ . . . It is most picturesque to see the Lascar sailors ; there is also a party of Parsees—all are sea-sick, devoted, and pouting. It is hard to write on board—so many are talking and moving



about. There are no scandals (that I know of so far); we have had no moonlight, and until to-day the blue Mediterranean has not been blue. Lord Curzon's brother, Frank, and his sister, Lady Miller, are on board—both pleasant. Mr. Pearson (of the *Weekly*, *The Express*, etc.), is on board—a particularly nice man: talks very rapidly and has one catch phrase—‘Ah, that's a sound thing!’ He employs this about every two minutes. This letter makes me think of Moodoo's communications from school. . . . We are seeing land to-day—Crete. It looks well in the picture, but bleak as a residence. To-morrow we get to Port Saïd. I shall go ashore for a few hours.”

*To John Craigie.*

“S.S. *Arabia*, OFF CRETE.  
December 15, 1902.

“You would enjoy this voyage: some day you must make it with me. The sailors are mostly Lascars—they are small and dark: they wear Eastern clothes and they look murderous. They must hate us all. I will write again from the next stopping-place. Time passes quickly on board—although there is little to do except reading, writing, and talking. The deck is too small for long walks. I wish you could be here this glorious day. Mr. Seaman and Mr. E. T. Reed (who did ‘Animal Land’ in *Punch*) are on board; they are going out to Delhi. There are only two babies on the boat—which is a comfort, because they are often miserably sick and they howl the whole time. There are two Parsee ladies who look most unhappy in their costumes, which get bedraggled in the wind and rain.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“S.S. *Arabia*, OFF ADEN.

December 21, 1902.

“The voyage is really delightful but most difficult to describe. I talk and listen to talk for fifteen hours a day. Fortunately I am on deck and the passengers are exceptionally interesting. . . . The halt at Port Saïd was a great event: a first view of Oriental life. We drove through the Turkish Bazaar, the native village, saw a very mild gambling hell, and dined at the local ‘Savoy.’ Afterwards we went on board the *Intrepid*. Mr. Seaman’s articles in *Punch* are excellent as descriptions of the voyage. Lord and Lady Crewe are also on board. We expect to arrive at Bombay early on Friday next. It is difficult to write on deck. . . . The heat is great but not unendurable. In the saloon, the punkahs are worked by the ‘natives.’ At first they make one feel rather giddy, but it is suffocating without them.”

“S.S. *Arabia*, December 23, 1902.

“We have had marvellous weather and I have never felt better. I ‘rest’ all day and ‘distinguished persons’ call for conversation. At Aden, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came on board: also Mrs. Jack Leslie (Jennie’s sister). I have dined with the Portlands, lunched with the Marlboroughs: every one is extremely agreeable. At Aden, Mr. Reed and Mr. Seaman were much pleased to receive a letter from Colonel Baring inviting them, on behalf of the Viceroy, to the Viceroy’s Camp as his guests! They are to have the tent next to mine. . . . The heat is rather severe but I like it. My record has been quite unusual—

people are sea-sick still, and there are absentees every day. This steamer is well ventilated—no smells—and the smells are the real horror on a boat. We arrive on Friday at 6.30 a.m. It is impossible to realize that this is Christmas Eve !”

“VICEROY’S CAMP, DELHI.

December 30, 1902.

‘ I wish I could describe the journey and scenes. My official descriptions will appear in the Letters for *Collier’s Weekly*,—but I haven’t a moment in which to collect my impressions. Everything is superbly managed. . . . Lord Curzon and Mary look wonderfully well. The procession yesterday was the finest I ever saw. Tent life does not appeal to me, although many people profess to find it delightful. At night and in the morning it is bitterly cold, and the arrangements are primitive. However, I have a rickshaw and a victoria always at my disposal—and servants swarm. It is absurd to write such a dull scrawl when there is so much going on. . . . Daisy Leiter is very pretty and resembles Mary. Mrs. Leiter is in great form. I like her extremely. Colonel Craigie and Rosabel appeared on the Polo ground to-day. I am dining in Kitchener’s camp on New Year’s Day, and am having, altogether, a delightful time. Violet Vanbrugh’s sister, Lady Barnes, is the wife of the new Governor of Burma. He (Barnes) has organized this whole Durbar and is highly thought of.”

*To John Craigie.*

“VICEROY’S CAMP, DELHI.

December 30, 1902.

“ I thought of you on Christmas Day. We spent it in the Indian Ocean, where it was

80° in the shade : the punkahs were going, and the ship was pitching ! We had speeches, but the Grand Duke was too sea-sick to reply ! The Duke of Marlborough spoke instead. It is wonderful here and I wish you could see it all. . . . It is the hardest thing in the world to write letters : there are a thousand excitements and interruptions going on the whole time.”

“VICEROY’S CAMP, DELHI.

*January 7, 1903.*

“I intended to write you a few lines every day, but, in the rush of life here, that has been impossible. I can’t tell a hundredth part of the interesting things in a letter. Camp life is curious : there are no doors, only flaps. The natives bring in all one wants, and at night and in the morning it is almost as cold as sleeping in the open field. The elephants are beautifully painted and made-up for state occasions : they have red and orange cheeks, flowered trunks, and their eyes painted with circles. For the processions they have to be drugged. How you would enjoy all this ! The native camps are wonderful. I have seen one of the little Maharajahs and had lunch with another : they lead extraordinary lives, but they ride well and some can speak English tolerably. The Durbar and the State Ball were magnificent spectacles : the uniforms and the Indian dresses, jewels, and colours are marvellous.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“VICEROY’S CAMP, DELHI.

*January 7, 1903.*

“I am having a very good time indeed, and I wish I could convey in a letter the least part

of the enjoyment, interest, and variety there is. I have lunched privately with the Curzons, been to one of the State dinners, and had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught: the Excellencies and Royalties are often here in the Mess Tent for lunch, dinner, and dances. It is extremely gay and informal: every one is amiable, and the big parties have gone off with amazing brilliancy. The newspapers will give all that there is to give in the 'descriptive reporting' line: the organization of the details is fine. Lord Curzon, they say, is the mainspring of everything himself. He seems in high spirits: they are both charming to me: I have the best possible seats always for the functions: a carriage, a rickshaw, seven servants or more always at my disposal: it would be impossible to have more attention or consideration. Indian life *as* life would not appeal to me for long, as I prefer European ways: the officials, however, are mostly clever and remarkable: they are all most civil to me, and the holiday (really needed) is a real one. At night and in the morning it is bitterly cold—between eleven and four it is hot. The dust gives every one a sore throat: some have pneumonia, and I had a few days of severe barking, swallowing, and pocket-handkerchiefs: the bracing air is the best cure, and sleeping in tents is probably healthy although it cannot be called luxurious or even comfortable."

"HOTEL METROPOLE, AGRA.

*January 12, 1903.*

"This is my first hour of semi-privacy since I left home. The tent life was practically a life in the open fields—there are no doors, but each tent has four entrances by means of a mere 'chick' or blind: it is extremely free, easy,



and disagreeable. Lord Curzon has done his entertaining superbly: we had Calcutta fare in camp: magnificent banquets and parties the whole time—from 7 a.m. till 1 and 2 a.m. the rush and excitement never ceased. . . . I am going on to Government House, Calcutta, till February 7. This is en route—we have to rest here for a week or ten days while His Excellency makes a short tour and Mary rests! She must be worn out. . . . On New Year's night we had a small dance in camp (informal): the Grand Duke and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came in: we had the Lancers and danced in the New Year. They were all in high spirits: at midnight all the men present wished the Duchess a happy New Year. The Connaughts are immensely liked. They are wonderfully kind. . . . This sounds like a letter from 'little Adelaide to her parents,' but I can't attempt any literary efforts."

"HOTEL CONTINENTAL, CALCUTTA.

*Friday, January 16, 1903.*

"I left Agra last Wednesday, and I have travelled 841 miles since then—two days and two nights in the train—two changes, and, owing to the rush, it is impossible to book berths, compartments, or even standing room. I slept with four in a carriage the first night; the second I had an elderly, dried-up globe-trotter (female), who wanted all the windows and ventilators sealed. I struck and would have air. At Agra, the food was rank poison, I dared not eat it: the hotel was secured by contract for the Viceroy's guests—Marlboroughs, Portlands, etc., etc.; the prices for a room like a stable with a sink for a bath were enormous. . . . My room here would be considered so-

so in the wilds of Newport, Isle of Wight : for Calcutta it is very fair indeed—even luxurious. I am reminded of the *old* hotel at Richmond, Va., which, in comparison with this, is the Carlton to the Eight Bells at Carisbrooke ! Now you can imagine the comfort. I had to buy a mattress : every one here travels with his or her own bedding. I am glad to be alone and independent for a few minutes. There will be callers and ‘ plans ’ this afternoon.”

“ BARRACKPORE, *February 1, 1903.*

“ This is the Viceroy’s house up the Hoogly River—a delightful Villa in the Italian style with a fine garden and large comfortable rooms. We are a small party now—Lord Kitchener, Lord Durham, Lord Lamington, Lady Dickson-Poynder, Lord Elcho, Lady Miller, Frank Curzon, Daisy and Mrs. Leiter, Colonel Baring and other Aides-de-Camp. This has been an eventful week—there was the Centenary Ball, the Fireworks, Illuminations (the finest ever seen, I should say,) and the Races yesterday. Accounts of all these things have been telegraphed over, so I spare you any descriptive reporting. Moreover, I have not been in the mood for any of them, although the kindness I have received, and continue to receive, is most remarkable. The Viceroy has had me next to him three times at dinner and twice at lunch this week—which is considered a compliment. After the New Library was opened last Friday he himself walked with Mrs. Leiter, Lord Lamington, and myself to see the Black Hole and the old site of the East India Company’s buildings : we were followed by two mounted police, an official, and an Equerry ! This was also considered an immense favour. Here he represents the King,

and the etiquette is severely observed in every respect. I have not had any proper conversation with Lord Kitchener yet: he looks a fine figure in uniform. For the rest, he gives himself no airs, and is, beyond question, popular with his staff. Daisy Leiter is pretty and graceful: she does not care for society, but she is much admired and has had many offers."

*To a Friend.*

"If I once begin to talk I shall never cease. . . . Have started a terrific flirtation! [He] is, naturally, married: this is my usual selection. I remind him of passages in Theocritus, Browning, and Milton—to say nothing of Heine: he looks like a heavenly lizard and he must be fifty-two. But he thinks I have a delicious complexion and beautiful hands and eyes from Paradise, and he wants to meet me in Heaven, and he knows more about polyandry and infant marriages than any man in Europe!"

*To John Craigie.*

"BARRACKPORE, February 2, 1903.

"This is a lovely Villa by the river-side, with a garden of roses, and Eucharis lilies, and violets, and 'morning glories.' We eat under an awning: the kites (large birds) sometimes swoop down and snatch up the food! Natives have to beat them off with big sticks. I wish you were here. It is warm, but I am always well when it is hot. . . . They all play golf, or ride, or play croquet, or take kodaks! I sit about or ride in rickshaws. I want to get a rickshaw for England. They are great fun."

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

February 5, 1903.

“As I have to scribble off articles on India, my letters are terribly dull. There is a great deal going on, but I keep in my own room as much as possible, as I find so much talk and gadding very exhausting. The climate now is perfect: I am never even chilly. Last night I went again to see the goddess *Kali*: she has three eyes, and as she murdered her husband in a fit of drunken rage (*her* rage, not his), she has kept her long gilt tongue out ever since as a sign of remorse! She is perfectly frightful<sup>†</sup> and the natives put rose-garlands on her head. It is most difficult to understand and explain the Hindu religions: the names are too hard to spell or pronounce; I am trying to make out a few ideas. . . . It will be another two weeks before I sail. I am not sorry to miss February in London: I always feel so ill in the winter. There’s a banquet and a big ball to-night. The life is very gay—races, dances, balls, and dinners the whole time. I should like them better if I had no work on hand.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

February 5, 1903.

“The climate now is—for me—perfection. I am able to work for hours! the windows are open day and night: the rooms are lofty, and it is like living in the air. These articles for Sibthorpe mean immense labour although they will read, I hope, easily enough. Yesterday I kept away from dinner and to-day I refused a picnic given by Kitchener’s Staff and also kept in my room for lunch in order to finish

the fourth article and get off a few letters. To-night there is a banquet followed by a ball. These I must attend. Mary is amazingly kind to me. She drove me with her to the Horse Show when she gave away the prizes, and I go often to her room for a long talk. I fancy some of the guests get a little jealous, but every one is very nice to me personally and I could not be having a better time. A number are going back on the *Persia*, so that won't be a dull expedition ! ”

“ GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

February 12, 1903.

“ I reached Calcutta at 11.30 this morning after a journey of twenty hours or so. I had to cross the Ganges at 4.30 by moonlight and sunrise. Wonderful sight. We came down from Darjeeling in a trolly with a pilot car ahead—great fun. This was arranged for me at the Home Office. The Crewes, Lonsdales, and Leiters, Colonel Baring, Baker-Carr, and others are still here : on Sunday I go with the Curzons to Barrackpore. To-night I am going to hear Lord Curzon speak at the Chamber of Commerce. . . . Am feeling better for the change to the mountains, but I *love* the heat here, which just suits me. There is so much to write about that the strain of society functions and composing articles on India is very great. . . . My private sitting-room is knee-deep in books sent me, and callers are incessant.”

The following letters are to her son :

“ BARRACKPORE, February 15, 1903.

“ I am here again for the week-end, but this letter will probably go on the *Persia* with me.



I was at the races yesterday; there were two accidents: neither of the jockeys was killed, but one was severely hurt. It is lovely here, but even the birds sing in Hindustanee. Imagine a Hindustanee *cuckoo*. There is also a Moham-medan owl. The flowers, too, are lovely.

"I had no letters last mail and I am wondering how everybody is. Perhaps I may hear to-morrow. My articles on India are in the *Daily Graphic*; ask Grandpapa to get them for you as they are much better than my letters. I overworked the last two weeks at Government House, but the trip to Darjeeling did me a lot of good."

"s.s. *Persia*, February 27, 1903.

"There is a chance of this going *viâ* Suez and reaching you some days before I can possibly see you. How is your cold? It is dreadful to have to wait so long for letters. We are having an excellent voyage: there is an electric fan whirling all day and all night in my room and I have two portholes open. I am considered an excellent sailor—and so far, certainly, I have escaped the least qualm. But these ships are steadier than the Atlantic liners and they have no *smells*. I can't tell you any especial news. I have had a wonderful holiday and I feel a thousand times better for it: it is the first holiday I have had for a number of years—although I had to write those articles on India. Have any of them appeared yet?"

"s.s. *Persia*, March 6, 1903.

"You will soon see me now! I'll run down for the next week-end (March 14). We have

had a splendid voyage : it was rough on Wednesday and Thursday and I have had headaches on account of the damp, but otherwise I have enjoyed the trip. Yesterday the scenery was delightful : we passed the south coast of Italy, saw Mount Etna (in Sicily), and the volcano of Stromboli—lots of smoke and some flames."

To Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins she writes after having seen *Pilkerton's Peerage* in London :

"MY DEAR MR. HAWKINS,

"I was simply delighted by your brilliant, most amusing comedy : for once I saw some *real* comedy scenes in a modern English play, and they were acted as well as they would have been at the best theatres abroad. To me, each one of the 'men-dialogues' was a masterpiece—scene after scene was perfectly composed and finished. I don't mean that the 'women-dialogues' were less admirable in execution—the 'Lady Hetty and Lucius' in Act I. is not to be beaten in its own line, but English actresses are always 'way behind' the men (Cambon maintained this long ago), and I think Mrs. M. and Miss E. were not equal to their work. They don't matter much, however ; the play is the thing—and it is a highly successful achievement on which I congratulate you with all my heart."

There are only two letters from Mr. George Meredith, for whom she had the greatest respect and admiration, and whose style—as we have seen—she was accused of imitating. They were written in 1902 and 1903.

“BOX HILL, DORKING.  
*April 1, 1902.*

“DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“Among the telegrams coming to me on a certain day, yours was sharpened with surprise. For though I bear in mind our meeting one welcome day, I did not imagine you to have so lively a memory. Or was it that a vigorous young sister in the craft was taken with a kindly feeling for her now mute old brother? In either case the greeting was most welcome. I wish it could be in person. But things are at such a pass with me, that all motion to that effect must be on the side of my friends.

“Gratefully yours,

“GEORGE MEREDITH.”

“*May 15, 1903.*

“MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

“Let me expect you when you return. We were both struck down at the same instant. And still I can hardly hold a pen. It was a grief to me to miss my introduction to Miss Daisy Leiter. My daughter Mrs. Sturgis proposes to lighten your journey hither by meeting you at Leatherhead, so that you may not have the scramble for lunch when you visit this wreck of man. Then she will drive you to me, and away. Please, consent. One may reckon it to be near the end of June; and I shall look forward. Read ‘*Jacquou le Croquant*’ on your travels. It does for French country life what George Sand was too poetical to do. Adieu.

“GEORGE MEREDITH.”

## CHAPTER XI

### TRAVELS IN SPAIN

DURING the year 1903 Mrs. Craigie published only one book—the collection of papers that she had written from India. This very journalistic little volume was entitled “Imperial India : Letters from the East.” But the restlessness, that came of Indian travel doubtless, led to her visit to Spain in the spring. She left Paris with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Watson Cox of New York. Mrs. Cox has since gained distinction as a writer of fiction with her novel “The Crowds and the Veiled Woman.” Mrs. Craigie in her letters home made frequent references to the kindness and consideration shown her by these American friends. They started on a motor-car tour, but, the automobile having broken down almost at once, proceeded by train to Biarritz.

She writes to her son from there :

“*May 27, 1903.*

“The motor is still in Paris being repaired, but we go to Madrid to-night by Wagons-lits.

We want to be there for Whitsun : then to Seville, Cordova, Granada, Barcelona, and so forth ! I shall be sorry to leave Biarritz because it is peaceful here : it reminds me of the Isle, but is more bracing if less beautiful. There's a mist to-day—very Wight-ish in manner and effect. We drive and rest. . . . The drives are delightful : we drove to Bayonne on Tuesday. But I begin to like places where there are no 'historic piles' or 'art treasures.' The brain gets fatigued. At Madrid there are marvellous pictures. I want to see them, and yet I dread the after-exhaustion of mornings in galleries."

" *Madrid, May 30, 1903.*

"We travelled from 10 o'clock on Thursday night and reached Madrid 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. I was too tired to write and we have been rushed. . . . Last night . . . we went to see two acts of *Carmen*—badly done. This noon we went to the Picture Gallery (marvellous pictures), saw the State Church, and drove about the City and Park. We saw the young King driving twice with his mother and several aunts ! Not lively for him ; he looked bored. I wish you were here : we have given up the motoring and take trains everywhere. I cannot write as I get too tired. There is too much to see in so short a time. Biarritz was delightful. Madrid is not very interesting."

" *MADRID, June 3, 1903.*

"We spent a wonderful day yesterday at Toledo—once the Rome of Spain. It is very old and extraordinary ; a city surrounded by great walls (built by the Romans and the Moors) and by a river : it looks like the pictures of



cities in fairy-tales. I haven't time to describe it all—we were up at six in the morning and in bed about midnight.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“CORDOVA, June 4, 1903.

“While we wait for our carriage I take this opportunity to write. This is a wonderful old place—I wish I had time to describe it. We came by sleeping car and arrived at seven this morning—after a fairly tiring journey. (The engine broke down.) However, after a bath and coffee at the hotel, we sallied forth for a walk through the town to the Cathedral—originally a vast Mosque and before that a Roman Temple. Simply astounding! We ran across Sargent painting the High Altar in a water-colour sketch. The narrow streets, and houses with Moorish courts full of orange trees, lilies, geraniums, and lemon trees, are fascinating. There is a court of orange trees outside the Mosque; the Roman bridge (built before the birth of Christ) is splendid still—but these things must be seen. Sight-seeing is tiring, of course: but we don't attempt toilettes!”

*To a Friend.*

“SEVILLE, June 7, 1903.

“Have been up since 5 a.m., a long journey in old-fashioned carriages, four changes of voiture. . . . I spare you. Bouchier revives *The Bishop's Move* on July 14. A Gypsy at Granada told me among other things that a letter *had* arrived for me containing surprising news which would have reference to money-making! I found it here waiting for me. She told me

other things—all agreeable: I hope they may (some at least) come true. I enjoy Spain enormously, but a couple of English days almost reconciled me to the English climate, after all. I have seen so much that my brain reels: but I have many ideas for work and I feel quite, *quite* different. Am too tired to add more. Have corrected Unwin's proofs. When can I take a real holiday?"

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“SEVILLE, June 8, 1903.

“We have had a very hard day—called at five in the morning, four changes en route (old-fashioned carriages without the most primitive conveniences), and we arrived here about six. A very gay pretty city and comfortable hotel. . . . Granada was lovely and I was sorry to come away, although we had a touch of real English climate yesterday. Did I tell you that we went to the Gypsy Encampment and saw real Gitanas and had our fortunes told? My woman foretold highly cheering things: if a few only come true I shall feel quite satisfied! The Lunatic Asylum was very horrible but interesting: the Spaniards are not cruel to each other, I am told: the bull- and cock-fights exhaust their desire for the appalling, so I hope for the best in the case of the lunatics. They did not *look* ill-used and their rooms were clean. The women seemed the worst off. The Moorish gardens are extremely pretty, and all this part of Spain is full of flowers and trees. I am awfully tired to-night, but I have corrected the Unwin proofs and sent them off.

“We are just in time for the great Feast of Corpus Christi on Thursday: that night we leave for Madrid. . . . I have just read that

Aristotle had a druggist's shop and Plato sold oil! I wish I owned a patent oil: I could then write lovely philosophical truths!"

*To John Craigie.*

"GRANADA, June 8, 1903.

"We are leaving for Seville at 5.30 to-morrow morning—it will be a twelve hours' journey. This is perhaps the most beautiful city in Spain—full of the greatest possible interest: the Alhambra is wonderful, but nothing, apart from the views, in comparison with the great Palace at Delhi. I should like to write full accounts of the sights, but, in a letter and with so little spare time, it is out of the question. We have seen a cock-fight—much less cruel than the odious bull-fight, but sufficiently sickening. . . . The Spanish theatres are third-rate and a great disappointment: they care for bull-fights only."

"SEVILLE, June 10, 1903.

"I have just returned from the great Festival at the Cathedral and the Procession in the street. Pages dressed in the costume of Philip II. (who married Mary of England) dance a minuet and play castanets before the Altar. It was rather pretty, and not disrespectful, although it sounds so. One can only see this in Seville. The Procession of all the Patron Saints of Seville, and finally the silver *Custode* containing the Sacred Host, marched through the principal streets with all the priests, canons, the Bishop, the Mayor and Council, and the officers with band. I sat in the street and saw it all beautifully: bought balloons for the children near me."

“MADRID, *June 11, 1903.*

“We left Seville last night, arrived here this morning, and we are off to-night again for Barcelona: a great rush. . . . I saw another bull-fight yesterday afternoon: four bulls and five horses killed: the *men*, for a change, were in danger this time, and it was a better sport than the one I saw at Madrid. But the cruelty of these things is highly disgusting. Deer-stalking in Scotland is every bit as cruel: and tiger and elephant shoots in India are not humane by any means.”

*To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

“GRAND HÔTEL DE LA PAIX, MADRID.

*June 11, 1903.*

“We left Seville last night at 7.30, reached Madrid exactly one hour ago: we are off to Barcelona at five this afternoon! The rush, for my taste, is somewhat extreme and weariness supervenes. I was up at 7.30 a.m. yesterday, and at 5.30 a.m. the day before! I saw the Service at the Cathedral, where the pages danced the famous minuet and played castanets before the Altar, then I saw the Corpus Christi Procession in the streets, then a picture gallery, the Palace made after the design of Pilate's house, and a bull-fight! I saw four bulls and five horses killed in fifty minutes before 16,000 spectators. As the work was more quickly done, it was less disgusting and less fiendish than the Madrid fight, but most horrible all the same. The people, however, seem to exhaust their iniquity in that way, because they are rarely drunk, the criminal class is very small, and they are not vicious in other respects. It is most curious. . . . Seville is the favourite

city (after Madrid) of the Spaniards, but I don't think it can compare with Granada. The women of Seville are pretty and the people of Seville are pleasanter than they are elsewhere. We went over the Cathedral, the Alcazar, the cigar factory (7,000 women and girls employed: marvellous sight: they are not *Carmens*, however); and to a Circus in the evening—on the first day."

*To Mr. Henry Higgs.*

"HÔTEL DE LA PAIX, MADRID.

June 11, 1903.

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"I have thought of you many times, but I am always too tired to write. We are travelling in the American manner: *Verbum* etc., etc. However, Granada, Toledo, and Cordova are the real thing: pure romance, orange groves, Moorish gardens, towers for captives, magnolias, roses, lilies, myrtle courts, olive and pomegranate plantations, guitars, beauties, bull-fights, *c'est ça enfin!* Gautier is the best man I have read on Spain: the rest are nowhere. I am constantly mistaken for a Spanish woman by the natives, and therefore I meet with good treatment. Americans and the English are clearly unpopular, and one still has to be careful in public places. I make love to all the babies, smile at the pretty women, and 'mix freely' with the populace. Here one is immediately democratic. They do the Royal business to perfection at the Palace, and they all look their parts. Nevertheless, the country is radical. I mustn't write more. When shall we have time for a talk? I leave in an hour's time for Barcelona."



*To a Friend.*

“NÎMES, June 19, 1903.

“It pours in torrents, but the air is good and the town is interesting: Roman remains, birth-place of Alphonse Daudet, etc., etc. . . . The Ruskin Society have elected me President for the year in succession to Lord Avebury: no woman has had the post before. The Bishop of Ripon was Lord A.’s predecessor. I have to deliver an address in the Town Hall in October.”

Mrs. Craigie arrived in London from Spain and Paris early in July, and went down to St. Lawrence Lodge, Isle of Wight, at the end of the month, where she renewed her literary activities.

*To a Friend.*

“ST. LAWRENCE, August 6, 1903.

“I sent off 20,000 words to the *Pall Mall Magazine* since last Thursday: this is a record for me. But I had a great deal of matter in my notes and manuscripts.”

“ST. LAWRENCE.

“House very comfortable and I’m thankful I made such efforts to get it. It must have been in some unconscious premonition of a collapse. At daybreak Moodoo started cricket practice and the popping of air-guns under my window: his trousers hang on the Louis XV. chair and his sponge-bag on my Florentine embroideries! . . . These I don’t mind, however, and they remind me that romance is all very well but—I have just removed the cricket bat from the Venetian quilt.”

*To Mr. Henry Higgs.*

“ST. LAWRENCE LODGE, ST. LAWRENCE, ISLE OF WIGHT.  
July 12, 1903.

“MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“I am here at last, and very happy. The place is enchanting, and I sit on my verandah in a *chaise longue* as I did on the decks of the *Arabia* and *Persia*. Such quiet may not be wholesome for weeks at a time, but it is most refreshing after London. You have more intuition than XXX.—indeed you have a great deal. He does not feel the weary restlessness of London people and he cannot imagine why I should leave London ‘in the height of the season.’ It may be strange that I should leave my friends at any time: my fancy (I hope not a pathetic fallacy) is that I take them with me! . . . I’m on a couch writing. All I hear is the wind rustling through the trees, the buzz of the flies, and the cries of birds. The sea is quite still and I’m too far from the shore to hear the beat of the waves. Your niece must be too charming. I must steal the gravel soil story. Perfect, and so like a woman when she is natural. Few *are* natural, so we call such things childlike. Let us both pray that the little niece may remain thus.”

*To Mr. Arthur Benson.*

“July 18, 1903.

“MY DEAR MR. BENSON,

“I am sending with ‘The Untilled Field’ a volume by Father Tyrrell. He hasn’t the charm, the genius, the beauty of Newman, and he may not be compared with him as a writer; as a character, however, and for a most unusual down-rightness of mind (especially uncommon in Roman Catholics), he would interest you. The writings are not doctrinal or controversial:

in many ways they'd pass for modern Nonconformity of the educated kind. (Campbell of the City Temple, for instance. But he lacks Tyrrell's force and Tyrrell's really fine scholarship.) Please don't trouble to acknowledge this as I know you are busy. The marked passages have no significance: they were done for a review on the general tenour of the book."

Concerning her volume on Imperial India, she writes to Mr. Fisher Unwin:

"I agree with you about the title. What about this: 'The Sun and the Shields: Indian Sketches'?"

And a little later upon her next novel:

"I have finished 'The Vineyard' and I'm very keen about it. I don't think it could have been better done. This is *not* conceit at all, but an impersonal interest in artistic work. My work is almost all I care about."

A month later she discusses what was to prove her last book, writing from Nottingham, where she had gone to rehearse *The Flute of Pan*:

"October 26, 1903.

"The title I have practically fixed on is this: 'The Dream in the Business.' 'For a dream cometh through the multitude of business' (Ecclesiastes v. 3). It may seem odd but it suits the story. I am sending the synopsis separately, but do not show it if you can help doing so, because I detest a synopsis. . . . Arrived here at 1 a.m. this morning!

"The novel is a study of the Nonconformist

Sophie had been married to Hughwells for six months when her relatives, relieved that he did not ask them for money, sent the young couple invitations to Sunday luncheons - useful luncheons they were called, because the men who could attend these meals were too busy on week-days to ~~be present at the~~ venture into amuse <sup>in</sup> society before the dinner-hour. Frank, in pride, wished to refuse these invitations which he deemed as offensive patronage. Sophie, pondering that he wished to accept them in order to show her ~~indifference~~ gentle contempt for the hostility first shown towards their marriage, <sup>little by little</sup> ~~therefore~~ peace was brought about with Lady Hughwells who had a family home to the effect that her daughter-in-law was beautiful, surprisingly well bred, & an excellent wife. Her ladyship decided to give an evening party - ostensibly to meet the unwelcome members of a ~~new~~ Liberal League, but in fact to proclaim her full approbation of her son's choice.

At eleven o'clock, on the evening of this entertainment, a long line of carriages filled one side of Park Lane, & another long line extended from the Hughwells' town-house in Brook Street to Grosvenor Square. It was a spring night in such March: cold & grey, with a sharp chill wind & a few hard stars in the severe sky. Lady Hughwells was one of the few Liberal hostesses of the old Whig school: she was slow though on principle





life, political life, and social life in England. The main interest is a love interest. The chief man is the son of a rich Nonconformist merchant. The chief woman is the daughter of a poor Roman Catholic of old family. The second woman is the sister of the chief man. The second man is the son of a rich Peer. These four characters have all prominent parts. There are no religious controversial matters introduced, although the clash of the different religions comes into the story. It is absolutely non-sectarian and the Nonconformist element is treated sympathetically. No class will be offended, but I believe they will all be interested in the theme. The scenes pass in Paris and England : it is of course about modern life and the politics won't be 'stodgy.' The plot is simple but it is good, I believe. Have been planning it for some months."

To Mr. Higgs she writes :

"I am so happy to hear of your splendid recovery. My uncle, Judge Marean (of the Supreme Court, New York), and his wife were to have arrived yesterday from New York : the steamer was delayed and I have just heard that we must meet them to-morrow. So, unless I hear that you have another engagement, I will call on Wednesday about 3.15. If you should not happen to feel like driving, we might take a tiny walk in Kew Gardens, or sit in your own charming garden. Please let me come—because I have been looking forward to the excursion. I had two restful days at Henley—in spite of the weather. On Thursday I went down with Mrs. Theodore Cook—a very nice woman, absolutely genuine. I met an extraordinarily

pretty Royalty at the Cazalets'—the Crown Princess of Roumania. Perhaps you know her. She gives me ideas for romance. I share your feelings about Pascal. The Catholic writers all possess and teach a highly idealized egoism. The so-called modern habits of introspection and self-analysis are wholly the result of Catholic Metaphysic. I had my fit of this, but now I restrain the tendency (already instinctive from the literary point of view)—with an iron determination. The Blue-book is exceedingly interesting, and I congratulate you. What observation and work it represents! I do happen to want some S. African 'local colour,' so I find the book doubly welcome. (This sounds egoistic, but the ego looms large in any sincere utterance!) I heard from O. S. that you and he were in Paris. My hope is to get part of September in Venice. . . . John and my boy are at my toy Lodge. It is really quite charming now: the piano and the card-table have arrived—two indispensables. I go to Ventnor on Wednesday."

To her father:

"ST. LAWRENCE, *August 27, 1903.*

"Bazaar yesterday, great success. Princess came to stall: accepted copies of George Meredith, and bought some books. Very amiable. It will amuse you to hear that H.R.H. observed loudly, 'What a pretty woman!' so I became the belle of the afternoon and sold everything in sight! (Need I add that the prices were low?)"

"*September 20, 1903.*

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"I am a rushed and haunted creature. I came down from Aberdeen on Monday night,

took my boy to Eton on Tuesday, and brought Dorothy, the child and nurse, to the Lodge on *Wednesday*. . . . I do hope you can come down for a week-end. . . . By the bye, I have found a resemblance between the *Admirable Crichton* and ‘Jeames de la Pluche’—in the love story, the wandering away to ladyships, the return to Mary Ann, the finale at the public-house. *Cela se fait*, I know, but it shows me how safe one is in assuming that professional critics are ill-read.”

The following letter is to Mr. Ropes, who writes for the stage as “Adrian Ross,” and in conjunction with whom she had some idea of producing *The Flute of Pan* as a musical play.

“September 22, 1903.

“MY DEAR MR. ROPES,

“I will do everything in my power most gladly. Mrs. Ropes has a most charming appearance, and she ought to have no difficulty, beyond the normal unavoidable one, in getting a good part at a good theatre. I expect to be passing through London this week or next, and I’ll give her the introduction with pleasure. I may have some news for you about *The Flute of Pan*.”

To Mr. Moberly Bell she writes :

“October 2, 1903.

“MY DEAR MR. MOBERLY BELL,

“I am truly grateful for your most kind and charming letter. . . . I am delighted to know that you liked *The Bishop’s Move*. Mr. Walkley is clever but he is rather in touch with books than with life. The people in my little comedy

are quite lifelike. But, as Guizot says in one of his Essays, 'it is supposed that one can only declaim *naturally* from the mud!' My enchantment over the *Times* review of my book pursues me *partout*: I get so little encouragement from some critics that I am peculiarly able to appreciate it. You, however, are always good to me."

Next we find Mrs. Craigie at Nottingham rehearsing her play, *The Flute of Pan*, and writing to a friend:

"THE VICTORIA STATION HOTEL, NOTTINGHAM.  
October 29, 1903.

"All goes admirably so far at rehearsals. Miss Nethersole absolutely *it*. Surprising. The whole company frightfully keen; stage manager told me twice yesterday that he *felt* it would go well. Quite like *Ambassador* days. But, of course, I rejoice with (or in) trembling. Rushed to London at 4.9 yesterday to see Moodoo and arrange some business; returned here 1 a.m. this morning! Moodoo looks very handsome. Brought *work* with him and worked at office for two hours before *matinée*! Strange child. I dined with him; we had 1½ hours together. Etiquette for Feldershey necessary at *Siguria*. At Florence it is all semi-official only."

The following letter is written to Miss Mary Moore (Mrs. Albery) and refers to *A Time to Love*, a play that has not yet been produced:

"SUNDAY, December 6, 1903.

"MY DEAR MRS. ALBERY,

"I have a charming note from Sir Charles—and I really hope he will 'see himself'

this time ! There is a fine part for you, and you would be perfect in it. The plot, I think, is good. Mr. Rose offered me the root-idea and we have worked it out together in its present form. The actual *writing* is all mine. No one has seen or heard it yet—so it is quite fresh and alive and right for the present hour. Nothing lugubrious or unpleasant, but Sir Charles will have a fine opportunity, I think, for powerful acting. They are giving *The Ambassador* at Madrid next month at the Theatre Royal with the ‘star’ stock-company. The Government does these things in Spain.”

A few days after the reception of the pallium by Archbishop Bourne, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, she writes to him :

“ December 31, 1903.

“ MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,

“ May I write to express the hope that Your Grace has now recovered from the inevitable strain and fatigue of the great ceremonial on Tuesday last ? I went to London for the occasion—which was certainly one of the first historical importance—and again, if I may say so, I felt, as I did at the opening of St. Anne’s, Vauxhall, that non-Catholics as well as Catholics must recognize in Your Grace’s words a definite secular policy coupled with the highest religious ideals—for which we have all been waiting rather impatiently. My work brings me into contact with the official representatives of many shades of opinion in Church and other affairs : I have often had to hear much criticism of the practical side of Roman Catholicism in England—from persons who were not unsympathetic,



nor disrespectful, but, unhappily, too often just in their strictures. Your Grace will not take it as an impertinence, I feel sure, if I say that the Pastoral gives a complete reply to many questions and misgivings: it must give, too, complete satisfaction to those who are most loyal to the Church, most anxious to increase its powers in this country, most appreciative of the heroic devotion and piety of its few eminent Princes and priests. In England, the idea that a high ecclesiastic is also a Prince ought never to be forgotten. Notions of authority and kindness on the practical side of life have become almost exclusively associated with members of the Royal Family: this is an immense hindrance in the task of social reform—a hindrance which Cardinal Gibbons had not, and has not, in America.

“I will not intrude further upon Your Grace’s time, and, of course, I do not look for any acknowledgment of this letter—which is a mere expression of my gratitude for a seat on Tuesday, and my loyalty to Your Grace’s projects.”

At her father’s request, Mrs. Craigie consented to write a series of short essays to appear week by week in *The Academy* during 1903. Twenty-two of these articles were written and published under the title “Letters from a Silent Study.” The book was published by the Appleton Co. of New York and London in 1904.

## CHAPTER XII

### “THE VINEYARD”

THE year 1904 saw the publication of “The Vineyard” and the production at the Shaftesbury Theatre of a three-act play, *The Flute of Pan*, published as a six-shilling novel in 1905. It is interesting to read Mrs. Craigie’s first ideas for the plot of “The Vineyard.” She wrote to a friend, with whom she discussed all her work, long before the story was begun :

“ I haven’t yet fixed on my title for the new story. It might be serialized in the right kind of magazine. The story concerns four characters pretty closely. The hero this time is a kind of land and mining expert. The heroine is the niece of a country organist. The other characters are a young banker, and a woman who never appears at all—she is merely referred to ! The scene is laid in the country. The plot turns on this idea : the ‘hero’ thinks he may lead a wild life because of the girl’s devotion to him. (The Peer Gynt and Solveig situation.) *But*, in this case, Solveig is wild herself ! When the youth returns to reap the reward of her vicarious sufferings, he finds that she, too, has been an egoist.—I tell it badly because I am tired. But it makes a good study of characters.”

The first criticism of "The Vineyard" came to her from a scholarly divine of her own Church, whose opinion alike as an ecclesiastic and a man of letters would be of profound value to her. Dr. William Barry wrote :

"DORCHESTER, WALLINGFORD.

March 15, 1904.

"DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"No sooner did you open the gate than I went down into your Vineyard. There I had an exciting and pleasant day, getting some intoxication from the vines in flower ; so that I concluded to wait until sober judgment came back, which it has perhaps this evening.

"Your French tact, lightness, limit, satisfy whatever in me is critical—the measure ! It is one story, viewed in three or four lights—for the men are each a problem, and two of the women. No one will charge upon you the carrying about of lay figures ; I could draw these without book—in fact, what else am I doing ? But your question, your moral ? An Elizabethan would beg you to write a fresh play and call it *The Lover's Mistake*. Meaning by the lover, Miss Jennie ; she is a real downright Amazon, compared with her false hero. She is hardly English—I seem to catch the accent of New England rather ; this girl may read certain novels, but she is still and will be La Puritaine, with plenty of iron in her blood. Now I see the question you put to her—ah, and let us hope to some other maids who choose by sight when they want insight. Have you not grasped the curious, the dreadful modern tangle in Federan, who is charming, *fancies himself a gentleman*, can do, or dream of doing, base

things, mean things, look in his glass and find the Ethiopian white? Anyhow, he thinks a good bath will bring his flesh back like Naaman's. Will it? You hesitate, or you hint that restoration may come thro' love, not his, but Rachel's. How forgiving are women? Hardly any man will excuse Federan—unless he is of the same tinge. Federan made me glance sideways at a whimsical creation of Hawthorne's—allow the momentary glimpse—I mean Feathertop who is all rags, no soul, a pipe between his lips, and the devil in the pipe. He keeps it going and wins Rachel. Lucky Feathertop! Now let me say it, Rachel is the creation, vital, painful, heart-breaking, and in a way triumphant, of your story—you have not done this before, no one has done it in English or perhaps at all. What is Rachel, then? She comes before me as the feminine of René, depraved by unwholesome day-dreams, posing, and is *névrose*. Had you written in French, you could have dipped your colours in a more lurid flame, with effect; but you are certainly not ineffective. Rachel I sum up in this way: she would not have committed a crime, but she was capable of bragging that she had done it. Odious, therefore? Very. Now comes your miracle. You let one spark of heavenly fire touch this Byronic heart, and lo, we pity, approve, are actually glad for her sake, hope that *she* will be the salvation of Federan. This, if I interpret rightly, is as true as it is subtle and far beyond mere brilliancy; it is pathetically human. I had other things to say, but look where I am running to! Perhaps I shall get a chance of saying them. At present I am out of the way of reviews. However, I must be grateful to you for telling townsfolk that the country does not reckon itself a suburb

of London, and that we have our own small-talk. Tell it them again.

"At the end of March I am publishing a little book on Cardinal Newman—an appreciation, not a life. May I send it to you?"

Already further projects were in her mind, alas! never to be realized. To Mr. Fisher Unwin Mrs. Craigie writes:

"The subject I propose for the novel . . . following 'The Flute of Pan' deals with Warren Hastings, Impey, and the extraordinary women of that period: the East India Company's first social life in Calcutta, etc. Most interesting. My idea would be to make it a really historical novel—on the lines of 'The School for Saints.' Lord Curzon and others have promised me the use of many historical documents, etc. for this work—and it would be a big thing. It has never been attempted. I believe it would do better if it were published *straight off*—not serialized at all. The story itself is most dramatic. . . . There is an enormous craze for historical things and memoirs just now—and this would create a sensation. The chief lady—after her Calcutta career—went to Paris and married Talleyrand."

"March 29, 1904.

"The name of the famous Madame Grand was, after she married Talleyrand, the Princesse de Benevento. She had an extraordinary life: her career at Calcutta and in Paris was amazing (*not* immoral): the history will make a wonderful book—with sketches of Talleyrand, Warren Hastings, Napoleon, etc."



“ March 30, 1904.

“ I suggest that the new book should be called either ‘ The Princesse de Benevento ’ or else be a complete disguise just as Disraeli’s novels were history in disguise—*facts* without real names. This gives one a freer hand. But this is something to be considered. There is no doubt that the history of the lady, the period, Warren Hastings, and later, Napoleon, are exceedingly picturesque. I could not have hit on a finer subject : I began the story when I was in Calcutta, and I may go back to India in the autumn for local colour. The book will begin in Calcutta with the lady’s marriage and end in Paris or Italy. She was *far* more amazing than Mrs. Norton.”

“ April 7, 1904.

“ I have been so rushed that I wonder I express myself at all ! I went to Ventnor and back yesterday !—rehearsed here from 11 p.m. till 1 a.m. : have been to Northampton and back to-day, and must do the same to-morrow ! This is not fun but most exhausting.

“ I am amused by the *Speaker* ‘ critics.’ . . . Few people know all sides of life so well as I know it—by actual experience. ‘ The Vineyard ’ is too true for people who love false sentiment, and that’s the present curse of many in this country. However, I am not writing false twaddle for anybody. The most footling books (utterly insincere) are hailed as masterpieces : I don’t think they are bought or read ! I am quite satisfied to go on as I am ! ”

“ May 2, 1904.

“ Readers (especially women) like the book [“ The Vineyard ”]. The men are too truthfully drawn to please the average male reader. . . . If

they [the American publishers] vitiate the taste of their own public by giving them the outrageous trash which was circulated—like cheap tea-samples—all over America about two years ago, they must expect to wear out the buyers' patience. People won't subscribe in advance now for the twaddle they fear will come—even from well-known authors who do not write twaddle. The American and English publics do not interfere with each other. . . . 'Love and the Soul Hunters' is an actual picture of people and events within my own personal knowledge. But I never write for a 'boom'—my work will hold its own in the long run because it is original and my own—and that's all I care about. . . . They [the mob] are not quite ready yet for the best stuff, but they are utterly sick of mere rubbish. That's the position. . . . I spend very large sums in acquiring the personal knowledge I need for my books and plays. Nothing in them is vamped-up or second-hand. The method is the Balzac method: it killed *him*, and it will kill me, but it is the only method worth considering. And his publishers have come out very well indeed over his remains! This is only a joke, although it is a fact into the bargain."

“May 17, 1904.

“I am absolutely certain that my *biggest* sales are for the future—because some of my best ideas are in advance of the present average reader. As it is, my English public is far larger than I ever expected to find it at this stage. Professor Goodwin (the Greek Professor)—who taught me so much when I first wrote—prepared me for a small public. He was delighted, but astonished, at the *popular* success of 'Some Emotions and a Moral.' He thought

I *might* have to wait many years for any kind of general ‘fair play.’ I write from knowledge and this is why my method is so expensive: it is also why the books will ultimately have value. They have many faults, no doubt, but they are not twaddle. As psychological stuff, they are sound, and as studies of modern English life, they are the truth. . . . All English publishers have the sense to know that an educated author—with an educated following, no matter how small—is very useful indeed—especially if a firm wishes to have any sort of standing or reputation. One can’t supply the public with drivel and be respected into the bargain. No other firms in the world publish the outrageous bosh which goes down in England and America. . . . Miss Nethersole will spend thousands on the English and American productions of the play. She never appeared to better advantage in her life than in *The Flute of Pan*. She gives a wonderful performance.”

*To Mr. Edmund Gosse.*

“April 5, 1904.

“MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

“I am purring over your delightful letter, and I think it more than kind of you to have found time—at Easter—to send me such a charming Easter message. With regard to your criticism of Federan’s character—your case is, of course, very strong. But men do not know how other men talk to women. The *beau gars* qua *beau gars* does rely on his architectural advantages: still all women like to hear good conversation, or at least conversation which seems to them good, *i.e.* ‘a little above their heads.’ Don Juans of every rank and nation have considerable conversational gifts in the

sentimental or actually 'cultured' line: I have observed this again and again. The tone of it depends on their education, their position, and, above all, their *women*. In Federan's case, he caught, as it were, Rachel's culture and Jennie's University College lectures. Even among the lowest classes, the 'poetical,' 'philosophic' streak plays its part. I am often amazed at the letters shown me by 'engaged' young women of the factory class. As for the servants—the letters from their admirers are overpowering. Corelli's 'meilleur' is not in it. Provincials read enormously and read classic stuff: they use marvellously good Addisonian English. Hardy and Eliot have not exaggerated in giving their yeomen really beautiful speech. In London one hears it only from the distinguished and highly educated: but in the provincial towns, one hears the purest idioms. This is the case in France and Germany, also."

Sir Evelyn Wood was among those who appreciated "The Vineyard" and wrote:

"April 11, 1904.

"I have now finished the last chapter of 'The Vineyard.' . . . I read last week a criticism of it which has shown me how little capacity the critic has. Your insight of man is, I think, wonderful: naturally I don't know women as you do, but your critic suggested mean, inconstant men would be unlikely to win steeplechases and Victoria Crosses. One of the meanest Army Officers I have known was a brave and remarkable rider. I got a man his V.C.: he became an ordinary, no, an extraordinary thief: he robbed a drunken comrade

who was put under his charge! I have delighted in 'The Vineyard' and marvelled at your reading!"

*To a Friend.*

"56 LANCASTER GATE, W., 1904.

"I go to Ventnor to-day: to Manchester, Monday. Rehearsals go well. Hare, Sarah Brooke, and now Helen Ferrars as Lady Feldershey are perfect. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress give me a reception at Manchester, and I shall repeat the Tolstoy and St. Ignatius lecture on Wednesday at the Art Gallery. The Dante-Goya went excellently. A good subject. . . . After Manchester I go to Ventnor. Broadbent orders immediate rest and fresh air. Seven hours daily at Peckham (in a theatre) is not the healthiest thing possible. Fine reviews of 'The Vineyard.' Had a splendid letter from Sir Evelyn Wood."

*To Miss Julie Opp.*

"May 30, 1904.

"MY DEAREST JULIE,

"I was delighted to hear from you. I have been resting here for the last fortnight and I feel a little better. I hope to be in London on or about June 6. If I could meet you then it would be delightful. Miss Nethersole made a great hit in *The Flute of Pan*, although she forgot her lines on the first night in the third and fourth acts. Gilbert Hare and the leading man also forgot their lines, but the play went admirably, and at the third performance, when all the players were less nervous, the play proved itself beyond question a popular success. All our London notices were splendid, and the piece will be produced in the early autumn in London. I think it would be foolish to mount a costly



production at this time of the year. My Haymarket play will be given when they re-open the theatre after its redecoration and enlargement in January next."

"July 13, 1904.

"DEAREST JULIE,

"I find to my horror that a charming letter from you with an invitation to Chiddingfold has never been answered. It came when I was feeling most seriously ill and I could neither read nor answer any letters. In going through some papers to-day, I found your letter. How I wish I could have accepted your invitation! When do you come to London, or when are you passing through, as I should love to see you? We all go to the Isle of Wight about the 20th of this month.

"Miss Nethersole is going to produce *The Flute of Pan* in the autumn in London, and, according to present arrangements and my contract, the Haymarket will re-open with my comedy after the theatre has been redecorated. Nat Goodwin has secured the American rights, and Miss Nethersole, of course, has the American rights of her production."

*To Mr. Higgs.*

"July 19, 1904.

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"I am going to Lady Warwick's at Easton on Saturday, or I should love to take luncheon with you. I do hope we may see you at Ventnor this year. I have been most unwell. There is never anything organically wrong with me, but my pulse goes wrong. The doctors (Broadbent, Laking & Co.) disapprove of my working in the home circle, so I have taken chambers in the Albany. I shall work there

only. They have never before allowed a woman 'sole' to become a tenant! The rooms are on the first floor: belonged formerly to Sir Vincent Caillard: they are extremely pleasant."

*To Mr. Fisher Unwin.*

"August 28, 1904.

"The little terminal figure of *Pan* which I wish copied for the frontispiece is from the Villa of Antoninus Pius near Civita Lavinia. It is now in the British Museum. It is labelled 'Midas' now; and no longer *Pan*; why, I do not know—probably it is some Museum fad. But that is the figure I wish for the book. . . . W. L. Courtney is bringing out a book 'On the Feminine Note in Fiction': essays on Mrs. Ward, myself, and others. It should be very interesting.

"By the bye, there is an absurd 'special cable' going the round of the American papers that I am 'changing my literary style' and writing three books at once, etc., etc. Have you seen it? My *last* book is quite my best—artistically, and if I didn't see an improvement in my 'grip' of psychology, I should stop writing altogether! My interest is the study of human nature—and I do not compete with A. or B. . . .

"If I felt that I were merely writing 'Silly Tales for Silly People,' I would turn to hospital nursing. No money on earth would tempt me to write of what I know not, in imbecile terms."

*To Mr. Moberly Bell.*

"September 22, 1904.

"MY DEAR MR. BELL,

"I am bewildered! Mr. Courtney asked me to write a special article on Marriage for *D. T.* Articles have appeared in all the papers on the subject: the *D. T.* has been on the

marriage question for years. While I was writing the article, Mr. Le Sage sent up a messenger to call my attention to the letter in *The Times* about the long engagement. They had articles on *my* letter in the *P. M. Gazette*. I cannot see why you should be annoyed, or where is any breach of etiquette. All the same, you must blame Mr. Courtney—not me. I know nothing of editorial etiquette. But I am constantly asked to write special articles for the various 'Dailies': I do not often accept such commissions unless I have something to say. I was paid for the article—and it was a purely professional matter.

"But, please, my dear friend, absolve me from the smallest, faintest intention of the dimmest discourtesy. Courtney and Le Sage, who ought to know what is cricket in such matters, are always punctilious—this is the legend, at any rate. Do, please, again, write and tell me that *I* have not vexed you.

"Yours very sincerely,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"P.S.—It occurs to me *tout d'un coup* that Mr. Brereton should be mentioned as having written to *The Times*. I suppose I took it for granted, in the hurry of writing, that Courtney would write some first blast, mentioning *The Times* article. As a matter of fact, there was a long *D. T.* leader. But you must see that I am not to blame."

*To Mr. I. N. Ford.*

"STEEPHILL CASTLE, VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

*September 4, 1904.*

"MY DEAR MR. FORD,

"I should be so grateful if you could contradict the rumour (which has appeared in

the leading American and Canadian papers) to the effect that I am 'feverishly engaged in writing three novels at once: that I am going in for plot, and dropping my intellectual style,' etc., etc. Each one of my novels represents at least three years of study and consideration: I keep several themes in my mind, just as artists keep several portraits or subject-pictures in their studios: where work is the result of thought, observation, and experience this method in question is the one possible method, and it has been followed invariably by authors, painters, and composers of music who wished to convey, to the best of their gifts, a large impression of life and human feelings. The 'Flute of Pan' was first sketched by me in 1900: and I have been working at it at intervals ever since. It is a romance but it contains a most definite philosophy into the bargain. To tell the truth, an anecdote qua anecdote does not interest me: I must find some meaning in it: I can invent plots easily enough, but a situation, no matter how dramatic, is blank to me unless I know something about the souls of the individuals posed. I believe you agree with me. I write because I take such an intense interest in psychology, and there is not a line in any one of my books which I have any reason to think is false—taken sentimentally or otherwise. That a thing should be done is not enough for me. I want to understand *why*, rightly or wrongly, it was done. I may not be a novelist at all: I am, according to my lights, a psychologist: my study is mankind, and, therefore, I cannot play for what is known as a 'boom.' You have always been so kind to my work that I feel sure you will forgive this burst of egoism, in view of the fact that I am begging you to use your influence

to correct an idea of my literary aims which is as untrue as it well can be.

"Yours very sincerely,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

*To Mr. W. L. Courtney.*

"November 1, 1904.

"MY DEAR MR. COURTNEY,

"I am deeply grateful for your very kind criticism of my work, and, indeed, I have, from the beginning, been wholly in your debt for my encouragement. It is selfish of me to wish that you cared more for 'Love and the Soul Hunters' and 'The Vineyard'—they are both as truthful, and as much based on actual knowledge, as any of the other books. I have never yet been able to use a great deal of my experience of life, but I shall do so later on. Not that I intend to make your flesh creep or to shock you! Once more, dear Mr. Courtney, my heartfelt thanks—not for your kindness only, but for a brilliant volume."

Miss Olga Nethersole produced Mrs. Craigie's play, *The Flute of Pan*, in November 1904, and its failure to please the critics was a great disappointment to the author. There was a scene on the first night of the production, with "booing" from the gallery, which drew forth the following letter to the *Daily Express*, one of the few papers which commented favourably on the play:

*To the Editor of the "Express."*

"SIR,

"I have no hesitation in saying that every one of your readers—professional 'boosers'



excepted—will agree in thinking the very act of 'booing' ignominious in itself and repulsive to the British standard of fair play. To call such demonstrations brutal is grossly unjust to the brute creation.

"It is granted, therefore, that :

"(a) No educated person, who was sober, would wish to 'boo' anybody. 'Booing' is not an instinct, it is an accomplishment.

"(b) No person of common manliness would wish to 'boo' another person of either sex, in any circumstances.

"It will also be easily granted by all the responsible that this notion of one-sided warfare, which condemns every artist or author to accept insults and injustice without a protest, is so preposterous that it need not be discussed. If a man enters a house of entertainment and pays his entrance fee, he goes into that house either because he has visited it before and been satisfied, or because he has heard of its reputation from his friends. If, on witnessing the performance provided, he feels dissatisfied, he must remember that he has gone in on a speculation.

"As a matter of fact, every theatre ticket, every concert ticket, every circus ticket is a speculation. To take a friend to a play is always anxious work ; one never knows how he or she will like it, so great is the divergence of tastes in amusements. If one once refuses to allow this divergence in individual tastes, all freshness in art, all energy in enterprise, so far as the theatre is concerned, must end.

"But, leaving theatres for a moment, let us turn to other public places. Let us imagine the manager and staff of the Carlton Hotel being 'booed' by a gentleman who, having ordered

a cup of tea in the palm garden and found it accidentally disappointing to his palate, called the diners in the restaurant hired partisans for presuming to like their dinners.

"In answer to this it might be said: It is the same play for all parts of the house, whereas at the Carlton it is not the same dinner for every diner. But a play as seen from the gallery is not the play as it is seen from the stalls.

"Comedy is very much a matter of dialogue (this will be conceded by the least literary), and if, through nervousness, the speakers lose control of their voices or are unaccustomed to the pitch of the theatre, conversations which may seem interesting to those in the stalls and dress circle will not reach the gallery at all. And facial expression, gestures, subtleties of the actor's art, are invisible to the gallery. I have often been in the gallery myself, and I have been unable to form any idea of a play's real merit, unless it happened to be melodrama or a violent farce.

"The expression 'playing to the gallery' is always used as a term of reproach, whether it be applied to those on the stage or those in public life generally. Why is this the case? Is it because the occupants of the gallery are, of necessity, vulgar, or incurably stupid? No! It is because the gallery, from its very position, has a wrong point of view, and, in the opinion of many architects, it ought to be abolished from every theatre where comedies and dramas with any serious claim to consideration are played.

"A few of our very popular performers are accused by the fastidious of over-emphatic gestures, shouting, attitudinizing, and crudity. It is outrageous to blame them, for, unless they

appear grotesque to the stalls, they will be incomprehensible or lifeless to those who are three or four galleries above.

"We see, therefore, that if there is to be any science in the composition of the dialogue, any refinement in the situations, any delicacy in the performance, it will not carry beyond the dress circle.

"But, for argument's sake, let us suppose that the professional 'booper' expresses a feeling which the well-bred do not care to indulge in on their own behalf. Let us grant that the 'booper' does, as it were, the disagreeable work. Why, then, is he not engaged for the concerts of the Queen's Hall and St. James's Hall, the musical festivals in the provinces, the tournament at the Agricultural Hall, the Law Courts, the opening of all new hotels, banks, and public buildings, private views at the picture galleries, and, in fact, everywhere where opinions may be divided either about things or individuals?

"When a distinguished cricketer is not playing with his usual form, owing perhaps to nervousness or a variation in his health, why do we not hear that some honest persons hooted and yelled at him from a safe and convenient distance? Why do we not see, at a private view at the Academy or the New Gallery, a little knot of the dissatisfied hissing like geese in front of pictures which have excited opposing criticisms?

"Why are we not told that, when the distinguished conductor at the Queen's Hall concerts has presented a new work by a living composer, the real lovers of music—some four or five in number—tittered and guffawed through the performance, and, at the end, signified their passion for harmony and their knowledge of musical composition by bellowing as men of

the commonest type may sometimes be heard bellowing at bull-fights, when the bull refuses to gore a horse?

"How is it possible for any players to do themselves or any author justice when they feel, the moment they step upon the stage, the spirit of rough antagonism in the very air they breathe? Every English author of standing knows how the dread of this ordeal is growing more and more upon members of the theatrical profession, who are, by the very nature of their art, abnormally sensitive, highly strung, and nervous.

"Will any one tell me how it would be possible for a man to play a hero with charm, or a woman to represent a heroine with tenderness, when they are both fighting, as it were, against the coarse and the unfriendly? They step upon the stage with set jaws, clenched hands, and nerves strung up to the highest pitch—not as though they were about to present a work of art intended to please, but as though they were being driven, at a terrible disadvantage, into the arena to wait for attacks from the safely protected.

"Now, if any one particular artist or any special author were singled out for treatment of this kind, the incident, while it could not be otherwise than distressing to the public at large, might be accepted as a phenomenon, attributable, in some way, to excessive unpopularity in the person of the author or the company interpreting him.

"But we have reached a point now in London when no author, no matter what his record may have been and is, and no player, no matter what his or her genius may be, can appear with any degree of confidence or pleasure at a first-night performance. Sir Henry Irving, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Mr. Tree, for example, have no



idea how they will be received at the conclusion of the most elaborate production. What with horse-play in the gallery and no canons of criticism to apply to the drama as an art, we have reached a point when our national stage is the wonder of the civilized world.

“It is well known that no play, no matter how admirable, can appear at its best, after the great strain of rehearsals, on its first performance.

“A play now to make an immediate hit has to be a kind of dumb crambo, relieved by an occasional slang expression, which is already so familiar to the audience that no attention is required to follow the end of the sentence, if one has caught its first or any single syllable.

“I have observed that such words as ‘mother-in-law,’ ‘week-end,’ ‘booze,’ and the like never fail to bring down what is called the ‘house,’ and to be described the following morning as ‘sparkling.’ Stage dialogue, therefore, will soon be managed by a kind of telegraphic code, and—as in Shakespeare’s time the label ‘A Wood,’ ‘A Court,’ hung up behind the speakers, conveyed the scene of action—such words as ‘Divorce,’ ‘Drunkenness,’ ‘Buffoonery,’ and ‘Indecency’ will be suspended in twinkling letters, behind, to exhilarate the honest patrons of the English drama. By these signals they will know when to applaud.

“To conclude, a work would have little life in it which could not call forth a variety of opinions with respect to its treatment. There has been a considerable difference of opinion about my comedy, just as there has been considerable difference of opinion about every comedy ever written.

“It is these very differences which make criticism interesting. I cannot help thinking, however, that a first-night audience is so satiated



with theatrical work, so familiar with all the players and their methods, that it is an impossibility, even with every aid of language, scenery, art, and make-up, to give them the smallest illusion. They never forget for a moment the personalities of the players behind the characters in the piece, and, if success is made, it is always called—and rightly called—a 'personal' success. This means that the leading character for that one evening—though not necessarily on a former or a future occasion—was acceptable to the capricious temper of one especial audience.

"But I am convinced that this one especial audience forms only a very small minority of theatre-goers as a whole. And of the truth of this fact Miss Nethersole is equally convinced. We believe the British theatre-loving public, as a whole, to be absolutely open-minded and jealous of their reputation for fair play—which is their greatest characteristic.

"Miss Nethersole and I are anxious to have the honest opinion of such an audience, and to this end Miss Nethersole asks me to say that she will have much pleasure in accepting your suggestion to give one performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre, free from all cost, to readers of the *Daily Express*. The arrangements for the distribution of the seats we shall be glad to leave to the discretion of the Editor.

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.

"(John Oliver Hobbes.)

"LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, W."

Mr. Sidney Low was present at the free performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre on November 23, and contributed a thoughtful appreciation of the play to *The Standard*, de-

scribing his pleasure at finding himself able to listen without "constant disturbing noises" to "a work of art written by one of the most artistic and cultured of living writers." Mrs. Craigie's thanks were promptly expressed :

"November 24, 1904.

"DEAR MR. LOW,

"I must thank you at once for your delightful criticism in *The Standard*. Your understanding of the part of the Princess is simply charming, and written with such grace that I shall reprint it in one of Unwin's catalogues ! Your point about the pitch is precisely my own. The fact is that one cannot present a play 'all of a piece' because one cannot get a company 'all of a piece.' It is admitted that I have a strong cast from the professional standpoint, but, with the exception of Miss Annie Hughes and Milward, not one member has a real idea of playing high comedy. High comedy is not understood in this country. It is thought to be something inherently artificial and it is always attacked in the *School for Scandal* manner. High comedy is, in my opinion, extreme naturalness, the naturalness we see in Italian, German, Spanish, and French performers. A play in England has to succeed not by its merits but by its blots, and, in order to get a hearing from a manager, quite apart from the general public, one must make any number of concessions to English theatrical tradition. It was miraculous that Miss Nethersole accepted a play containing parts so long as those of Feldershey himself and of Bertha. If, on the other hand, one of the actor-managers had taken the play, Margaret's part would have been cut down to a

phantom. I am sorry I had to make cuts in the dialogue because it is impossible to get a flowing effect when situations have to be tackled in the snap-shot spirit. The difficulties of writing for the English stage are unknown to the playwrights of any other country. You quote Shaw, one of our most brilliant writers; no leading manager or manageress would touch one of his compositions for what is known as a 'run.' My first draft of the play, written four years ago, was, in my opinion, incomparably superior as a work of art to this present acting version, but I am convinced that no English company could have satisfied an English audience in the scenes which require great finesse, facial expression and gesture. I do my best at rehearsals to make the artists a little more flexible, but the task is overpowering. Any little super in a foreign company is dramatic in his movements and facial expression.

"With again my warmest thanks,

"Believe me yours very sincerely,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

Mr. E. F. Spence had been another sympathetic critic, and Mrs. Craigie writes to him on November 26, 1904 :

"DEAR MR. SPENCE,

"I have been wanting to thank you all these days for your exceedingly kind treatment of my comedy. No author, I hope, is foolish enough to suppose that his work is perfect, but I cannot think of any play which has been subjected to such severe criticism and tests as have been applied to mine. I quite see your point about the first performance, but a quarter of

million letters in protest against first-night criticism and audiences are worth getting, if only in the interest of other writers for the stage. As a matter of fact, criticism, whether of praise or of dispraise, is losing all value, except over a few brilliant signatures, and all the managers now have to wait—if they have sufficient capital—for the mouth-to-mouth verdict given by one casual theatre-goer to another. Theatre business is very bad indeed and most uncertain at all the leading houses. From week to week, no manager can say, with any degree of confidence, what is going to happen. Of course, at the musical comedies, one can always find a certain ‘go’ in the performance; one may laugh, one may see pretty people and funny men!

“You know the difficulty of getting a play accepted and properly cast? No actor-manager would have allowed the heroine so long a part as Miss Nethersole plays, and no manageress, except Miss Nethersole, would have allowed Waring and Annie Hughes such important rôles.

“Audiences seem unable to listen to dialogue unless it be of the snap-shot kind, and, in view of the deplorable elocution of most players, one cannot blame the audiences. The exhaustion of rehearsals cannot be described. One has to train even the old hands in the most elementary principles of dramatic art. Miss Nethersole’s company worked very hard and loyally. It would be ungrateful of me to complain of individuals when the system is really at fault. But I myself could not hear one line in ten of my own comedy in the gallery or in the upper circle, or even in the second row of the stalls! They are now pitching their voices better and the play at every performance goes remarkably

well. But I have been told by many that neither Miss Nethersole nor Mr. Waring nor Mr. Somerset were even intelligible in the gallery on the first night. This makes the booing the more unpardonable, for, in one case, they should have made allowance for nervousness and the architect, and in the other case, they should have given the author the benefit of the doubt, when they had not even heard his dialogue.

"I wish you would use your influence to point out the difficulties of the English playwright. (a) How is characterization possible without dialogue? (b) How can one produce a flowing effect as it were in the construction when an audience will not take the trouble to listen to the theme? . . .

"With kindest regards to Mrs. Spence, whose sympathy I think I detect in your charming articles,

"Believe me yours very sincerely,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"P.S.—I enclose a letter from Mr. Choate which may interest you. In America these theatre scenes would be out of the question."

Mr. Choate's letter follows :

"4 CARLTON GARDENS, S.W.

November 25, 1904.

"DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"I didn't have time to tell you last night how heartily we sympathized with you and Miss Nethersole on the first night of *The Flute of Pan*. We thought the play an excellent one—and so did the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, who were with us—subject only to the usual



necessity of pruning to bring it within the ordinary limits of time for an acting play, and we were much astonished at the brutal conduct of a few people in the gallery who had apparently been sent there to make mischief. Cutting out the parts that were least taking, you had bright gems enough to hold any audience admiring for two hours or two hours and a half, which is as long as any entertainment ought to last.

"I admire your pluck and congratulate you on the courage with which you bearded the lions, and on what I understand to have been the great success of your challenge to the public.

"There ought to be some way of punishing such miscreants as made the outrageous disturbance.

"I wish we could have seen a little more of you last night and hope you were not tired out.

"Yours most truly,

"JOSEPH H. CHOATE."

Two members of the theatrical profession wrote :

"What a beautiful story. It is full of—*Pearls* too, and I should have thought it would pan out into a lovely little play.

"ELLEN TERRY."

"November 24, 1904.

"I must tell you what a delight it is to me to play in your intellectual comedy after the stereotyped and machine-made plays which usually come into the actor's way.

"HERBERT WARING."

Among many other appreciative letters, we choose the following :

"BLENHEIM PALACE, *November 1904.*

"I was so interested in seeing your play. . . . I had never seen Miss Nethersole before and thought her very clever. . . . I can imagine the difficulty in getting an English actress to impersonate so subtle, delightful, and complex a character as you gave us in the Princess. . . . The dialogues were most delightful and so amusing that one thought oneself in France. . . .

"CONSUELO MARLBOROUGH."

"108 LEXHAM GARDENS, W.  
*November 15, 1904.*

"I went last night to see your new play (*The Flute of Pan*), and I hasten to tell you how greatly I enjoyed it. The story seemed to me admirably contrived and presented, and I think that some dramatic critics, whose lucubrations I read in the newspapers, quite misrepresented the piece in a fashion that makes me feel indignant. The misunderstanding between Boris and the Princess is most ingeniously contrived, and kept the interest of myself and the audience thoroughly alive. The characterization was thoroughly pointed throughout, and only the deaf could fail to appreciate the literary temper of the speeches. One or two subsidiary developments might possibly lend themselves to criticism, but the leading idea strikes me as admirable in itself and admirably worked out. I do not think anything could be better than Miss Nethersole's masterly interpretation of the heroine. Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Somerset did almost perfect justice in

my view to your humorous conception. The house seemed thoroughly to enjoy the play. . . .

“SIDNEY LEE.”

“2 DURHAM PLACE, CHELSEA.

*November 24, 1904.*

“I am fortunate in gaining your approval for my criticism of your play. In many respects it seems to me a charming and clever work ; and if it falls short, to some extent, of a complete success, it will be due, I think, to your reluctance to sacrifice to the stock conventions. . . . I understand the trials of the British dramatist. Barrie says it is harder to write plays in English than in any other language. A French audience will allow the actors to talk. The B. P. is impatient of any speech more than about five lines long ; and how can the author explain his meaning if everything has to be done in staccato paragraphs ?

“SIDNEY LOW.”

Mrs. Craigie wrote to Mr. Henry Higgs :

*“November 29, 1904.*

“MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“Your criticism is most valuable and just. I agree with it absolutely. I did not care for the ‘curtains’ myself, and I see there is much to be urged against my *own* pet theories of ‘life likeness’ in stage management ! I gave too true a picture of tedious Court functions. It all seems foolish to a modern mind : it *is* foolish. There is satire in my comedy : but satire is terribly dangerous on the stage. I have *seen* a Duchess bow down to the ground and *heard* her murmur : ‘D——n the woman !’ (The H.R.H. to whom she was bowing.)

Had I given *that* touch!—You say charming things, and as I want to believe them, I believe them gladly. I'll dine with pleasure on December 8 at the Carlton."

*To Mrs. Moberly Bell.*

"December 2, 1904.

"MY DEAR MRS. BELL,

"Booers are as gentle as Titania's famous 'Joy' in comparison with rival star-actresses! . . . My comedy was a satire on Court life, and the English, as a race, detest sarcasm. This is why Disraeli's novels were attacked with ferocity. He *knew* what he was describing: but the least experienced felt that he was *sempre ridente*. One must have one's joke—even if one cannot produce solemn indecencies of the *Mama Colibri* order which 'palpitate with actuality.' I have two more comedies coming out next season—they won't 'palpitate': they are not indecent, and they won't be rancid with false sentiment. The theatres are having a bad time financially: but for private 'backers' many of the so-called leading managements would collapse. The educated go to Queen's Hall, and the masses prefer the Music Halls.

"I am going to write a series of articles on theatre business and the drama. I know the whole system through and through. Authors and actors and critics imagine that the general public *read* Press criticisms: this has been proved now a mistake. A success is made by mouth-to-mouth recommendation and support—it takes two months for a *boomed* piece to catch the mob. *Monsieur Beaucaire* was slated absolutely: Waller sat tight for weeks, and only gradually secured a big steady audience. . . .

“This is all quite interesting commercially : it bears no relation to art or literature. That’s the worst of it—from the artist’s point of view. I believe that the Court Theatre performances are excellent and not a financial loss. The little German theatre, too, gets along comfortably—although the English Press are curiously stupid toward German plays of admirable merit. Here they can make nothing of Hauptmann—the first author in Germany now ! It is astonishing to read some of the reporters on this man of really great genius.”

In 1904 the following paragraph was going the round of the newspapers, on both sides of the Atlantic :

“John Oliver Hobbes says that the epics of ‘Tom Jones’ and ‘Amelia’ ought to be given to every girl on her eighteenth birthday.”

This assertion, very naturally, startled many parents who had not read the sentence with its context, in an essay published in “The Letters from a Silent Study.” There her meaning is made perfectly clear ; she follows up the first statement by saying :

“Many would find these works coarse, deficient in romance and fine sentiments, dull here and there, and prosaic from beginning to end. Nevertheless, carefully read, and taken to heart, they would save women from innumerable mistakes and tears. Tom Jones and Billy Booth are not heroes, not Philosophers, not men of intellectual tastes or intellectual pro-



fessions, but they are men ; they spring from a sound stock, and, while they bear no sort of resemblance to the ultravirile bully, of costume plays and fiction, they are certainly robust animals who take little interest in the soul. . . . I want to draw attention to its ["Amelia's"] wisdom and usefulness, and contrast it with many well-written foreign and English novels of the present day, which, so far from being either wise or useful, add industriously to the unhappiness of young girls and women. . . . Fielding is not an idealist—idealism is not for the majority—but he is a moralist who, by his very moderation, produces a sounder impression and preaches a better lesson than can ever be achieved by exaggerated statements on behalf of the angels, or against them."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE UNITED STATES REVISITED

THE year 1905 saw only the production of "The Flute of Pan" as a novel, and it closed with the departure of Mrs. Craigie upon a lecturing tour in the United States, when her subjects included "The Science of Life" and "Dante and Botticelli." In January of this year, we find some letters, the first of an interesting correspondence with a friend, a man whose acquaintance she had lately made—one professing the same Faith as herself, and to whom she wrote frequently during the last two years of her life.

#### *To X.*

"I had occasion to look into the 'Life and Letters of Charles Spurgeon.' This 'boy-preacher' in Wales is repeating—so far—the Spurgeon furore. Spurgeon seems to have been perfectly sincere, but it is hard to understand—from the printed page—his fascination. I heard him preach several times when I was a child. I remember his appearance and my own fatigue—nothing else. Dean Stanley—whom I heard about the same time—was to me far more sympathetic. I was too young, of course, to understand his sermon."

“ January 15, 1905.

“ All you say encourages me when I need encouragement. An hour strikes when one begins to wonder whether one really does know what one is talking and writing about. I read few novels now, and those I read seem such amazing misinterpretations of life that I wonder how modern young people keep, on the whole, so sane. The novels fifteen years ago were far, far truer and better. I agree with your view of companionship. . . . I know that there are worse things than loneliness—bad as it is. This new craze for incessant entertainments (halls and theatres are now to be open for three or four performances *daily*) is mainly due to the general loneliness which people, who have lost religious faith, now fear will never be relieved in any world. To call it all the pursuit of pleasure is absurd : it is a possible distraction from brooding and moping—especially among unemployed women of all ages and classes and types. It is the nearest realization they can find of the old idea of sitting with blessed millions in Paradise ! Of this I am convinced. Imagination is not the power it once was : few can imagine beauty—they have to see a ballet at the Empire or a transformation scene at the pantomime in order to believe in anything not wholly of the street and the wayside. This is extraordinary, and the reaction now comes in the shape of the so-called religious revival in Wales, and giant choruses at the Albert Hall ! ”

“ Knowledge, as opposed to imbecile imaginations (whether of suffering, love, anxieties, or anything else), is not to be mistaken in its signs. . . . Please tell me when you feel overtired and rushed. It is a great help to hear that others are exhausted, and working against

thought. 'Over-thought' is a malady: we were not made to think so much. I do indeed agree with your view of the non-sense and non-spirit talked by most admirable, good women about 'love' and 'goodness' so-called. In some ways, the better the woman, the greater twaddle she will believe, or, at least, talk. Men, as a rule, encourage these false ideas—partly because each wonders whether the ideas are true of *other* men (the humour of this is grim), and partly because women seem happier in thinking of love as a rather physical affair. (I give you the result of much careful observation among *all* types.) Women are materialists by constitution: the coarsest Englishman is never so coarse as the average British matron who lives respectably. . . . It belongs to the scheme of nature to throw a glamour over all human relationships (the mother-and-child sentimentality, for instance, is at the root of much unspeakable misery in families. . . .) In marriage, couples sometimes remain fond in spite of the physical tie. . . . In illicit unions, the same rule applies. The man, or the woman, remains affectionate (if they do not irremediably quarrel) for every reason except the usually accepted one. All this explains the sound common sense (morality and charity apart) of keeping girls closely guarded from admirers until they are safely married for life. I get wearied of being constantly reproached for 'not letting myself go.' Where, pray? So I can understand your own blank wonder at the confusion between deep sympathies with humanity and mere moods. If people are in themselves loveable, they are loved—not in the common skin-deep way which depends on the skin, but in an independent way."

“Your ideas about men and women are as sound as possible (if I may say so): they are in Fielding, in Homer, in Byron, as well as in the idealistic writers, but *men* everywhere would admit them more gladly and honestly than women *anywhere*. Women don’t mind the coarseness in Fielding: they hate his truths. They turn from him and his pitiless analysis of sham love to the disgusting ‘——,’ false and unwholesome. Frankly, I do not believe in Platonic *English* women. Doctors—and others—tell me that they are terrors. No other word. When I was reading hard at University College, and certain ‘meek unconscious doves’ took to studying Plato with my tutor (a fine scholar, handsome, with a deep sense of humour, and a delicacy of mind which most women lack), he was quite repelled by the grossness of the doves’ minds. But, in the East, the dove is not the emblem of purity by any means. Wise East! American and Irish women, Spanish women, and some French women are of lighter temperament. They have not that sombre sensuality which is so selfish and so unpleasant to men of every class. . . . Homer’s Penelope would be called ‘unnatural’ by the modern British matron. Penelope, of course, is the primeval wife-woman. My own theory is that the pseudo-scientific element in marriage (the prevention of children) is to blame for the disorganized sentiments and feelings among women. Men do not respect women who shirk pain, and when women have to face the pain and risk of child-bearing, their love becomes hallowed and tragic—not peevish, dissatisfied, and hysterical. (I speak of the married.) . . . It is very hard for brutally selfish persons to imagine dispassionate kindness or the motives of passionate interest as



opposed to the very different motives of egoism. I myself have taken great trouble over people whom I cordially dislike. I want to know *why* they are detestable, what has *made* them odious, and whether the odiousness (from my standpoint) can be cured. These people are not my friends, and I never tell them one single thing about myself. But I consider it ordinary neighbourliness to do my best for them."

"I am extremely sorry to hear of your bother about poor ——. I know by experience the difficulties of helping cases of the kind. She has been unnerved by unimaginative, heartless treatment, and the worst of it is, she may never get well-balanced or sanely balanced again. This is why I am so fierce on the subject of modern English education. It is really damnable. . . . I wish I could say something helpful. But I have to fall back on mere egoism—personal trials—and I quote, inaptly enough, from my own knowledge. It seems to me sometimes that I have been through most things—up to a certain point and on a certain scale. I understand your present condition of mind absolutely. And I know that there is nothing to offer which has not already occurred many times to you. There is no misery quite so wearing as the misery of a false position. It seems to slay the body and the soul. Still, if all those who 'see straight' become disgusted, what reform can come and what will happen? All the hypocrites and the cowardly and the hard-hearted will remain in power. This is all I can suggest for your consideration."

Here are some extracts from letters to the same friend:

*"January 23, 1905.*

"My instinct warns me that women are wholly unfit for public life. I am overwhelmed with demands for work and invitations to speak, etc., etc. The National Liberal Club are giving me a dinner at the end of this month, but I am tired and I fear I shall have to cancel every engagement of the public kind."

*"February 9, 1905.*

"You have the rough advance copy of 'The Flute of Pan.' It is, by design, a slight affair, but I should greatly value your criticism of the sketch. I have hinted more than I have said: the man is the modern '*beau gars*' idealized, softened. . . . The pomposity in the young girl's diary is, of course, intentional. One is not so solemn at thirty-seven as one is at eighteen. Nothing, and alas! one's own soul does not seem to matter so much as time flies.

"'Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.'"

*"February 11, 1905.*

"People become unhappy and mortified because they will not see that human nature is nature. . . . Please never believe that I have attained to any calmness in philosophy but by most bitter . . . experiences. I have had a very bad time—given my temperament and my fancies and my imagination."

*"February 19, 1905.*

"I don't believe I shall live much longer. There is nothing organically wrong with me, and doctors are always surprised at my actual health, which is most unusually good, but I flag—the pulse stops, and it is impossible

for me to keep going. For some years I have been trying to cheat exhaustion; my mind is as active as ever but I can't struggle against this fatigue. My life has been sad and eventful. I have lived two lives in one: I take everything to heart and I have thought far too much. . . . My knowledge of the world has not embittered me, but it *has* tired me. . . . From long training in the world, I can play my part. I don't have to assume cheerfulness, because I am perfectly cheerful. . . . [Doctors] told me some years ago that I should go out like a candle: my heart was broken with grief long ago, and although it is sound physically, and I *ought* to live by all the rules of the physical game,—the laws of the spiritual game are more determined—if more elusive! No one was ever meant to see life as plainly as I see it, and remain in it. Of course, I don't mean this in any conceited sense, but it is clear that if even a small working minority saw what I *see*—things would have to change. I see such appalling unnecessary suffering coupled with so much that is apparently inevitable."

"STEEPHILL CASTLE, VENTNOR.

*February 21, 1905.*

"I have a temperament which is the more alive when it is not bored by a pulse. I have never seen death as others see it, and I have never been at home in the world. I am an alien and a stranger. This is really so, and not a pose,—for the fact has been a source of pain—not of pleasure—to me. My efforts to be *normal* in my views and feelings have been amusing—as well as tragic. . . . Again, there was never a woman so ill-suited to public life as I am. I have had to whip myself, as it were, into society, and the loneliness of it all has been terrific. I

could say much of the ridiculous tragedy of attending an ordinary London dinner-party—even when one is what is called the ‘guest of the evening.’ . . . I believe firmly that this world is one of the hells,—if not to everybody, at any rate to a certain number of souls. . . . I have had great attachments and great friendships, but something tragic within me never made it possible for me to ‘avail myself of the glamour.’ . . . I knew [certain truths] precociously as a child. This is why I am sure we have *former* existences.”

*To Mr. Fisher Unwin.*

“February 26, 1905.

“I have been working so hard at the new novel (which is coming along in lively style) that letter-writing has been impossible. I want to give Newnes a big instalment to begin with—40,000 words or so. As for ‘The Flute of Pan’—it is one of my best books in its own way, and when I am dead a few may wonder why they preferred ‘John Chilcote, M.P.’ or ‘God’s Good Man’! All this fuss about Whistler and Rodin is, if vulgar, a hopeful comment on those who work to please their *own* taste and not to follow the mob of quite illiterate critics, who have emptied the theatres and made literature, in England, the laughing-stock of other nations. Please forgive this tirade. The public is not so imbecile—I find the public sympathetic and intelligent.”

*To Mrs. Sidney Low.*

“February 26, 1905.

“MY DEAR MRS. LOW,

“By some dreary accident I have only just received your very charming invitation for

Sunday last. My mother was most seriously ill not long ago ; my work, my correspondence, my engagements fell into terrible confusion. I turned my two Secretaries on to the difficulty, and then my head began to ache, and I could attend to nothing. The wonder is that I accomplish anything—for I have had so much killing domestic anxiety with my mother and my poor little sister. No one realizes what it means : I can assure you it would wear out the cliffs.”

*To X.*

“ March 5, 1905.

“ The workers do too much : the rest are viciously idle. That’s my view of the present social position ! . . . Women differ as much from each other as female animals—of every kind—differ from each other. A she-bear, for instance, is not at all like a leopardess, a lioness, a she-elephant, or a tigress. What is excellent in a she-bear would be jarring in a leopardess, and so on ! Your criticisms of the prose in ‘ The Flute ’ are most kind. I have used loose construction deliberately sometimes—in giving the *thoughts* of the Philistines. Thus, in the case of the ‘ Fanatic and probably as an atheist,’ etc. It was a favourite trick of Flaubert’s, but I now think it open to many objections. Your correction is not merely better English : it is more effective. I’ll alter it in later editions. I gave the book a colloquial tone because it was urged against me that I made people talk and think as they did not : that, while my facts about life and feelings were sound, I described them in unfamiliar terms and so mummified their vitality, their actuality, the immediateness. Modern colloquial English is as crude as Swift’s



‘Polite Conversation.’ American slang, too, has worked much mischief—I heard an Ambadress say, ‘Italy has no use for D’Annunzio.’ She was of the old school, and the contrast between her appearance . . . and the expression was droll. . . . Madame Novikoff has sent me a type-written copy of Père du Lac’s sermons—preached at the Madeleine. They have revived many old questions in my mind. If one could really carry out the ideals of conduct as they are set forth by these moralists—what would one *be* ? The simulacrum of a human organism—certainly nothing human or nothing immortal. The question is too long for a letter, but as my whole difficulty in life is to drive and spur myself on to *make* efforts, it is dangerous for me to read fatally sympathetic admonitions to remain passive under every kind of provocation, injustice, or incentive to definite action. This ‘lullaby’ school of religion is but too attractive to the thoughtful ; so we find most of the energy among the *irreligious*. I have always seen this. . . . Of course, the majority do not take these sermons to heart : they like the conferences but they live as though they had never heard them. The thoughtful minority, however, are the men and women who *should* come forward. Let me confess that I get bewildered by the ‘sorry scheme of things’ and the present system of education. On one side, we get the Board School commercialism and vulgarity : on the R.C. side we get these teachings which, taken seriously, make for the absolute annihilation of the race. Tolstoy says frankly that the sooner we all die out the better. But the Church does not say this. The Church wishes to extend her power. I repeat, then, that I am bewildered.”

“ March 12, 1905.

“ The power of fools is never sufficiently weighed till they have done their mischief: they cannot *suggest* but they can eternally hinder and exasperate the best men. Z. has been compelled to resign—he was becoming a force in the party. He’s a chivalrous, highly strung man: they knew how to strike him, and they struck with all their meanness. (*Might* they have not.)”

“ March 16, 1905.

“ Laws were not made to suit the Shelleys! Further . . . there is much to be said for the Philistine: he has only the world and the flesh, and these, of themselves, are cruel disappointments. One *must* actually over-eat and over-drink in order to ‘enjoy’ life on its eternal merits. The sadness of the sober Philistine is irremediable: his earth fails him and his Heaven is a bore: thought, to him, is a dull ache in the head: and feeling, to him, is mostly a thing of which he is, by daylight, quite ashamed. He is ashamed of it *because* it is such a failure! Now this is a truth, and it accounts for the real gloom on most faces among the well-to-do and ‘healthy’ so-called. It is the consciousness of their uneasy state which makes them unjust, unsympathetic, *afraid* of liberty, *afraid* of any readjustment of chains! They dread any new pain. With regard to the use of the Discipline, etc., *un-*imaginative persons crave something definite and intense. The craving for *pain* is even stronger in the torpid than the craving for pleasure. Pleasure is an elusive *mental* enjoyment—dependent on the health of one’s whole being. Pain is crude, coarse, violent, and it

can be prolonged indefinitely. I have thought a good deal on the point. The Discipline, etc., etc., may be a great comfort to the thick-skinned! So they cling to it and defend it. I could no more use it than I could drink gin and roll in the mud: to *me* it would be an immoral, *insane* act—far worse than any rolling in the mud. But all these things are relative. St. Ignatius could never have been produced by the Jesuit system! The system, however, suits many, and saves many, probably, from terrible blunders. I am forced to recognize this. . . . I quarrel with nothing. Souls *and* bodies must be saved somehow, and each man is able to take the particular grain of truth which agrees with his own temperament, vision, needs.”

“ March 18, 1905.

“ Women were not made for *constant* fatigue. They are for crises and emergencies: ordinarily, they should be physically rather indolent. The old sofa and couch life produced a stronger generation of children than the present athletic stress and mental irritation.”

“ March 20, 1905.

“ ‘ Moods ’ . . . are as periodical in *all* of us as the seasons and the tides. Newman left the Puseyites because he ‘ had not so learnt Christ.’ He was never in sympathy with the Religious Orders in spite of the Oratorians and St. Philip Neri. As I said before, the Saints were not produced by their own methods! There have been no *Terasas* since Teresa reformed the Carmelites. But I honestly think that the Orders deal with certain temperaments which are not quite sane, or quite responsible: which crave *organized* self-flagellations and self-deception. I hear things from some of my

Catholic friends which make me perfectly ill : I do not like the ways of some Catholics, but I love the religion. They want me to join all kinds of things : I won't. I could be an Early Christian or a Renaissance Christian : but I cannot be a Philistine Christian or a Smart Christian or a Simian Christian ! Much of this devotee-ism is unwholesome, perverted sensuality. I hate it. Honest sensuality is not for *me* personally, but it isn't nauseating. There is some life about it. Artificial pain is (to my mind) as bad in its effects as artificial pleasure : it makes men and women heartless, callous, and self-sufficient—in fact, detestable. They are not men and women : they are nervous diseases. You will see how strongly I feel on the point. . . . Things I *felt* at nineteen are now being *said* in the . . . *Referee*. So there is a reaction in favour of sanity in all human relationships. . . . I have had to work out such painful problems for myself that I am now too tired to make my solutions known."

*To Mr. Edmund Gosse.*

" March 22, 1905.

" You brilliant, witty, marvellous *wretch* ! The Patmore is perfection, written with exquisite humour and justice. What you have said is divinely adroit : what you have left unsaid is for eternal admiration. These terms are written soberly after weeks of most exhausting domestic stress—and I wonder that I have any enthusiasm for art *or* humanity. But your book is enchanting on both scores, and I must respond. Patmore (to me) belonged to the type known as ' Trials.' I feel for the three wives. I cannot stand his talk and verses about these poor ladies. . . . To tell the truth, I

am New England enough to get shocked. Rabelais does not shock me : Fielding does not shock me. But the 'mystics,' and plays like *Quex* and *Suzanne*, and 'Angels in Houses' are not for me. To be frank, Patmore makes me ill and I do not wonder that the three ladies tremulously expired! (Did *one* survive him?) Forgive this untidy scrawl. But I do love your wise kind book. To understand is to pardon—to pardon, however, is not to love. You can't persuade me to *love* Patmore, but you help me to forgive him, and thus you save me from harsh thoughts about a person I considered, in my haste and wrath, detestable. He seemed to me indecent and untrue—as untrue as the 'Arabian Nights.' Indecency one can bear, but misrepresentation (under the name of poetry) I, for one, find intolerable. I want to start bonfires, and I become frenetic. He also seemed to me a person who told wilful lies *to* himself, because he would not face the plain crude facts of his own undisciplined temperament. The March Hare persuading himself that he is a butterfly is an unbeautiful study. The March Hare 'on his own' is an engaging honest creature, and 'pleasing to God.' You will follow."

*To X.*

"March 28, 1905.

"On Sunday night I went, for a short time, to the Torrey-Alexander mission. I watch the audience on such occasions. It was marvellous to see that vast crowd, representative of every class, all anxious to hear something about the mysteries and woes and joys of the hidden life. They will get tired of Torrey (sincere but vulgar, unimaginative and narrow), and they will then get tired of Almighty God as



explained by Torrey ! There's the danger. I have seen life quite differently ever since I went to the Police Court and Holloway. The sights I saw, the things I heard, softened my view of human malice. It is not so malicious as it is terrified and stupid. *Terror* makes people cruel—the terror of losing themselves, or something they want, or something they hold precariously. To hold by force is to hold—nothing. This is the vice in Imperialism and in modern *scared* Catholicism. It is too scared. . . . The 'fear of God' should mean surely the fear of God's fearlessness."

The *Cingalee* case, it will be remembered, was one in which Captain Fraser claimed and won heavy damages on account of striking similarities between an unaccepted play of his own, which had been read by Mr. Edwardes, and *The Cingalee*, as produced at the Gaiety Theatre. Mrs. Craigie was deeply interested in the case, as the following letter shows :

*To Mr. Arthur Reed Ropes.*

*"April 1, 1905.*

"DEAR MR. ROPES,

"Please do not think that I do not see your point with regard to the *Cingalee* case. I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edwardes and I do not know Captain Fraser. But, beyond any question, theatrical business is conducted on lines that would not be tolerated in any other business. It is well that managers should know that to lift dialogue verbatim is not the only form of plagiarism. To take one's scenic effects, situations, plots, ideas—is most serious plagiarism, and it is practised by men of

scrupulous honour—no doubt under the impression that it is part of the game. Managers do other things which are absolutely outrageous. I think you will find that public opinion, quite apart from the jury, has been for a long time accumulating wrath against the methods of managers. In my own case, *The Flute of Pan* was written long before *His Highness my Husband*, and not only was it known to one or two English managers but it was known in Paris. I am informed that things have been deliberately lifted into the new version now being played in New York—but into that we need not enter now. As I said before, I cannot go into the merits of this particular case as I do not know the litigants, I was not present at the hearing, and I do not know the two plays. . . . By the bye, do you know the story of one of Wagner's early productions? I believe he had to pawn the eternal, symbolic boots in order to hear the expert's version of one of his own now most famous operas."

"April 4, 1905.

"DEAR MR. ROPES,

"Many thanks for your very interesting letter. If I dictate my reply, it is only because my handwriting is becoming illegible. Personally I should love to see *The Flute of Pan* turned into a comic opera on the lines you suggest. I have always thought it wanted music and romantic accessories. There are so many opportunities in the dialogue for lyrics, and now that there is so much talk in the air about Tolstoy and the Simple Life, etc. (I was merely four years ahead of the times), you could make some very happy hits. I think Mr. Jones's music is charming. They are going to boom the book pretty strongly in *The Gentle-*

woman, and it will, probably, be published in June. As I think I told you, *The Times* made me an offer for it. The book, in its way, is really one of my best, and it is meant to be, as you suggest, a sort of ironic comedy, which is precisely the kind of thing modern playgoers—as opposed to professional first-nighters—want. If you remember, *The Scrap of Paper* was a failure when it was produced by the wrong company, and this has really been the case with several most popular pieces. One does depend on the actual theatre in which a play is produced. . . . I have a comedy coming on to follow *The Walls of Jericho*, but this is in strict confidence, and I am going to the States in the autumn for a little tour. I want to study the great American public. You have always been so charming about *The Flute of Pan* that I should be most delighted if you could do anything with it for the musical stage. All the suggestions you made to me were most admirable, and if Edwardes had listened to you, I believe we should now have had it produced successfully.”

*To a Friend.*

“April 2, 1905.

“If certain people do not like my new work as well as the old work, it is because the new work is better and more artistic than the old work. I have a great many ideas and I shall get them made known. . . . I shall hang on to my public and write to please myself. Please don’t think me fretful, but every one tries to exhaust the *few* artists who keep their artistic ideals. They have disgusted Hardy, and embittered Meredith. I shall turn to Ruskin’s trade (and Tolstoy’s) and bring out my *own* nonsense at street corners.”

*To Mr. Henry Higgs.*

" May 14, 1905.

" MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

" I am delighted to have the Jevons' and your inscription. I have been on the point of appealing to you for advice *re* the Income Tax. . . . I detest figures—although I understand finance. If I sell a book (as an artist sells a picture) for £2,000 or so, that is surely capital—not income—even if, by some chance, I sell two books in one year. I can't *write* two books regularly every year: I should be sorry to do so. Further: money coming from America should not be taxed, surely? I am in utter confusion and the 'inspectors' are illiterate. It is a monstrous thing to tax artistic work, for it is spontaneous or nothing! The moment it is taxed, it becomes material and spiritless.—Will you spare me an hour's time on the subject? I should be most grateful. Last year I had to pay these monsters over £200. I was in arrears with them—I am happy to say; still, it was sheer robbery with violence. You'll be interested to hear that 'The Flute of Pan' is being translated for *Le Temps* (Paris). The French critics like it. . . . However, I have already secured nearly £2,000 for the abused work, and I shall *yet* get it properly played by an appropriate cast. The fight, however, has been terrific, and costly. In this country, *art* must be accompanied by gladiatorial strength of body and South African dishonesty of resource! I see, I can never be an English artist. Your dinner-party was delightful. Charming people. I hear that young —— is very clever: will be Captain of Eton. My small rascal is keener about games than books—although he wins many prizes and had a Double Remove after Xmas."

" May 25, 1905.

" MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

" I should love to go to a French play. I am sending you an advance copy of 'The Flute of Pan.' Let me know at your leisure what you think of it. Of course, it is a friendly satire on women in authority. I am dead against Women's Suffrage, Rights, and the like. This is not to deny the cleverness of women: it is to save us from the unsexed! I am a little better but I am physically very tired indeed. The specialists warn me that my pulse will abruptly cease. *Work* never tires me: lately, however, I get no time for work. Who in such a world would be an artist? When I was twenty, I used to wonder whether a glass of *stout* twice a day, and steak for luncheon, would make me more reconciled to things as they are! I tried the stout, but it would not alter my temperament. The less food I take the better I feel, and on fast days I am almost optimistic! Monsignor Brown (whom you met at Steephill) is doing splendidly on the Education Committee, but he gets quite worn out, and I have been very anxious about him. It is a wearing grief to me when any one of my friends is ill. I cannot reason with myself on the subject, or control my fears. This is probably due to the great shock I had long ago when Professor Goodwin died. I have never really recovered from it. Lady Curzon's illness last autumn upset me for weeks—I am deeply attached to her, and it was heart-rending to hear of her sufferings. All these things have told upon me, beyond question, and to talk Income Tax and wrangle with illiterate 'assessors' is an exasperation I cannot conquer! This will make you laugh, but the Tax itself makes me so angry,



because it is a Tax on *industry*! Sometimes I feel tempted to become a Passive Resister on the subject. If I give to Charity, the wretched Charity is taxed for the money I have already been taxed for. The whole system is vicious. I have paid out nearly £800 in mere Income Tax during the last few years. Naturally I am resentful."

*To Mr. W. L. Courtney.*

" 56 LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, W.

May 25, 1905.

" MY DEAR MR. COURTNEY,

" I am sending you an advance copy of my little romance—'The Flute of Pan.' Rosny is translating it into French. You will see that the whole thing is an affectionate satire on women in *men's* posts!

" I enjoyed your review of Lawrence Binyon's tragedy. Your finale was enchanting: the regret of Achilles!

" I should be sorry for women to think that I disparage the ability of my own sex. But I do feel that many are becoming *unsexed*, and, while few are so highly educated as numbers were during the Renaissance and *before* it, they are more aggressive and self-assertive in professions properly reserved for men than women ever were at any time in the history of civilization. A kind of antagonism (quiet but deep) is growing up between the sexes in England, and the results later will be most serious. These women's clubs are objectionable (again, as a rule), and women themselves will be the sufferers for the Feminist Movement, so-called. Men will not trouble to protect such turbulent, domineering females—who become *harder* than men in the struggle for supremacy. The hardest

man is kind in comparison with these 'agitattresses.' All this must not lead you to think my light comedy is a tract! It is only a fable.

"In 'The Vineyard' I tried to show the inevitable effect of modern social views on the marriages of ambitious young men. I have had hundreds of letters from girls and men in all classes telling me how impossible it is to marry now in the old-fashioned way on what was once considered ample means. Mrs. — told me that, in *her* set, nearly every man was a 'Federan,' and a Board School Mistress in South London said the same of *her* experience.

"Girls have had too much liberty: they lose their mystery and attractiveness by being always on the scene. A well-known 'eligible' told me the other night that 'it was absurd to go to balls to meet girls when one had been meeting them all day long!' At Mrs. Cazalet's ball, *no one* would dance. The men filled the supper-room, and the girls (many of them extremely pretty) were left severely alone. The Princess Ena did all the dancing! The rage of the dowagers is indescribable.

"Yours very sincerely,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"I have been out very little this year. My sister's sorrow affected us all—especially my father, and I have remained almost incessantly with him for the last two years. He is much better, I am thankful to say, but it has been an anxious time, and I have had no heart for general society.

"I could have been *firmer* at the *rehearsals* of *The Flute of Pan* but for the preoccupation

with home affairs. One can *write* a book or a play in the home circle, but one cannot take the home circle to the theatre! Miss Nethersole was exceptionally amiable, I believe, with me, and anxious to avoid friction. . . . My mind, however, drifted away to my little sister, her child, and Papa's grief. I said to myself: 'I am proving the moral of my own comedy. When the moment comes to stamp and swear and twist necks and hang offenders up like birds in a row (as Homer tells us), I am wondering whether Papa will have a good night's sleep!'"

" 56 LANCASTER GATE, W.  
June 7, 1905.

" MY DEAR MR. COURTNEY,

" I am sorry, for many reasons, that you saw the play before you read the book, because the theatrical atmosphere must inevitably come between you and my own imagination! To say nothing of *His Highness my Husband*—which was founded on *The Flute of Pan*. (The French theatrical agents got hold of it.) But I wonder you think the jealousy *motif* inadequate. Certain temperaments sulk and are silent for years about circumstances which could be explained away in a conversation. As for Othello—and the handkerchief! Jealousy, in the Old Testament, is admitted to be often a mere nervous suspicion—to be exorcised only by religious rites! People looking on always think jealousy absurd—but the enraged lover or lovers are absorbed in it. This, at least, has been my own observation of the phenomenon. I have a notion, however, that it is dying out as a primitive passion among the educated classes. A great reasonableness—or don't-care-ishness—is setting in. This particular little

romance of mine is a satire, of course, and Feldershey is represented as rather uncouth. I'm glad you like the girl's Diary. Some girls write excellent Diaries, and I wish the old custom of keeping Journals could be revived.

"With much gratitude for your kindness,

"Yours ever sincerely, dear Mr. Courtney,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

*To Mr. Edmund Gosse.*

"56 LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, W.

June 5, 1905.

"MY DEAR MR. GOSSE,

"You know I always agree with you. I feel *sure* that for those who *saw* the play, the book will seem, as you say, a description of the play. But those who did not see the play think the book more vivid (in its light way) than many of my other little satires. I myself am in your position, and I cannot judge of the effect—although the individuals are studies, not of Olga N. and Waring, but of *very* real people. As a document, it is human enough—I have treated the theme ironically because I cannot *help* being ironical about modern love affairs. If one is brought up on the Old Testament, it is impossible to see sentimentally. I believe you were the one critic who understood the comedy and saw that it *was* a comedy. Neither comedy nor satire is understood by the present uneducated generation. Everything is taken in deadly earnest—for five seconds. After that, not another idea or thought of any kind. Togo's Fleet and Tweedmouth's Sale seem equally tragic, victorious, and commercially excellent: 'Lycidas,' *The Spring Chicken*, and 'William Ashe' are with 'the Deptford Murderers,' the

Vote of Censure, and Motor 'Incidents,'—to say nothing of the F.A.F. *matinée* at the Coliseum and 'How to Secure Servants' in *The Times*. . . .

"Many thanks again, dear Mr. Gosse, for your charming letter and kindness.

"Your affectionate and always grateful friend,  
"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

*To Mr. Fisher Unwin.*

"June 7, 1905.

"*The Standard* notice [of 'The Flute of Pan'] is splendid. . . . Courtney in *Daily Telegraph* is more grudging; however, it isn't a bad notice, as most novel-readers want a *love* story and don't care about dry analyses of State and 'feminist' problems! The book is a satire—not a tract. . . . I am lecturing to-day at Lord and Lady Windsor's on 'Dante and Plato.' I intend to have some digs at the people who don't understand satire, or *won't* understand it!"

Mrs. Craigie objected to the treatment which "The Flute of Pan" received in *The Times*, and wrote to her personal friend, Mr. Moberly Bell, on the subject. He sent the following amusing reply :

"June 22, 1905.

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"There is one thing and only one thing that the Omnipotent has absolutely failed to create. He has made good women, bad women, clever women, silly women, selfish women, and heroines of self-sacrifice, but he has never yet



made a woman who could stand—I will not say adverse criticism, but—one note of deviation from absolute and unqualified praise of any of her literary efforts.

“This is not in blame of any one—unless of the Creator; it is a law as certain as the law of gravitation, and there is and never has been any exception to it—from Deborah to George Eliot, and even later (the assumption of a masculine name cannot alter the fact), there is a unanimity of proof.

“Of one lady—whom I adore—our critic, at the end of a notice which I thought exaggerated praise, said ‘but she can do and has done even better work than this.’ That miserable line broke the friendship of years—perhaps saved me from the divorce court! It was ‘atrocious,’ ‘unjust,’ the critic ‘had not read the book,’ etc., etc., etc. I wish I could add that it was the same lady, but it was not, it was another who said, ‘*The Times* seems to think that nobody of my sex can write books except Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Craigie.’

“I have those *ipsissima verba* in writing from an aggrieved authoress, who all but suggested that you were allowed to criticize your own books in *The Times*.

“I tell you, my dear Mrs. Craigie, that we have been laughed at for the praise we have given your books—of course quite unjustly (the laughter, I mean)—by some of your own dear sex. Why, in this very review you are called a delicate artist, credited with ‘a peculiar species of comedy,’ ‘elaborate, rarefied, austere—full of a certain sharp humour and with a stamp of unmistakable nobility over it all.’

“Well, how many living or dead men or women are there of whom that can be said? Not

two dozen! Say it of a man and he would probably be insufferable in his self-conceit for ever after. Of the Poet Laureate and he would sprout six inches at a bound!

"But to a woman—'No! you said I lacked something—that is enough. I am outraged, insulted, hurt. You have denied my absolute perfection, therefore you are only fit for the Coliseum!'

"It is no good—if we had said that 'The Flute of Pan' was equal in parts to *Othello*, you would still have resented the 'in parts.'

"Therefore without any reserve I am

"Yours ever truly and sincerely,

"C. MOBERLY BELL."

*To Mr. Moberly Bell.*

"June 23, 1905.

"MY DEAR MR. MOBERLY BELL,

"I swear this is not to 'sass back' (American idiom), or to have the last word. But as I am writing about George Eliot for the eternal tomes of your Mr. Hooper, let me say a trifle about 'Daniel Deronda,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' and 'Middlemarch.' When poor dear G. Eliot saw nearly *three columns* of *The Times* devoted to the balderdash of Lady Wood ('So Wags the World away' and other masterpieces), she felt, naturally, a little dismayed to find herself accused of 'failing powers,' 'dulness,' 'want of insight into character,' etc., etc. Such treatment made her head ache—not because she was a woman, but because she was an artist and she lived in England. You will own that the English treat artists (literary and otherwise) abominably. Your poets have had to live abroad, and you

have booed every writer of *comedies* from the Stage. Goldsmith, Congreve, and Sheridan, and Fielding—left the ‘British Theatre’; yet they were men, not women. I am enchanted to read in the *Daily Mail* that the present theatrical season is the worst (financially) in twenty-five years. The intelligence of the general public is greatly *under-estimated* by the national press. I do not find the London newspapers expressing opinions on any topic which square with educated, or even half-educated, or merely crude opinions in London or in the provinces. The Theatre is a small matter, but the absurd custom of praising incompetent performers at the expense (often) of quite tolerable plays has discounted the value of all dramatic criticism so-called. Need I remind you of ravings over *Beauty and the Barge* (which was *not* a success after all), and over other inanities which, in spite of boomings, are, and were, unsuccessful. We find the same under-estimation of intelligence in the House of Commons. My experience is that the average nobody is dreadfully shrewd—far, far shrewder and sharper than the really able man and woman. By a nobody, I don’t mean a social nobody—I mean the individual we *all* have to consider and conciliate and touch—somehow—*enfin*, the indispensable negligible quantity. I hear constantly criticisms from outsiders of public affairs which would be thought masterly in persons of importance. Our splendid friend Disraeli realized this, and he spent his rare holidays studying the obscure who lived in villas near London! He foretold all the social phenomena we are now seeing. He was simply marvellous.”

"June 30, 1905.

"MY DEAR MRS. CRAIGIE,

"You will admit that your handwriting is difficult, so it was not until I had had your letter typed by an expert that I was able to read and answer it!

"Imagine my surprise at finding it a really powerful defence of the criticisms of *The Times*!—for, unconscious as you may be of it, it is nothing else.

"Let me show you.

"Proposition 1. The English treat artists abominably—witness Goldsmith, Congreve, Sheridan, and Fielding.

"Admitted—and as there was neither *Times* nor Press in their days 'the English' means English public opinion.

"Proposition 2. London newspapers do not express the educated, half-educated, or merely crude opinions in London or the provinces.

"Therefore, obviously, if there had been a Press it would have expressed a favourable opinion of Goldsmith, Congreve, Sheridan, and Fielding.

"Proposition 3. X.Y.Z. expressed a favourable opinion of *Beauty and the Barge*. Public opinion was (*ipsa dixit*) contrary, but public opinion is (*vide Prop. 1*) always wrong, therefore X.Y.Z. was right.

"Having conclusively established these points, (1) that public opinion is always wrong, (2) that it always differs from *The Times*, you then very illogically go on to say that public opinion is very shrewd, shrewder than the able man and woman.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by shrewd.

“Was it shrewd judgment to damn Goldsmith, Fielding, and Co.? Is it shrewd judgment to buy more of Marie Corelli than of Mrs. Craigie or George Meredith? If so, it is perhaps shrewd to damn *Beauty and the Barge*.

“But frankly—I think, with the first part of your letter rather than with the last, that the public taste is hopelessly bad. The Press is not corrupt, but it is getting disagreeably tainted by subordinating its news columns to the desire for advertisements, with the result that every novel and every play is declared to be worthy of Thackeray or of Shakespeare.

“I don’t agree with all our criticisms, but I am glad to see that we don’t go into this hysterical gush about any one, and the result is that you hardly ever see us quoted in advertisements.

“I will—with a friend’s frankness—take your own case.

“You will, I suppose, admit that you stand somewhere between George Meredith and Marie Corelli. Your books probably sell more than those of the former, less than those of the latter. *The Times* will probably praise you less than the former, certainly more than the latter.

*Public opinion.*

1. Marie Corelli.
2. Mrs. Craigie.
3. George Meredith.

*The Times.*

1. George Meredith.
2. Mrs. Craigie.
3. Marie Corelli.

“Have you any doubt which is right? . . .

“Yours very truly,

“C. MOBERLY BELL.”



### To X.

"STEEPHILL CASTLE, VENTNOR.

June 1, 1905.

"My own *joie de vivre* has been so knocked out of me that I have not even got any *joie de souffrance*, and I don't seem able to sympathise more than dumbly—and to the extent of a severe nervous headache. . . . 'The Flute of Pan' is going strong. Few understand its *irony*, but the love-story, as a yarn, amuses people. There were excellent reviews in *The Outlook*, *The Westminster Gazette*, and *The Spectator* on Saturday. *The Spectator* is a little puzzled, but it detects satire and sees that I don't wish the little book to be regarded as a conventional romance."

"June 9, 1905.

"The fault of over-feeling and sensitiveness is my own temperament; if I go to a party I get every current of feeling in the room. It is interesting and exhausting. People are charming to me—most kind. Perhaps they see that I am not aiming at *their* prizes—above all I don't want their husbands or their 'admirers.' *Faces* in London now are like masks—the women are painted up and covered with thick washes to an extent most revolting. They dye their hair, and it is difficult to recognize acquaintances whom one has not seen for a month or so!"

"July 11, 1905.

"No one has ever longed for death more earnestly and calmly than I have longed for it. For me it has no terrors; indeed, my wish for it amounts at times to a constitutional instinct! I fall asleep hoping never to wake, and this not because I am melancholy or ab-

normally discontented, but because life, as I see it around me, is such a hell and such a fatigue. I have every capacity for 'a good time,' and I have had a certain amount of painful happiness; I have found nothing to outweigh the griefs of existence. I know the view is narrow and personal—but there it is. Art is probably a mental disease—all artists are peculiar at any rate. Doctors call me abnormally normal—a good paradox!"

"July 17, 1905.

"The maternal relationship is comparable with nothing else—it is far too subtle for analysis or definition. . . . I blame myself for complaining to you of my own fatigue, which is a constitutional peculiarity in me. I should try to fight it. I do make great efforts, and prayer is the one thing that helps me. But to *pray* requires energy, and if one has the will to pray one has the will to live. I cannot blind myself to this, and the awful times are the times when, if I prayed, I should pray for eternal *sleep*—not immortality."

*To Mr. Owen Seaman.*

"DEAR MR. SEAMAN,

"Here is the latest from my manicurist:

"Q. Do you often go to the play?

"M. To high-class plays, M'dam.

"Q. For instance?

"M. I went to one by the recent editor of *The Saturday Review*—a most indelicate play, M'dam—to my surprise, and in spite of the newspapers—which led me to expect something of the kind.

“ Q. What would you call an indelicate play ?

“ M. I shouldn't like to see *The Daventrys* with any gentleman friend—unless I knew him very well. And even then I should wonder what he thought !

“ Q. What other play did you see ?

“ M. I saw *Julius Cæsar*, M'dam. I thought it dull, but then—*they were a tawdry lot in those days*, weren't they, M'dam ?

“ The effect of Tree, Waller, and Carson as Mark Antony, Brutus, and Cæsar. ‘ O trumpery ! O Morris ! ’ as Thackeray said.”

### *To a Friend.*

“ If my true history could be written, it would be the history of an air-bird in the water. I must keep, somehow, long enough in the air not to suffocate under the sea : the accumulation, in fact, of *breath* is the idea ! But what a life ! And how sick to death I am of it. This mood may pass. A trifle can ‘ buck me up.’ I don't feel so despondent about my actual *work* as I did. There have been moments when I did not wish ever to write another line for any fee that could be named.

“ X. correspondence most extraordinary. One of my *coups*. They are rapid and shattering—or nothing. I am an instinctive—never an acquired taste !! ”

On a motor tour taken with her son, she writes to her father :

“CROWN HOTEL, FRAMLINGHAM.

August 18, 1905.

“We were driving over to Earl Soham, and about two miles out an old farmer signalled to us *after* dropping his reins! As a result, the pony backed into us: we were hurled against a telegraph post and then into a ditch! The car was much injured, but we escaped miraculously without a bruise or a scratch—merely shaken. They are sending us another machine. It is absurd to get nervous; dog-carts are quite as dangerous. The local excitement is considerable! The scene has been photographed, and crowds have been out to see the wrecked car. It was ‘towed’ back by a dray horse: it took three horses to get it out of the ditch!”

In August 1905 she had an entirely new and delightful experience, arising from the acceptance of a very kind invitation from Lady Charles Beresford for a cruise with the Mediterranean Fleet. Mrs. Craigie proceeded overland to Venice, and there joined H.M.S. *Surprise*. She had some three weeks of excursions by sea to various ports, visiting Constantinople, Greece, Smyrna, etc. We quote from several of her letters to home friends:

“H.M.S. *Surprise*, MEDITERRANEAN STATION, CORFU.

September 11, 1905.

“I am having a splendid time, but it is difficult to write letters as the heat is so intense. My cabin is considered the best on board: it was built for Lady Fisher and it is on deck: quite large and most comfortable with the windows all open. We left Venice early Saturday morning: no other guests on board. Lady Maud Warrender

may join us on Thursday. Here we joined the Fleet. Lord Charlie had us to tea on the *Bulwark*: Admiral Grenfell also took us on his man-of-war. Sir George Warrender and others dined with us last night, and to-day the British Consul and daughters come to luncheon. To-night we dine on the *Bulwark*. Two bands play and it is most festive. I wish I could describe this beautiful spot, but it is indescribable. As all foreign places, it looks exactly like the popular lithographs—deep blue sea, high grey mountains, cloudless sky, stone fortifications, cypress trees, olive trees, white houses with red roofs, etc., etc. The artistic pictures are more vague and imaginative—just because it is impossible to describe such a vast scene.”

“H.M.S. *Surprise*, ATHENS.  
September 17, 1905.

“This place is marvellous, but sight-seeing is difficult because the harbour is four miles from Athens, and it means taking journeys in the electric tram to and fro. Wearing work in hot weather. . . . Lord Charles gave us a dinner party on the deck of the *Bulwark* last night—eighteen sat down, and even then we only occupied a slice of the end of the aft deck: these warships are enormous. . . . To-night we shall drive off to see the Acropolis by moonlight. I have spent as much time as I could in Athens.”

“GRAND HOTEL EUROPE, FIUME.  
October 7, 1905.

“I have had a wonderful, interesting, stimulating time: I have learnt much which I can never hope to express. Greece especially fascinated me, although it is already too Eastern for me. The East does not call me; I am



Southern, Western, and, at times, Northern, but never Eastern—although I understand much in the East. It is, however, so dirty, and dirt afflicts me with double force in the dazzling sun. One can find no excuse for it.”

Then came the lecturing trip in the United States, which extended into the year 1906—the year of Mrs. Craigie’s death.

Dr. Norman B. Fox, United States District Attorney and President of the Friday Evening Club, wrote the following letter to the agents in New York a few days after the first lecture, which was delivered in Morristown, New Jersey :

“MORRISTOWN, N.J., *November 22, 1905.*

“J. B. POND LYCEUM BUREAU,  
Everett House, N.Y.

“DEAR SIRs,

“It was a happy coincidence that the first lecture of Mrs. Craigie in her American tour was given at Morristown, N.J., where her grandfather and great-grandfather were preachers, the latter more than a century ago. The Lyceum Hall was filled with members and guests of the Friday Evening Club, and all were charmed with her address. Of particularly pleasing personal appearance, with a voice musically pleasant and also so clear as to be heard distinctly in the farther parts of the hall, with an engaging style of speaking as simply in animated conversation, with keen analysis, with a strong intellectual power, she proved herself one of the most brilliant of the brilliant succession of speakers who have addressed the Friday Evening Club.”

The subject of the lecture was "The Artist's Life." It was a defence of the artistic temperament, choosing the lives of Balzac, Brahms, and Turner as examples, giving biographical sketches of each. After the lecture, a dinner and reception were given in Mrs. Craigie's honour by very old friends of her family—Mr. and Mrs. George Voorhees of Morristown.

### *To X.*

"WITH MRS. LEITER,  
DUPONT CIRCLE, WASHINGTON.  
December 4, 1905.

"The more I see of life, the more I feel that the Church is *all* we have, and although much that is outward in it is strange and perplexing, it is also true that so-called *realities* will not bear argument and dissection. If we must have illusions, let the illusions be beautiful at least. All so far goes well. I meet with extraordinary kindness. To-morrow I am to see President Roosevelt. Mr. Choate will preside at my first New York lecture at Columbia University. The subject is 'Dante and Botticelli.' On Thursday I speak of 'Balzac, Brahms, and Turner,' and on Saturday of 'St. Ignatius, Wesley, and Tolstoy.' A stiff week's work. I spend the week-end with the W. K. Vanderbilts, and then I go on to Chicago. . . . History is life seen through the *historian's* temperament!"

### *To Mr. J. Morgan Richards.*

"FAIROAKS, MINNEAPOLIS.  
December 20, 1905.

"I am here with the Washburnes. All exceedingly kind: fine house. I lecture to-morrow

and leave by sleeping-car for Chicago, where I lecture again on Thursday afternoon. The lectures are highly successful so far—as you will see by the Press clippings, etc. I return to New York on Friday. Heaps of engagements ahead. Can't write fully by this mail—as it is just leaving. Will you post me *The Spectator* and *The Saturday Review* weekly, as it is so difficult to get English news? . . . Snow is on the ground here; I travel all night. . . . I have kept well and I rest in the train."

*To Mr. Owen Seaman.*

"HOTEL NETHERLAND, NEW YORK.  
Xmas Day, 1905.

"This is to wish you a Happy Xmas. . . . I am having a very good time here; everybody is more than kind. Many thought me mad to attempt lectures on 'Dante and Plato, Botticelli, and Goya,' 'St. Ignatius, Wesley, and Tolstoy.' But unless things are mad, they don't amuse me! The most unlikely people are interested in these lectures."

*To the Archbishop of Westminster.*

"HOTEL NETHERLAND, NEW YORK.  
December 26, 1905.

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,

"I know that Your Grace will be pleased to hear that my lectures are liked, and I am giving the one on 'St. Ignatius, Wesley, and Tolstoy' for the Archbishop of New York next month. The *minds* of modern Americans are still of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: it is a highly curious social phenomenon—making the work of the Catholic clergy at once more strenuous and less complicated than it can be (at present) in England."

## CHAPTER XIV

### LAST DAYS

THE year in which Mrs. Craigie died so suddenly opened auspiciously. Her first letter is written to Mr. Higgs congratulating him upon a Treasury appointment. She is still in the United States upon a lecturing tour.

“HOTEL NETHERLAND, NEW YORK.  
*January 16, 1906.*

“MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

“I know you will excuse my dictating this, as I have been dashing backwards and forwards from Washington. I want to catch this mail to tell you how delighted I am at your appointment under the Prime Minister. As I know Manchester well and have been there lecturing to all classes and conditions, I was not in the least surprised at the Balfour downfall. With regard to the working men, or the Laborites as they are now called, everybody is forgetting that the ‘working man’ of the Cobden period is extinct. We have now the School Board child grown up: he is half-educated and self-educated; he is better read than the sons of the wealthy, and very much more in earnest because he has been brought face to face with the great problems of life. John Burns was at one time superior to his class; . . . now he may possess more original force of character—but even

this may be doubted. I am not speaking at random—I have been to any amount of working men's clubs of every denomination, I have very peculiar sources of information, and I can assure you that the very best stuff that any minister can offer will not be above their heads. And any attempt to talk down to them or to impress them by sham academics will meet not merely with reproof, but with the failure we have just seen at Manchester. . . .

“I am having an extremely good time here and have met numbers of highly interesting people. I have been twice to Washington. Of course, I saw the President and his family and I also met a number of the members of the Cabinet. I find them all very much at sea about British Politics.

“Yours very sincerely,  
“PEARL MARY-T. C.”

To her friend X., on her return home, she writes :

“56 LANCASTER GATE, W., *February 27, 1906.*

“The Tyrrell affair is sad, but he himself will perhaps be happier now that the air is cleared. Every break—even with a painful association—is tragic : we are so much the creatures of habit. Further : any such break must always mean a disillusion or a discovery. I saw the Archbishop also yesterday. His kind letters helped me greatly in America. I have always liked him, and he has shown great coolness through the Election fights. . . . Personally, I am shocked to find Catholics who know the dishonesty that went on would still be willing to support Z.—merely on ‘party grounds.’ A. and B. have lost much prestige in America and abroad by going against



the interests of the Church in the interests of a cynical, quite unscrupulous faction of politicians. The upright *thinking* men left the party one by one: the others (who are honest) refuse to think: the rest think basely."

"March 11, 1906.

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGS,

"Your deeply interesting letter has just reached me—*viâ* New York. . . . Haldane reminded me the other night of my review of 'The Foundations of Belief,' which he (Haldane) was flattering enough to say was not merely prophetic but philosophic . . .

"I have come round absolutely to your view of Protection for England. Chamberlain has a grandiose idea about Imperialism, the Colonies, and so forth and so on, but the United States have Free Trade within their own vast territories (undivided by oceans, let us remember). For grammar and rhetoric the foregoing would be hard to beat, but you will understand.

"I have been adapting a Spanish play for Bouchier, reading a lot of French, and refreshing my Greek, so forgive a strange letter. My implicit faith in your unfailing powers of comprehension never wavers. I venture to write to you when I'd be afraid to send one line to a man even a degree less brilliant. Moodoo is from Eton on sick leave, but he is better. I return to London on Tuesday.

"Yours very sincerely,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"I am pleased about Mr. Seaman's appointment [as Editor of *Punch*]. Monsignor Brown greatly appreciated your kindness at C.B.'s the other night. The Education Bill is a tiresome

affair. It is very eagerly watched by the Irish Americans. I did not feel any *love* for England in America. The R.C. party is very powerful, and of course very Irish."

*To X.*

"March 13, 1906.

"The isolation of the individual soul is the terrific thing in life: still, one grows accustomed to it, and if one has a Faith, it becomes easy. I used to suffer intensely from loneliness, and I have had awful wrenches from friends on whom I depended far too much. In each case, where I have *over*-depended, I have been given a sharp lesson in disappointment. For the last few years, I have been thrown more and more upon the unseen for my strength. I am not morbid at all, but no one who knows me as well as I know myself could wish me to live. I am never free from acute mental suffering: think what that means. The suffering in question has nothing absolutely to do with individuals now: it is the spectacle of life itself, the struggle to keep going, the eternal fight against discouragement, against stupidity, against cruelty. I thought I was dying last Saturday, and I am sorry I did not. Please don't think that I want a long illness and horrors. I want to die in harness and at work. This is a great deal to ask, I know."

"March 23, 1906.

"I am intensely absorbed in the two books already! The larger one I have glanced at: I am reading the little one with care. So far I complain that it is not written *con amore*: it is a cross book, a moody book, the book of a very able man—in a temper and without imagination. Of course, in all Catholic matters

I am so much a Newman-ite, that, if Newman be unacceptable to the officials, I am not a Catholic. I was never taught the astonishing things which many Catholics are taught, evidently, by ill-educated clergy and nuns. At the same time, I observe a strong movement among officials to improve education and to purify the general teaching and to insist on simplicity (a relative simplicity, I own) of the essential Faith. The Church has to formulate in quasi-scientific language the poetry and mysticism of human life—things as veritable as bones and tissue—yet invisible and intangible. Bourdon, in one passage, admits this. I think it wrong to turn one's just indignation with stupid *individuals* into a bitter rage against the Papacy—and the Church. Every institution which is governed by human instruments must have human faults. That's an old platitude, I know, but even among the twelve Apostles we find one deliberate traitor, two worldly men, one man who had to *become* courageous. Even if the Gospel narrative be a fable, it is so true in its details—as a study of humanity—that it must have vitality so long as the world is peopled! . . . I have had to lose a great deal of what I took for enthusiasm. I find it was impatience. I am no longer in such a hurry. . . . Professor Butcher's speech on the Irish Catholic University was truly refreshing. He gave a fine quotation from Newman! Imagine Newman being quoted in the modern House of Commons. Truly a revolution! Everybody cheered. They are so weary of cynicism and flippancy."

"April 12, 1906.

"The fights over the Education Bill will be an excellent rousing thing for English Catholics.

C.B. hopes that the malcontents will fight: the actual Government are anxious to please the Catholics; now that the Anglicans and the Wesleyans are fighting with the R.C.s, the position is far stronger than when the Anglicans were with the Unionists and against Ireland. . . . The Demonstration on May 5 will be worth seeing. I shall have a box for it. . . . I have often worked ten hours a day in order to avoid my own grief and my own peculiar anxieties. I like to think that people have not this capacity of intense mental suffering unless they have also a capacity of becoming absorbed in some impersonal task. The horror is when one is too ill to work but not too ill to be unhappy!"

*"April 14, 1906.*

"I grant, of course, all your facts about primeval woman, but she paid the price of her supremacy by bearing children. Nowadays, she wants supremacy without the pains of travail, or its very great risks, which, in olden days, were imminent. The modern emancipated female is an artificial deformity in most cases. . . . Happily, she dies out,—and the race will be to the physically robust if unintellectual. It is impossible not to feel the inferiority of the English males in nearly every class. I am struck by it as I watch the Bank Holiday crowds. Pretty-looking, refined girls with common, sickly, feeble men. If the men were strong, one could stand their roughness. But they are inane. In America, the men are virile, inelegant, chivalrous, and resentful of women's intrusion into men's professions. No American would allow his wife to take an active part in an election or the like. He would be called a 'Sissie.' I have not found women at all comparable with



men—in the talents or in the nobler virtues. I have no confidence in the honour of the average woman or in her brains. The really distinguished women have been trained and influenced by men, and a man-hater I distrust and detest—she has the worst qualities of both sexes invariably. The great women Saints, the great Queens (except Catherine the Great—who was a monster bodily and mentally), the women writers,—Eliot, Sand, Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti,—were all trained by men: they all liked men and preferred them infinitely before women. I am much attached to my women friends: I could not live happily or even reasonably without them, but I could never, by any possibility, be so devoted to a woman as to a man. Men *as* men do not interest me one way or the other, but I have been deeply attached to individuals with whom I have had tastes in common.

“They wired to me for my article for the *D. T.* I replied that I agreed with M. Cambon: that I was not a Feminist. All the same, they wanted the article. Oh yes, there will be a tussle about the schools. Fights are good for religion. Of course, Christianity is a mournful creed: it goes terribly against the grain: there are times when I think it makes life too hard. Its effect on sombre natures is terrific. They are so cruel to themselves that they are harsh, on principle, to others. Suffering softens many, but it drives more mad. Hence, these religious persecutions. Personally, I have never read all this storm and stress and anguish into the words of Christ. I find in Him a deep love for all that is gay, beautiful, charming, intoxicating in life: the fullest sympathy with the young, the most touching dependence on friends and company:



a real horror of loneliness when He was sorrowful. The Gospel narratives of the Passion move me so profoundly that I cannot read them oftener than once a year. They unfit me utterly for work, for companionship, for the business of life. I have a grieving mind by nature, and I discover sadness where others do not see it, or even suspect it."

*To a Friend.*

"STEEPHILL CASTLE, VENTNOR.

*April 17, 1906.*

"Have finished 'The Dream and the Business.' She [Tessa] had far too little self-control to live. I felt that coming all along, and tried to avoid it. But it was inevitable. I don't kill her off: she wears herself out—having produced her son decently and in order. But I have shown that she could not live with Marlesford. Had she bolted with Lessard, she might have lived a little longer, but she does not belong to the race who grow old. . . . I don't feel 'perfectly splendid'; the place tires me. There is no life in the air. I get fearfully depressed and want to howl in unison with the howling dog (in the road) and the cawing rooks."

After the great meeting in the Albert Hall, held by the Roman Catholics to protest against the Education Bill, she writes :

"BLENHEIM PALACE, *May 7, 1906.*

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,

"May I congratulate Your Grace on the overwhelming success of the demonstration last night? It must impress those among Catholics who seem to spend their time assuring Protes-

tants that feeling has died out on the subject of loyalty to the Church. I know it will surprise the Government. . . . I was lecturing on 'St. Ignatius and Wesley' at the Manchester University on Friday night: I was staying with Professor Schuster and his wife: I met the Vice-Chancellor and many of the Faculty. They all think the Bill bad: the Vice-Chancellor said 'the more he read it, the worse it seemed.' The University feeling is by no means pro-Catholic, but the deepest respect is entertained for Your Grace, and for the firm attitude of the Catholic Party. Father Vaughan has indulged in abuse à la Doctor Clifford, and that leads no-whither. Your Grace's visit to Manchester did much good—if I may say so. Belloc is able and, doubtless, sincere, but he is hardly his own master when it comes to the expression of a conviction. I find that men—even one so brilliant as Winston Churchill—*cannot* understand that Catholicism is a philosophy—a point of view—as well as a Faith: that it affects all one's studies, and that to a Catholic nothing is secular only, that the ideal and the fact are inseparable.

"I am your Grace's devoted servant,

"PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE."

"In all reports of my lectures, the papers always *omit* any reference to Catholic history and the like. In America, such unfairness would be impossible. But I suppose the University Authorities think they allow much when they permit my lectures on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries! I have to be most tactful in my references to St. Ignatius and the Jesuits—the prejudice is so bitter."

Mrs. Craigie had begun a novel on the plot of

the play *A Time to Love*, and writes to X. from Carlisle :

“COUNTY AND STATION HOTEL,  
May 20, 1906.

“ I am here for three days for ‘ local colour.’ My book is through the Press, but it won’t be published till next month. I have been wishing to write to you for some time : the last few weeks have been desperately full : lectures at University College, London ; at Manchester University ; four other speeches at meetings, etc. In fact, a whirlwind. I’ll get the books and the [*Hibbert*] *Journal*. Very kind of you to think of me. Loisy is, by intention, I daresay, elusive. French does not lend itself to ambiguous language, but Loisy manages, somehow, to write, as it were, fugues. Thus it will be difficult to prove him unorthodox : indeed, I feel almost certain that he does not wish to quarrel with the Vatican. Tyrrell called. He looks delicate. His charm is great : he has that Celtic humour and swiftness which are rare in theologians. I have much admiration for ‘*Lex Credendi*’—which is, in my opinion, by far Tyrrell’s best book so far : the most direct and fearless—yet not unorthodox. I wish it had preceded ‘*Lex Orandi*.’ . . . The Education Bill won’t be settled in cold blood. All the same it is reviving much bitterness among the Protestants on the subject of Roman Catholics, who have displayed an unimagined strength. Anglicans, too, are very jealous : they cannot arouse enthusiasm among the rank and file : few are really attached to that outrageous fraud the ‘ Church of England.’ The House of Lords cares little for it, but it loathes Dissenters and the present Government. . . . As for happiness, I do not know a conventionally happy person.

Every day I am staggered by hearing the private woes of the outwardly serene! My idea is that Christianity (in its very nature pessimistic so far as this world is concerned) reconciles one to the squalor of life. If one read the Gospel only, how little, except heart-break, one would expect! The more I read it the more I wonder at the common domestic twaddle about life and its promises. It promises nothing. This fact, which I grasped long ago, has kept me sane. On the other hand, such peace and such resignation as I have I owe wholly to the Church. To me She lives as a protest against the transitory and the vain. With all Her faults, She is the finest *fact* in the world: the monumental soul (to use a paradox) of humanity."

"May 23, 1906.

"I happened to find a *Hibbert Journal* on the railway bookstall. The fault with Cuthbert's article is a certain coldness—he apologizes, as it were, for his conviction. This is a pretty general fault in Catholic replies to Protestant critics, and I think it is due to the educational disadvantages of R.C. Seminaries and Colleges. Newman had none of this absurd respect for Protestant 'learning': he knew Oxford humbug and hypocrisy through and through. But these controversies will have, I believe, a healthy effect on R.C. education, perhaps on all education: it can't be pretended that education everywhere is especially sound or thorough at the present day. History is miserably taught in this country and in the United States: Dissenters are almost illiterate: American scholarship (where it exists) is good, but it is bigoted when it touches matters theological. . . . I am going to London to-day.

This is an interesting place : very quiet. I was thankful for a respite from the telephone."

*"June 10, 1906.*

"If they condemn Newman it will be very difficult to remain among the faithful. He was, however, often intolerant, and, in his early writings, too Calvinistic. If they repudiate his Calvinism, I, for one, will rejoice. Loisy is not so clear of speech as Newman. I doubt whether he has Newman's profoundly religious mind—a poet's mind, in fact. They are trying to make religion (which is as elusive and powerful as human affection) an 'exact' science. This is impossible. Of course there is an immense desire to see more happiness in this world, and to save people from their own self-deceptions. But just as one cures one vice by giving another in its stead, and one passion by another (probably more injurious), so one can only 'improve' religious ideas by placing the material hopes of 'Heaven' on general prosperity here below. This is what I find. For the rest, the more I read the Gospels, the more I feel their truth, but the truths I find do not square at all with the truths which others find! Where I discover beauty and tenderness, others shiver at unjust threats and warnings. I don't doubt hell or purgatory: we are in one of the hells now."

On June 17 of this year Mrs. Craigie spoke at a banquet to Miss Ellen Terry :

"We are told that what is wanted in fine acting is the appearance of naturalness. But the charm of naturalness depends wholly on the nature which is being natural. Art itself



will go for nothing—imitation will go for nothing—observation will go for nothing, unless the spirit which is to give vitality to the result of all this science has something of its own which can add nobility to the character. . . . It is not merely by the beautiful art of speech or by the grace of movement—two native gifts brought in each case to a high pitch of cultivation by study and by experience, but by her own understanding of women's characters that she has been able to present us with a series of impersonations, which I venture to say for pathos, for nobility, for gaiety have never been surpassed by any artist. When you consider that this one woman has been able to present to us characters so different, yet all so profoundly moving and intensely human as Katherine of Arragon, Olivia Primrose, the intellectual Beatrice and the pitiful Ophelia . . . I mention these different characters in order to remind you that although she is always the same woman she does not by any means always represent the same type of character. The only sameness in this long gallery of portraits lies in the exquisite attention to detail and their absolute truth to nature—human nature on a romantic scale. The critics for some time past have been seeking the appropriate adjective for Ellen Terry's art—surely its characteristic is its romance. It is a quality which will become the more striking every time she plays, because it is the one quality which has deserted the English stage. Romance is not in the background, not in the orchestra : it must be in the individual soul. She has even made the modern globe-trotter romantic. What are our sensations when Lady Cicely appears in the first act of *Captain Brassbound* ? At first we feel that

some portrait by a great master has come to life—but no, she says modern things—things not in themselves poetical or sentimental, and yet it is the essence of romance. She mends a coat—a humdrum occupation—with Ellen Terry it becomes a symbolic act, representing the patience of women in crises of the utmost ferocity and danger. When Ellen Terry leaves the stage, we feel as the gods in Wagner's opera feel when Freya is carried away by the giants,—the gods, who in her presence felt immortal and looked comely, gaze with alarm at each other's ashen faces and too evident antiquity."

*To the Archbishop of Westminster.*

"June 19, 1906.

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

"I heard yesterday, in confidence, from the highest authority, that the Government believe that the Commission on the Church of England and 'Ritualism' will bring in a Report which can but lead to Disestablishment. They hope for this Report early in July. It must, they say, shatter the force of Anglican opposition to the Education Bill, because it will show the disunion among the English Bishops and the mess they have made of their teaching. This will be a sop to the Nonconformists. . . . I am *certain* that the Government wish to meet the Catholics in every possible way. The weight of all-round Nonconformist rage is directed toward the Church of England: for the latter, the House of Lords cares little, and it detests the Spiritual Peers.

"Of course, Your Grace will not trouble to answer this. I am merely sending it as a piece of information which may be useful."

*To X.*

“June 24, 1906.

“I have been reading a little. ‘Il Santo’ seems to me feeble: very thin psychology and thinner Christianity. I’m glad it is on the Index—for it is stupid. The orthodox Saints were vigorous and independent: they all secured (and enjoyed) extraordinary liberty of speech and action; the laws they followed were usually those of their own invention! I have been to see Jane Hading in two plays. She is highly remarkable: quite heartless—in the tender sense—but emotional in a thoroughbred animal way! In *Le Retour de Jérusalem* (Donnay) she is superb as a Jewish adventuress. I have enjoyed nothing so much as these performances for a very long time. They were human. . . . The Education Bill will work out in excellent shape. Several surprises have yet to come. But the only distinctions which will be recognized hereafter are Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. Disestablishment of the Anglican Church is certain. It is detested by the Lords (who hate ‘Spiritual Peers’) and it has no hold on the multitude.”

“June 28, 1906.

“Lately, I have read but few books. Bodley’s ‘Disestablishment in France’ is good. All English novels are to me unreadable, and the French stories are not wholly what they were, since the women novelists became communicative. I detest their books, which are nasty and silly. They make me ashamed of my sex. . . . Sermons in the Corelli manner are a grave mistake in my opinion. . . . Torrents of cheap abuse mingled with servants’ gossip and tradesmen’s complaints are in vile

taste. Besides, they are not true. These poor wretches in search of 'pleasure' do not find it: they are very miserable and often very plucky according to their lights. . . . No good but infinite harm is done by sensational sermons: at first, astonishment; then, ridicule; then, *vieux jeu!* "

"CLIVEDEN, MAIDENHEAD, *July 15, 1906.*

"It is quite true that the quality and the bent of religious faith have much changed during the last twenty years among the educated, the quasi-educated, and the intelligent un-educated. But it exists—sometimes as an instinct, oftener as a superstition, most often as a lurking dread. I am by no means sure that it is, to the majority, what is commonly known as a 'comfort.' Even those who fight for it and die for it regard it as a form of idealism laid upon them as irresistibly as their flesh upon their bones. I don't foresee any vital change in the Vatican *policy*. A more learned Pope will treat the scholarly with more prudence, but I think education in seminaries and elsewhere must become fresher and more candid. The world itself is more candid than it was—it has fewer secrets: psychology and physiology are better understood than they were: the moral nerves are not so jumpy as they were even five years ago!"

Lady Curzon died on July 16, and the following letter expresses her grief at the loss of her friend:

"*July 22, 1906.*

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER,

"I feel I must thank Your Grace for your great kindness in understanding my grief for the death of my darling Mary. She had a spirit



as beautiful as her bodily appearance—but it was too just and discerning to be at home in this world, or in agreement with the cynical group in which she had to live constantly. She was quite unable to take what is called the religious view of life. This is true of many Americans. The old Puritanism is too crude for the highly educated (and she was most accomplished and well-read): and Catholicism is only *now* beginning to touch the educated classes in the United States.”

Her last letter to X. follows :

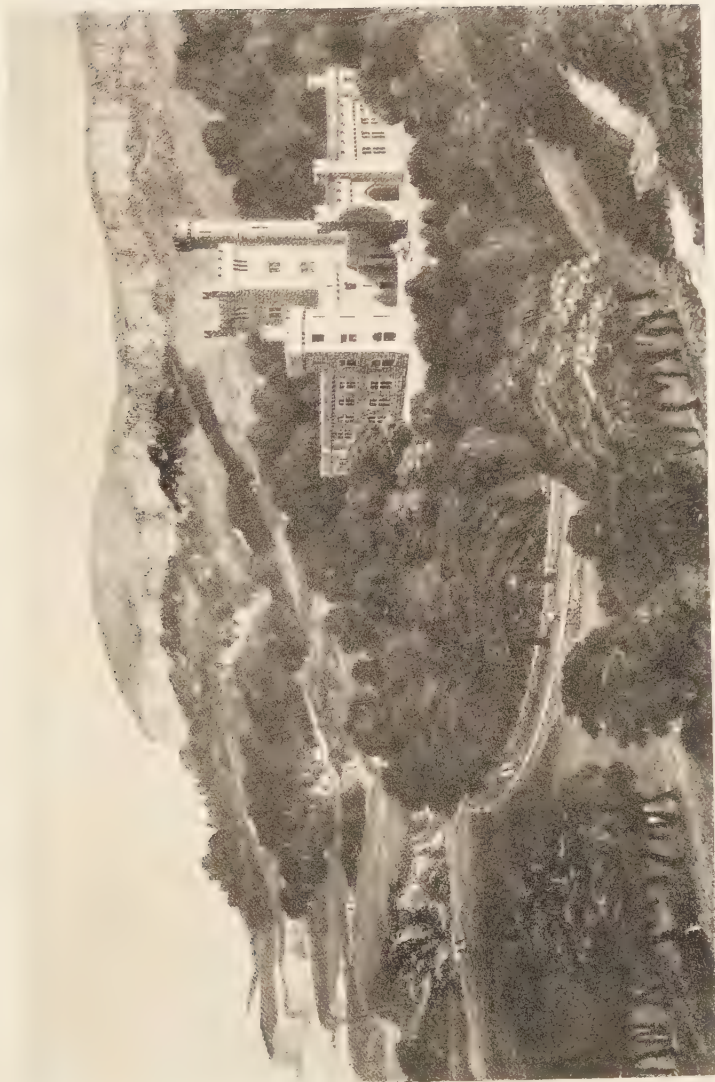
“August 6, 1906.

“I feel much better during the hot weather, but Mary Curzon’s death was a great shock to me as well as a most severe loss. L’affaire Tyrrell is still deeply interesting: conflicts with the Vatican, however, end in one way only. A man must either break with it altogether or submit to it. ‘On ne badine pas avec l’Eglise!’ I’m told that France is in a most uncertain state—and far more Catholic than one would imagine.”

Mrs. Craigie’s death on the 13th of August, 1906, has already been described in detail by her father. The last day of her life, Sunday, August 12, 1906, was spent quietly, chiefly in her study at Steephill, after having attended early Mass at St. Wilfrid’s, Ventnor.

Once, in the course of the morning, her mother, looking into the room, saw her seated near the open window, holding in her left hand a paper pad, on which she was writing. She





STEEP HILL CASTLE, VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

*From a Steel Engraving, 1831.*



was at work on a new novel, adapted from the play *A Time to Love*. After her death the following sentences, her last literary composition, were found in her study :

## “ A TIME TO LOVE

### “ BOOK II

#### “ CHAPTER I

“ August had come. The leaves on the tree-tops were growing sunburnt. Rooks were swinging in the branches, and they swayed in the early autumnal breeze ; the peacocks dragged their moulting tails with caution over the lawns and gravel walks ; the doves were less active and more silent than they are in the spring ; the sweetest roses had gone ; the hardier ones, overblown and easily shaken, still grew over the balustrades and doorways and cottage roofs.”

The following, from the pen of Mr. Owen Seaman, (a valued and intimate friend), has been selected as appropriate for insertion at the end of this narrative, as it refers to her mental and physical condition at this time, and is also a criticism upon her last published work.

“ September 5, 1906.

“ *To the Memory of Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie.*

“ If anything was needed to bring home the cruel hurt that the world of letters has had to bear in the loss of Mrs. Craigie, there is this last

book of hers, 'The Dream and the Business,' whose appearance follows with so pathetic a nearness upon her death. The tireless courage and ceaseless activity of mind which at last wore out the frail body show here no signs of surrender; only they have taken on a new tenderness of sentiment that grew with the growing years; a gentler humanity, a more poignant sense of the pitifulness of things in a world where the business of life is so often divorced from its dreams.

"The book reminds one most of the manner of 'The School for Saints' and 'Robert Orange,' while avoiding their aloofness from common experience; yet it is representative of all that was best in all her work—its clear-eyed breadth of vision, its reasoned serenity, its earnestness tempered with gaiety, its cynicism corrected by an understanding heart. It is largely a contrast, worked out with high impartiality, between the Nonconformist and the Roman Catholic attitudes of mind. Whether it is due to a more comprehensive quality in their creed or to the effect of Mrs. Craigie's own early training, still vital with the unsuspected force of first impressions despite the later influence of an adopted faith, it seems that she has better succeeded in realizing for us the characters of the Nonconformist *Firmaldens* than those of the Catholic *Marlesfords*, except in the strange afterthought by which she permits *Sophy Firmalden* to go over to the Roman Church.

"Perhaps the chief interest of the book as a study in interrelations of character will be found in the clash of pagan intellect and passion (*Lessard's*, the child of nature) with these two antithetical types of Christian. But of the many contrasted figures with which the book abounds,

*Tessa Marlesford* ('the artist without an art') remains the most fascinating by the elusive child-likeness of her temperament, her ideals too vague for attainment or even definition, her appealing helplessness in the hands of circumstance.

"Yet, for some, the most enduring attraction of the book will lie in its lucid ease and purity of style; for others, its wealth of swift unerring criticisms of creed and custom,—epigrams easily detachable from their context, but nearly always appropriate to the lips that utter them; as when *Lady Marlesford*, speaking of the caste to which she belongs, says, 'My aunt believes she is upper-class. The very belief is second-rate!' But at times Mrs. Craigie foregoes the dramatic method and gives expression to her own philosophy of life. This may seem a flaw in the book's perfection to those who require all art to be objective. Yet it has the virtue, for those who never knew her, that by this self-revelation they are admitted to a certain intimacy with the author's heart.

"For those who knew her well it is harder than ever, with this book before them, in which the unforgettable charm of her personality is so brightly reflected, to realize that the hand which wrote it is still in death; that for her 'the business' of life is over, and 'the dream' at length come true."





## THE RELIGION OF MRS. CRAIGIE

BY FATHER GAVIN, S.J.

A wish has been expressed by those nearest and dearest to Mrs. Craigie that I should say a few words about her religious belief. It is a mournful pleasure to me to record some of her admirable deeds, which came of the creed she so firmly held.

Unfortunately I destroyed her letters to me, stretching over many years, and mine to her, which have been returned, give an imperfect account of much that otherwise could have been recorded here.

I made her acquaintance, so far as I can remember, in 1896, and from that period until her death in 1906 I saw much of her, and was her debtor for much kindness and generosity. She joined the Catholic Church on July 5, 1892, and was admitted into its Communion in Spanish Place by the late Father Charles Foster. In her conversations with me on the subject of her conversion, she assured me that she read herself into the Church. After God and His grace, the change of Faith was due to her own study and reading. Her conversion to the one true Church could not be ascribed to sermons, still less to the attraction and beauty of the Church's liturgy

and public services. She became a Catholic by study and conviction and in obedience to her conscience. The change of religion, far from offering any temporal advantage, involved a wrench from family associations, and a parting from old friends without securing the prospect of new. She made her sacrifice generously and never repented of it. In the early days of our acquaintance, she used to speak to me often of the doctrines of the Church. She had her difficulties; ten thousand, Cardinal Newman said, do not make a doubt. No intelligent man or woman is without difficulties in the matter of Faith or Unfaith: study and reflection cannot clear them away; they must ever remain in this life, where we see darkly. Living as Mrs. Craigie lived, almost entirely among non-Catholics, intimate with the great writers of the day, moving in high society, with men and women of the world, she must have heard much against the teaching of that Church which, like its Founder, is raised on high as a sign to be contradicted. She was anxious for fuller instruction; and I remember the pleasure it gave me to explain the Creed of Pope Pius IV., which contains in a nutshell the teaching of the Church.

She was one of the cleverest converts that ever came before me for instruction. One sign of her ability lay in seeing to the full a difficulty and in realizing that it was answered. Not a few press the same difficulty without ever being able to see that it has been met. Looking through my letters to her, I find her inquiries concerned the proofs for the Divinity of Jesus

Christ, the Baptism of our Lord, His temptations in the desert, the Catholic doctrine of merit, and St. Paul's teaching on marriage. It was only to be expected that a woman of her calibre and wide reading should have much to ask and to learn. Her eagerness in inquiry was a test of her love for the Faith. Far from discouraging investigation, the Church is ever most anxious to meet all honest inquirers, and to set their minds at rest. Her motto is "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." She conceals nothing, she fears no inquiry, and challenges all comers to use their reason in the quest for truth. Her great writers occupy well nigh half their volumes in foreseeing, weighing, answering the difficulties of conscientious inquirers, so far as they can. I say, so far as they can, for the knowledge of the Church is limited. Her Founder and Teacher has not bequeathed to His Church all knowledge : He has given her all she need possess to fulfil her mission. When we read of "all truth" as granted to the Church in the days of Pentecost, those words mean that the Church obtained a full knowledge of the truth required to guide mankind to Heaven. That truth is contained in the body of doctrine, of which the Church in all her members, and more especially in her Hierarchy with the Pope as its head, is the Divinely appointed trustee. While her doctrine ever remains the same, the knowledge and appreciation of it grows wider and deeper in time. The full force, consequence, and meaning of Divine teaching, by a process of legitimate development, is brought out more

clearly in the writings of the Fathers, the research of Theologians, and the decrees of Councils. Hence truths in one age obscure, are in another made clearer to the mind and intelligence of the Church. A good instance in point is the Deuterocanonical books in Scripture, called by Anglicans the Apocrypha. The Church never denied the Divine inspiration of these books. For a time she suspended her judgment; she was not clear on the point. After a lapse of years, through thought and inquiry, the inspiration of certain books in the Old Testament and certain portions of the New was made manifest, and then defined by the Church in her Councils of Trent and the Vatican.

I mention these things to show the reasonableness of a convert, like Mrs. Craigie, desiring a fuller explanation of Catholic belief and practice. She used to say of herself that she ought to have been a man, perhaps, because the reasoning faculty was more fully developed in her than in other distinguished members of her sex. She had to learn, what the Church is most ready to admit, that there are difficulties on many subjects connected with Faith which never can be completely answered in this life. The statement of doctrine is one thing; its explanation quite another. Facts are often clear: their perfect comprehension is beyond our compass. Familiar instances occur at once to the mind,—the Trinity, the Real Presence, the doctrine of everlasting punishment, the distribution of Grace,—these and many other doctrines demand the obedience of faith so necessary for our



ignorance, so wholesome for man's insolent, upstart nature; and, while it never does to belittle honest, genuine inquiry, it is a great mistake to suppose that the Church holds the key to all knowledge of the ways of God to man. Mrs. Craigie was always learning, because she was always inquiring. To the one, holy, Catholic Church she pledged her allegiance, and she was faithful and loyal to the end.

Let us see how she showed her belief in practice. She was a regular attendant at church services in these early days of our acquaintance; she was found Sunday after Sunday in her sitting in Farm Street during the High Mass. Possibly she was attracted to a Jesuit church by her great love and admiration for the character and achievements of Ignatius Loyola. She had studied his famous book "The Spiritual Exercises"; it was just the kind of book that would fascinate her. Its originality, depth of meaning, straightforwardness, simplicity, its constant appeal to reason, its sound common sense, attracted a mind like hers, that hated empty words and fanciful teaching. The tenderness of the Saint, as seen in his meditations on the life and sufferings of our Saviour, and his passionate love for the Saviour's Cross, would infallibly bring consolation to one who had more than an ordinary share in affliction of spirit.

She introduced the Church and its Ritual into her books. Catholics are familiar with the Confraternities and guilds which, found amongst Anglicans also, are so prolific of spiritual growth.

At Farm Street there is a Confraternity of the Bona Mors. Its end is to obtain the grace of a happy death (*bona mors*) for its members, through a devotion to the Passion of our Saviour and the Dolours of His blessed Mother. The special service for the Confraternity of the Bona Mors is held on the first Sunday of each month at 4 p.m. and always draws a large congregation. The plaintive music and prayers, and the short discourse on the Passion of our Saviour, touch the hearts of men and women, who daily feel and see the wages of death. In "The School for Saints," Mrs. Craigie describes in her own inimitable way the Bona Mors service on a Sunday afternoon. A storm swept over London the evening to which she alludes, which is not easily forgotten by those who took part in the service at the altar.

Before passing on to her charities, I must record my recollection of her at the time when "The School for Saints" appeared. I remember her love for the Sacraments of Confession and Communion, and her devotion to the Mother of God, in whose honour she daily said the Rosary. This she told me in one of our last interviews.

And now a few words as to her deeds of mercy, which were always so unobtrusively performed. Lady Edmund Talbot, who lends her honoured name, time, and ability to the service of the poor, thus writes :

"Mrs. Craigie was a great friend of mine ; but I have no letters from her. She was always most interested in my works among the poor, and showed her sympathy in many ways. She

was far too busy to give personal service, though she would have much liked to do so. What she did was done without ostentation. She did two things which no one knew about excepting myself. She took a small cottage in the country, and there she received very poor and delicate children who needed change of air; she also used to send Nuns who lived in London, and who were overworked, into the country. This is all I know about her actual works; but I do know she showed great interest in poor children and in the problem of their education. All she did for others was done in a very hidden way; and it was not her wish to shine as a philanthropist."

Mrs. Craigie often stayed in her father's home, Steephill Castle, near Ventnor, and the priest in charge of the mission at Ventnor furnishes the following valuable record of her charities:

"I never remember," says Canon Mongan, "any deserving case of charity that she did not help. She sent a consumptive woman to lodgings in Ventnor and paid for her for some months. I think there were other cases similar to this. On another occasion she had intended to give a concert for the benefit of the Catholic School Funds, and as unexpected difficulties arose in arranging the concert, she gave me what the concert would bring and excused herself from going on with the entertainment.

"Another time, when I had a bazaar, she opened it for me at great inconvenience to herself. She arrived in the afternoon from London, was most gracious and kind, and quite astonished me by saying that she was going back to London

almost immediately, and that she had two rehearsals of her plays at two different theatres that night after 11 p.m.

“Another time she came to my school and saw the children drill, and was interested in everything, but especially in the babies. I must also mention that she had and showed wonderful respect for her priests. She would send a carriage to take me to dinner, and show me (because of my office) the greatest politeness in her home. I remember very strongly her reverence for the clergy.”

It is impossible to chronicle with any degree of accuracy her works of charity. They are known to her God and not to us. She remembered the Master's teaching “When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what the right hand doth.” She did not give to be seen of men. She could not stoop to the vulgarity of self-advertisement. Perhaps few are aware that she was a great benefactress of St. Anne's Church and Mission in Vauxhall.

There was another form of charity to which I can also bear witness. Every one knows that the London literary market has many applicants. Disappointed authors are all around us: in some cases at least writers fail to secure remuneration for their efforts, for the best of all reasons, that the material furnished is not up to the mark. Young men and women besiege editors with manuscripts not fit for print. Others need an experienced judge to indicate shortcomings and to encourage to higher and nobler efforts. Mrs. Craigie, though worked to death (to use her own expression), was ever ready to devote her

valuable time and ripe judgment to the perusal of a manuscript, and I remember one instance of a man who owed his income on the press in great part to the encouragement and wise counsels of the gifted author. His first efforts met with failure, his subsequent labours were crowned with success. I never knew her refuse, however busy, to read any literary production placed before her. She then gave an honest verdict. She was ever ready to recognize merit where she found it.

To charity in deed she also joined charity in word. Though stern and uncompromising, especially towards some members of her own sex who are forgetful of the old motto "*Noblesse oblige*," she was ever sparing of censure. She never cast the first stone. That she did write strongly of the conversation in polished circles the following words testify. In her essay on "*The Science of Life*" (p. 43) we read :

"But the difference between the old plain vigour and the new mock delicacy is much more radical than any ephemeral question of what is, and what is not, refined. Actual conversations in modern society are often quite as coarse as anything in classical literature ; quite as coarse as anything we read of in court memoirs of any period, far coarser in subtlety than many of the allusions which are objected to in Restoration comedy. We may recoil from printed coarseness, but the spoken word is freely admitted in very polished circles. I like the expression polished as applied to a set or circle. It suggests an unnatural state. Timber, for instance, tormented into glassiness."



Mrs. Craigie knew the world well. But she never ran after the big people, as they are called. They sought her, and not she them. She was a celebrity, and a celebrity is always welcome. But she had other attractions. Her conversation was most interesting, her reading wide, her acquaintance with life large and varied, and she was a cultivated musician. At one time, as she told me, she thought of selecting music as a profession. But it may be questioned whether she would ever have gained as a musician the fame she earned as an author. Some years since she was invited, with Lady Randolph Churchill, to play in a trio by Beethoven with Mademoiselle Janotha, when the Queen was to be present. Mrs. Craigie was out of practice and wanted a coach, if one may be forgiven the term. She took twelve lessons from Signor Bisaccia, who was well known in the London musical world. Bisaccia, speaking of Mrs. Craigie afterwards, thus described her playing, "She plays with her brain." The expression meant that the performance was intellectual, not mechanical. Mrs. Craigie, said one of our greatest pianists, played like an artist; she was intellectual and refined. She was able to appreciate and to render Beethoven's sublime music. Of her gifts as a musician and still more as an author she always spoke with great modesty. She was perfectly well aware of her own shortcomings, and ever grateful for public and private appreciation of her writings. When disappointment came in things where she expected success, she bore the disappointment with bravery and Christian resignation.

Reference has been made to her charity in word and to the control she exercised over that troublesome organ the tongue. We are told in a Book whose maxims never grow old that a man's religion is vain unless he bridles his tongue. Mrs. Craigie had a ready wit and a marvellous power of epigram, and withal she bridled her tongue. She deserves special merit for this self-control since she had a keen insight into character, and thus must have noticed many unpleasant weaknesses hidden from ordinary eyes. And yet she was silent. In illustration of this let me mention the following incident. One day I chanced to mention a man in her presence whom I knew intimately and she very slightly, and yet she read his character so accurately as to fill me with absolute amazement. She read him off as easily as you read an article in the morning paper. Never in life has it fallen to me to meet one endowed with such an insight into the springs of thought and action. This knowledge of human nature, often mean and sordid, never lent acerbity to her speech, or made her caustic or severe at the expense of her neighbour. And we may fairly conclude that her charity came from religion and that her religion was not "vain."

This imperfect appreciation of the inner life of one who suffered long and suffered in silence may now draw to a close. In her letters to me during many years she constantly complained of overwork. On the last visit paid to her at her father's house, 56 Lancaster Gate, in July 1906, I found her recovering from some heart

ailment. She rallied from this attack, and a week or two later called upon me to say good-bye. She was apparently in the best of health and spirits, on her way to her family in Ventnor, where she intended to spend a few days, and then to return to London, previous to a motor trip with her boy in Scotland. On August 14, 1906, at a railway station in Dublin, I bought a paper to find the startling announcement of her sudden death. The funeral service took place in Farm Street, in the church she loved so well. To the Rector of the Church at that time, the Rev. Charles Galton, now Rector of Beaumont College, Old Windsor, we are indebted for the following account of the last rites :

“ It was at a time of the year when London is most empty that Mrs. Craigie died with almost tragic suddenness. Most of that great multitude of her friends, who would have wished to have paid the last formal tribute to her memory by their presence at the funeral, were far away. None the less, the crowd that assembled at Farm Street was such as hardly any service of this sort has brought together before or since. Personal friends there were in number, but the great majority were those who, though they had never known her in life, had been admirers of her writings—men and women really helped by her thoughts. Consisting as it did of people distinguished in many branches of literature and art, it would have been an impressive gathering at any time of the year, but at that dead season it was an unmistakeable sign of this woman’s influence. It was this sudden coming together of so many that has left the most durable im-



ST. MARY'S CEMETERY, KENSAL GREEN.





pression on my memory. The funeral sermon, preached by a personal friend, Monsignor Brown, was a very just appreciation of her success and a dignified tribute of affection. The Requiem and the service at Kensal Green were carried out in a manner worthy of the occasion."

May she rest in peace, and may we meet again in Heaven.

A LETTER TO THE  
PUBLISHER OF THE AMERICAN EDITION  
OF "THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS"

BY THE HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE

"STOCKBRIDGE, *September 10, 1906.*

"DEAR MR. APPLETON,

"Just as you were going to press with Mrs. Craigie's last completed novel, 'The Dream and the Business,' the many friends and more numerous readers and admirers of the gifted author were startled and shocked by the tidings of her unexpected and untimely death. You tell me that you propose on this account to make this in a way a memorial volume, and ask me to describe in a few appreciative words the rather unique position she held in England and the United States—and as one of her constant friends I am glad to comply with your request.

"Although born in Boston, where she spent some years of her childhood, she was educated chiefly on the Continent, and spent all the rest of her life in England; but she was proud of her American origin, and always manifested a loyal interest in her native country. In occasional visits to America, she renewed her associations with it; and in her very recent lecturing tour, in which she was heard with delight in

many parts of the country, she became personally known to hosts of Americans who before only knew her by her writings.

“ Her earliest efforts in literature, under the pseudonym of ‘ John Oliver Hobbes,’ were of just the character and quality to attract and fascinate the lovers of light literature, who form so large a part of good society at home and abroad. Full of sparkling epigram, wit, satire, and striking phrase, and manifesting a ready knowledge of social ways and usages, they attracted marked attention and were widely read. As *The Times* said of them at the time : ‘ As her star has been sudden in its rise, so may it stay long with us ! some day she may give us something better than these tingling, pulsing, mocking epigrammatic satires.’ A friendly wish that was destined soon to be happily realized.

“ Of course, the desire for her personal acquaintance resulted from the popularity of her early books. Her friendship was sought and valued by many distinguished and cultivated men and women in England, who found the charm of her personality quite equal to that of her books, and always made her welcome. There was a freshness, a vivacity, and a piquancy in her conversation which was equally characteristic of her writings, and which was due to natural temperament and fertility of brain, enlivened and stimulated by her French training.

“ The same qualities imparted to what she wrote and what she said a marked lightness and delicacy of touch, which was perhaps the most striking feature of her literary character, and

her chaste and fastidious taste so controlled and permeated her thoughts and feelings that one can read all her many books from beginning to end without finding a word or sentiment to offend the most delicate standard.

“ But there was a deeper and more serious vein in Mrs. Craigie’s nature which time and suffering and religious experience developed. She had begun her career as an author at the age of nineteen, and had acquired a wide reputation by her earlier works before she was twenty-five. From the time of her reception into the Roman Catholic Church, in 1892, this more serious side of her character began to be manifested in her writings, which, by and by, were in a tone quite in contrast with her previous productions. The same great journal which had expressed for her in the morning of her youth the hope that she would presently give the world some better things, again said of her after her death :

“ ‘ A great change had passed over her, for in the year following “ Some Emotions ” she had been received into the Church of Rome. Roman Catholicism henceforth was the foundation on which she built her serious books—both as a system of mystical philosophy and as a guide to solving the practical problems of life.’

“ Such works as ‘ Robert Orange ’ and other of her later novels bear witness to this change in the current of her thoughts and life ; but still in these her characteristic wit, vivacity of thought, and keenness of observation were

predominant. Her change of views and the intensity of her devotion could not alter her inherent nature and character.

“Her popularity grew with her years. Her industry was prodigious and never relaxed. In truth, her early and lamented death may well be attributed to the incessant severity of her labours. She never rested, and seemed never to have done with her last book before the next one was not merely conceived in her own mind, but was actually under way.

“The whole period of her literary activity was only nineteen years, during which she issued from the press not only her numerous novels and stories, but several plays of no mean merit, of which *The Ambassador* came nearest to being a great success; besides which she was a frequent contributor to leading daily and weekly papers, to the reviews, and even wrote for the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*.’ Her pen was never idle, and by this strenuous and incessant activity she had come to be generally known the world over by her happily chosen pseudonym, which, like George Eliot’s, will probably be remembered by admiring readers long after her real name has been forgotten. The reading public had come to know her well and to be fond of her company, so that dying at the early age of thirty-eight, she had already long been one of the best-known writers of English prose, and few as her years were, the world was distinctly the better and happier for her having lived in it.

“Critics have professed to find in her writings



traces of the direct influence of Disraeli, of George Meredith, and of George Eliot, and doubtless she owed not a little to great masters of fiction, whose works she had studied with pious devotion. But, as her plain, direct, and simple style was her own, and borrowed from no one, so I prefer to regard her as the head of her own school, a much lighter and less severe school than theirs, and one in which she already has many devoted pupils and followers.

“We can only conjecture how much more broadly she would have developed, how much greater work she would have produced, and how much higher her place in the world of letters would have grown to be had her brief life been lengthened out. But in view of the growth and development of her intellectual scope, and the great advances she had already made, I cannot but think that a future awaited her more brilliant and secure than her past had been. It is not to be forgotten that if George Eliot had died at thirty-eight the world would hardly have heard of her as a novelist at all, for when she published her first great work, ‘*Scenes from Clerical Life*,’ she was already older than Mrs. Craigie was when she died, and it was in the next twenty years that she continued to create those masterpieces of fiction which have made her name immortal.

“It is sufficient to say of Mrs. Craigie that in her brief day and generation she contributed much by her charming intellectual productions to the entertainment and enjoyment of hosts of English and American readers, who deeply

lament her early death, and in whose affections she will hold a permanent place, and that had she lived longer she would have achieved a still greater name and fame.

“I trust and believe that her latest novel, which you are now giving to the public, will rank with her best, and will be another laurel to her well-won crown, which was entirely the fruit of her own genius, character, and industry.

“Yours very truly,

“JOSEPH H. CHOATE.”

## THE "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" MEMORIAL

IN the October following Mrs. Craigie's death, a friend of hers—Mrs. Stephen Eaton, then Miss Blanche Eliot—was anxious to initiate some scheme for a public memorial. She consulted Mrs. George Cornwallis West, and together they formed a Committee to raise a Memorial Fund. The names, chosen from among Mrs. Craigie's friends, show how wide was her circle of interests.

### COMMITTEE

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MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST, Salisbury Hall,  
St. Albans.

MISS BLANCHE ELIOT, 68 Chester Square, London,  
S.W.

An appeal was issued in January 1907, pro-  
posing that, in the event of sufficient funds  
being collected, the Memorial should include  
the following :

- (a) A Portrait Plaque, in Marble or Bronze,  
to be placed in University College,  
London (where Mrs. Craigie studied);
- (b) A Replica of the Plaque to be placed in a  
suitable position in the United States;
- (c) A Scholarship, for the study of Modern  
English Literature, to be given annu-  
ally in England; and
- (d) A similar Scholarship to be given annually  
in the United States.

Mr. Choate (the late American Ambassador





PORTRAIT TABLET, BY ALFRED DRURY, A.R.A., AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,  
 LONDON, AND BARNARD COLLEGE, NEW YORK.



to England) promised to further the scheme in America.

By July 1908, a sum of nearly £1,000 had been collected, and a medallion portrait in bronze executed by Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., with a replica for Barnard College, New York.

On July 2, in the General Library of University College, in the presence of a large company, Lord Curzon of Kedleston unveiled the medallion, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West handed the Chairman of the Management Committee a cheque for £600, representing the fund for the John Oliver Hobbes Scholarship.

In unveiling the Memorial, Lord Curzon said :

“ We are met to-day to hand over to this College the memorial of a gifted woman and a devoted friend. There are few of us who can look back upon the career of Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie—for here we will speak of her by her own name rather than by her literary pseudonym—without a pang of deep emotion. It was so brilliant, so crowded, so lit with iridescent gleams, so short. From the time when her first work of fiction, ‘ Some Emotions and a Moral,’ burst upon the world in 1891—when she was only twenty-four years of age—to her sudden death at the age of thirty-eight in August 1906, there were only fifteen years. But within that time she condensed enough of incident and experience, of intellectual and emotional development, to fill many ordinary lives.

“ But the chief feature in her was that she was never ordinary either in what she wrote, or spoke, or did. She had an intense and vivid personality, which pervaded her writings, irradiated her talk, and informed her life. In-

dividuality was the keynote both of her character and accomplishment. It was in her plays, her novels, her essays, her outlook on men and things.

"She possessed in a remarkable degree the literary faculty of epigram. It is a dangerous gift, for it suggests artificiality, and it is apt to degenerate into a mannerism. Yet she was by nature essentially sincere; indeed, sincerity was almost the first of her virtues, and the talent for epigram, which in her case escaped the horrible pitfall of paradox, was, I think, the outcome of a genuine artistic sense seeking to express itself in the most perfect available literary form.

"Our friend was a woman of many accomplishments. She had a wide knowledge of literature and a keen insight into the minds of great writers, as her lectures, delivered in America and elsewhere, showed. She also possessed no mean acquaintance with music and the classics, and I remember once receiving from her a letter written in Greek iambs—surely a novel feat in twentieth-century correspondence. We recall, too, her brilliant conversation, sparkling as the sunlight on a stream, and the wit and humour which danced like bubbles on the glittering current of her novels and plays.

"But there were also still deeps and silent pools in her character and life, and, in the ordering of these, religion played no small part. She had the religious sense in a highly developed degree. At a time of much trouble she sought refuge in the communion of the Roman Catholic faith. It supplied her with a philosophy of conduct and a rationale of existence. She found an inspiration in its ideals and a solace

in its authority. In reading her books we shall usually observe that moral and religious questions are in the forefront. She enjoyed the analysis of mind, but she preferred the dissection of soul.

"Sorrow she knew, but she faced it with courage and without repining. 'There is only one obligation in life, and that is courage,' was one of her sayings. 'Life is not what we find it, but what we make it,' was another; and, finding in it much sadness, she yet succeeded, by the strength of her will and the natural gaiety of her temperament, in converting it into a source of joy both to herself and to many others.

"Above all she had the genius of friendship, giving the best of herself to her friends, and always discovering the best in them in return. It was for this reason, I think, that those who knew her most intimately prized her far more for herself than for her books or plays, and that they forgot the writer in the woman. In one of her books she wrote, 'The great thing is to love, not to be loved.' Happy she was that in pursuing the one goal she also attained the other.

"When a gifted artist dies young, it is commonly discussed, not merely what the world has lost by his disappearance, but also what it would have gained from his survival. Would Mrs. Craigie have written other and still better books, and left an enduring mark on the literary history of our time? It is beyond our power to answer this question. There seemed to be a certain sense of incompleteness about even her best work, which might signify either undeveloped powers or unrealized aspirations. One sometimes thought, too, that though she had a radiant interest in the world she was rather



aloof from it. This was noticeable in her judgments both of men and things. In her writings there was a fanciful and elusive elegance like that of some rare orchid, a subtle perfume like some exotic bloom. This sense of detachment from the world seemed to pervade her even when she was most a part of it. Thus it was that there was something phantom-like both in her entrance and exit from the stage. Like an apparition she burst upon the scene in her young prime, flashed across it in a swift trail of light, and vanished into the unseen :

“ ‘ Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound ;  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.’ ”

“ Perhaps the best tribute that can be offered to the memory of our dear friend is the list of those who have subscribed to this memorial. It includes many names of mark, both in England and America, and it indicates the varied acquaintance, men and women, to whom her character and nature made appeal. A sum of nearly £1,000 has been collected from these sources, £600 of which will be available for the Scholarship, while the remainder is to defray the cost of two medallions, one here and the other in New York. In unveiling this memorial, which we owe to the talent of Mr. Alfred Drury, the clever artist who never saw her, I am presenting to this College the likeness of one of the most gifted of its daughters, who in her brief life brought it honour, and left a memory that her friends will not soon forget.”

The Right Rev. Monsignor Brown followed Lord Curzon with the following remarks :

“ I should not have ventured to obtrude myself upon this gathering were it not that those responsible for to-day’s arrangements have asked me to say a few words about Mrs. Craigie, whom I knew so intimately for the last nine years of her life.

“ After the most eloquent speech of Lord Curzon, I have no intention of saying anything about Mrs. Craigie’s talents and her work, but will confine myself to one or two points of her character as a friend. All who knew her will bear me out in saying that she was a most devoted friend. She possessed in a high degree what Newman has so beautifully called ‘solicitude of heart.’ Some are friends only when things are going well. Others when called upon in time of trouble may be willing to help, but she had that peculiar sympathetic temperament which enabled her to anticipate the trials and sorrows of others and to offer consolation and encouragement even before they were sought for. There are many in this room to-day who can recall incidents in their own lives when her intuitive perception enabled her to realize that they were anxious and unhappy even though no word or sign had been given by them to her of the trouble that was upon them. Her correspondence was exceedingly wide and varied, and much of it was devoted to encouraging people in all grades of life, and to sharing by sympathy the sorrows even of those who in the ordinary sense of the word had no claim on her friendship.”

Mr. Owen Seaman spoke as follows :

“ It is a commonplace to say of contemporary writers that we stand too near them to appraise

justly their permanent merits and that the ultimate verdict must always be with posterity. I have never subscribed very heartily to this theory: for I am confident that in the work of all great writers there must be qualities reflective of the spirit and mode of expression of the age in which they lived that none but a contemporary critic is in a right position to appreciate. And if this view was at any time justified, it should influence the attitude of criticism more than ever to-day. For, unless the temper and tendency of the times is to undergo a radical reform, I do not think that we are to have many fresh Immortals. We are too much under the tyranny of an ephemeral Press which will not allow any new wonder to endure for even the traditional nine days' limit, but makes it its business constantly to divert the public by novel distractions lest we should have time to think, and so perhaps read our papers the less.

"This reflection gives a further force to the purpose of our meeting to-day. Whatever posterity may think, or fail to think, of Pearl Craigie's work, we at least, of her age, are here to put on record that to the best of our powers we recognized and appreciated her splendid services to literature, the sincerity of her devotion to her art, her possession of the rare combination of high seriousness with gaiety of spirit, clear impersonal satire, and finely delicate humour.

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse—young, gay,  
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground  
Of thought and of austerity within.'

"The charge has been brought against her work, by those who did not know her, that it was cold and wanting in sentiment. But we

who knew her knew that she felt too deeply, had come too closely in contact with the poignancies of life, to wear her heart upon her sleeve. As the old proverb runs, ‘*Chi puo dire come egli arde é in picciol fuoco*’—He cares but little who can tell us how much he cares. And here it is that, however small the value of our literary judgment, the testimony of us who were honoured by her close friendship is of some worth, since her work, in a measure, was interpreted by her life, of which it was the complement. As Lord Curzon has said, we loved and honoured the beauty of her art ; but we loved and honoured still more the beauty of her nature—that gracious charm that made captive many hearts and never lost a friend.

“These things remain among the memories of which we do not talk too much aloud ; but it may perhaps be pardoned to one like myself that at such a moment I should speak with pride of her friendship ; since it is to that friendship, and not to any claim as a critic, that I owe the high honour of being allowed to pay my poor tribute to the greatness of the dead.”

Professor W. P. Ker, Quain Professor of English Literature and Language, in accepting the Memorial on behalf of the College, said :

“It was a generous thing to give this memorial to the College ; and a right thing, because Mrs. Craigie was at home in this place. Her book ‘*The Sinner’s Comedy*’ was dedicated to the memory of our friend Alfred Goodwin, Professor of Greek, who died long before old age, in the year that the book was published. With its dedication the book may stand as an example of what her life was ; with all her grace and wit,

sharing in the high ambitions of the sons of learning, and ennobled by just such thoughts as are expressed in that dedication, the solemnity of which we can all well understand to-day. Thus at the beginning of her life as a student and an author, Mrs. Craigie took part in that commemoration of benefactors, which is part of the ritual of all Colleges ; we should be worth little without our memories. We have our hopes also ; it is most true of places like this that we are saved by hope. This memorial of Mrs. Craigie is placed where the new generation of students will see it ; and as they pass by they will think of her as their fellow.

"I thank the givers in the name of the College."



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